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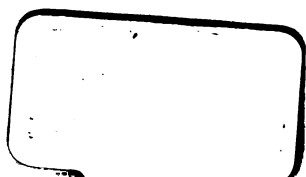
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HOLY WEEK
IN
THE VATICAN.

HOLY WEEK
IN
THE VATICAN.

DUBLIN :
JOHN F. FOWLER, PRINTER,
8 CROW STREET.

HOLY WEEK

IN

THE VATICAN:

THE CEREMONIES, AND THEIR CONNEXION WITH

History, Science, and the Fine Arts;

MUSIC, PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,
ENGRAVING, AND ASTRONOMY;

WITH RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS ON

Monkeys,

IN THE ORDER OF NATURE AND GRACE.

BY

THOMAS CANON POPE,

PRIEST OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF DUBLIN, AND CHURCH OF
Saint Andrew.



O BONA CRUX!

DUBLIN:

JAMES DUFFY AND SONS, 15 WELLINGTON QUAY,
AND 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1874.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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TESTIMONIALS.

The author avails himself of the opportunity presented by the circulation of this volume, to express his thankful acknowledgments for the very favourable reception accorded by the public to his former literary productions, more especially to "St. Peter's day in the Vatican", and "The Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time". He has been honoured with complimentary communications, and highly valued testimonials, from Royal personages, from Cardinals, and Dignitaries in the most exalted official ecclesiastical positions, from the ambassadors of foreign powers, from many prelates and nobles, and other distinguished literary characters in the highest social grades in Spain, France, Italy, Bavaria, Germany, Canada, Australia, and North and South America, as well as from all parts of the United Kingdom, and approving critiques by many of the leading periodicals and the most widely-circulating journals of the empire. To transcribe all here would exceed all reasonable limits, and he shall therefore confine himself to presenting merely a few to his present readers. The very first shall be the highly prized testimonial received from Ireland's great theologian, the Very Reverend John O'Hanlon, Doctor of Divinity, Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology, and Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment in the College of Maynooth. It was the last letter he ever penned. This is it.

Maynooth College, Oct. 17th, 1871.

MY DEAR CANON POPE,

You were extremely kind to have presented me with a copy of "the Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time". I

return you my best thanks for so instructive, learned, and elegantly written a work. I hope the Almighty will long preserve you to favour the English-speaking portion of the Catholic world with other equally useful and interesting publications.

Believe me, my dear Canon Pope, to remain, with the highest esteem and regard,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

JOHN O'HANLON.

LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

The author has been honoured with an autograph letter from his Majesty, bearing the cypher, imperial crown, and signature of Napoleon. The following is a copy :

Chislehurst, le 29 Juillet, 1871.

Je vous remercie, Monsieur l'Abbé, du livre que vous m'avez envoyé. Je l'ai lu avec intérêt, et vous avez bien raison de dire que la régénération de la France ne pourra s'obtenir, que d'un régime basé sur la religion, la conscience, et la moralité. Recevez l'assurance de mes sentimens distingués,

NAPOLEON.

TRANSLATION.

I have received, Monsieur l'Abbé, the book you have forwarded to me. I have read it with interest, and you are, indeed, quite correct in saying that the regeneration of France can be effected by no other than by a régime based on religion, conscience, and morality. Accept of the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

NAPOLEON.

LETTER FROM M. THIERS, PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENCE DU CONSEIL DES MINISTRES.

*Pouvoir Exécutif, République Française,
Versailles, le 7 Août, 1871.*

MONSIEUR—M. le Président du Conseil des Ministres, Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif, a reçu l'exemplaire que vous avez bien voulu

lui offrir de votre ouvrage, intitulé, *The Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time*."

Il me charge de vous adresser ces remerciements. Le représentant du peuple,

BLM. ST. HILAIRE.

A Monsieur Thomas Canon Pope.

TRANSLATION.

MONSIEUR CANON THOMAS POPE—Monsieur the President of the Council of Ministers, Chief of the Executive Power, has received the copy of your work, entitled *The Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time*, which you have been graciously pleased to present him, and he commissions me to convey to you the expression of his thankfulness. The representative of the people,

BLM. ST. HILAIRE.

LETTER FROM MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Head-Quarters, Versailles, October 8, 1871.

Marshal MacMahon desires to make the expression of his thankfulness to Canon Pope for the presentation copy of his book, "*The Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time*", including a history of the recent war in France, and the revolution in Paris. The book is a valuable one. Marshal MacMahon has read it most attentively, and has been deeply interested with it.

PRINCE DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

The author presented a copy of *St. Peter's Day in the Vatican* to Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, who was Ambassador for France at the court of St. James, during the imperial dynasty of his Majesty Napoleon III., and was honoured with the following communication from the Chargé d'Affaires:

"Le Chargé d'Affaires de France a reçu, en l'absence de l'Ambassadeur, la lettre que Monsieur Thomas Canon Pope, a adressée, a son Excellence le Prince de la Tour d'Anvergne pour le prier

d'acceptér, un exemplaire de l'ouvrage qu'il vient de publier, intitulé *St. Peter's Day in the Vatican*, et il s'empresse de lui annoncer que ce volume sera remis au Prince aussitôt son retour à Londres.

"Quant au désir exprimé par Monsieur Thomas Canon Pope, de présenter un exemplaire de son ouvrage à sa Majesté l'Empereur, Monsieur Thomas Canon Pope peut s'adresser à Mr. Conti Conseiller d'Etat, secrétaire de l'Empereur, et Chef du Cabinet de sa Majesté, Palais des Tuileries, à Paris".

LETTER FROM THE VERY REV. THE PRESIDENT OF
CARLOW COLLEGE.

Carlow College, Sept. 2nd, 1871.

MY DEAR CANON POPE,

I have much pleasure in placing in the library of your Alma Mater *The Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time*, the interesting work of one of the most esteemed and distinguished of her students.

My dear Canon Pope,

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES CAVANAGH.

This letter is from the Very Rev. Henry Neville, D.D., Parish Priest of Passage, Canon of the Cathedral of Cork, and former Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology in the College of Maynooth:—

DEAR CANON POPE,

I have been recently reading your admirable book, "*St. Peter's day in the Vatican*," and now that I have reached the conclusion, I write to you to express the enjoyment I experienced in its perusal. It is, indeed, an admirable work, highly interesting and most instructive. I wonder how you contrived to condense so much pleasing matter and instructive details into the compass of one volume. Even in saying this I consider I but very imperfectly compliment your work.

Yours, dear Canon, very obliged,

H. F. NEVILLE.

The following letter is from the Reverend James Hamilton, Roman Catholic Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, and formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy in Carlow College.

South Camp, Aldershot, August 30th, 1871.

MY DEAR CANON,

Your book is undoubtedly an admirable production. As I read it over, sentence after sentence, I am for a moment amazed at those bold, dazzling flights: then collecting myself, I feel wondering, delighted, inspired—inspired! Your book is something of the truly high, the truly noble and good. The book is everywhere in its rich fervour inspiring. I know this moment of no writer naturally more gifted than yourself. Your book, too, is a great service, besides a source of pleasure to me. If I want to get into a higher tone of thought or feeling, I have but to read a page of the book, and it is done. I used to read Campbell's poems. To my mind, at least, you are the more inspiring of the two.

Your grateful

JAMES HAMILTON.

THE FREEMAN.

"Very excellent descriptions of the festivities at Rome during this memorable week have appeared, but the most admirable of them sink into obscurity when compared with the simple, touching, and beautiful narrative of the erudite and accomplished Canon. The wisest amongst us may read this book with the greatest advantage. It was to be expected that a chapter devoted to the consideration of Rome—the history of her past glories and present influence—her splendid ruins and crumbling temples—the Coliseum with its hoary grandeur and stirring memories—it was to be expected that such a theme would have evoked the best powers of the reverend historian, and awakened the warm sympathies of his cultivated mind. But we can confidently assure the many who will read his valuable work, that the realization is far beyond expectancy. It is one of the handsomest, and certainly one of the most interesting books published for a long time".

THE IRISHMAN.

"The sacred and magnificent ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church have been frequently described in books of Italian travel and other works. But we have never met with so full and eloquent an account of any as that which Canon Pope has written of the Eighteenth Centenary—and on this subject it must ever remain a valuable authority. Never was the interest attached to minuteness of detail more pleasingly combined with animation and eloquence. The descriptions of Rome and its multitudes during those sacred festivities—of the magnificent ceremonies of the Church—of the illumination of St. Peter's—of the music—of the procession, canonization, Papal Mass, and Papal Benediction, are in the highest degree splendid, and accompanied by his historic illustrations and details, general and particular, of great interest. All the scenes that occurred by night and day in the city are brought vividly before the reader as a series of coloured photographs, and the merits of the book, and its general details, possess an interest which Eustace, in his eloquent picture of Rome, scarcely equals".

"This book, *The Council of the Vatican and the Events of the Time*, is a wonderful book. Few authors would, single-handed, venture to enclose such a multitude of varied subjects into one small volume. Fewer still would perform the feat of combination and condensation with such a skilful subtlety of statistics, such sublime scintillations of ornate enthusiasm, and such a purple panoply of patent panegyric. But when once the feat is done, the author triumphs, for criticism is impossible".

THE NATION.

"Rome, as the capital of the Christian world, assumes a character more ideal than romance ever fancied, more downright real than facts confronting the eye in street or market-place. There have been days in the life of Rome which seemed to solidify whole centuries of history—days in which the mysterious city, like a great human heart, trembled with the pulsations of a quickened being, and sent a fresh stream of blood through an organ-

ism of supernatural susceptibility and illimitable extent. It is to perpetuate the memory of one of those remarkable days that Canon Pope has compiled the work before us. The form of the narrative, and the style, are such as to present a clear and vivid picture to the reader's mind of the glorious ceremonial of the 29th of June, 1867. This is the first accurate, detailed, and consecutive record given the public of so memorable an event. Innumerable readers will, without stirring from their fire-side, make the journey to the Eternal City with this pretty volume in their hand, only tarrying by the way to express to the learned and kindly author their thankfulness for the information and the enjoyment his considerate guidance has afforded them. Those who have listened with pleased attention on occasions when the reverend writer has delivered lectures in this city, as well as the many private friends who are privileged to enjoy the conversation of this highly educated and travelled gentleman, will be glad to find in this account of St. Peter's Day in the Vatican, a characteristic memorial of his erudition, descriptive powers, piety, and enthusiasm. Here certainly enthusiasm is not out of place: and in the case of the good priest, it is so genuine and becoming, that it lends a personal interest to the book. The worthy Canon excels in his accounts of military displays, the state and retinue of the foreign ambassadors, the splendour of the senator's suit, and the extraordinary variety of colour and costume which dazzles the stranger's eyes on these great days at Rome. Much really solid information, and of a kind too seldom acquired, although forming a necessary part of general cultivation, will be found through these varied pages. However large the first edition may be, there can be no doubt a second will soon be required to answer the demand in America and the colonies as well as at home".

THE NORTHERN STAR.

Independent of the surpassing interest of the subjects introduced and discussed in this volume, it acquires another interest when we consider who its distinguished author is, his descent, his labours, his genius, and learning. The Rev. Thomas Pope is descended from a collateral branch of the family of the illustrious

poet, Alexander Pope, the glory of the Augustan age of English literature. Two brothers, cousins of the poet, settled in Ireland, one in Cork, on the place since called "Pope's Quay"; the other near the old ruined castle of Beale, one of the seats of the noble family of Fitzmaurice, bordering the mouth of the Shannon in the extreme north of the kingdom of Kerry. The latter was the ancestor of our author. Whether Alexander Pope was a direct descendant of Sir William Pope of Wilcote, created a baronet June 1611, and raised to the peerage of Ireland as Baron of Belurbet and Earl of Down in 1629, as alleged by Wharton in his history of English poetry, is immaterial, as the greatest glory of the family, the aristocracy of genius, was conferred on it by himself. It is, however, something to be akin to the great poet, notwithstanding the efforts that have from time to time been malignantly made to detract from his well-won honours. The father of Canon Pope was an officer of the army, who with his mother having died whilst our author was a mere boy, he was as an officer's orphan awarded a pension by the War Office. He was placed by his guardians in Carlow College at a very early age, during the pontificate of the illustrious Dr. Doyle. In the history of that Bishop's life by Mr. Fitzpatrick, Canon Pope's collegiate career is honourably alluded to. He was ordained priest for the diocese of Dublin by His Grace Most Reverend Dr. Murray, on the 15th of April, 1833. He was attached to the metropolitan Church for a quarter of a century, was appointed administrator and created a Canon of Castleknock by His Eminence Cardinal Cullen. We could dwell with feelings of unmingled delight upon his popular works, but they have attained such celebrity, it would be simply superfluous. They have won the eulogiums of the entire literary press, not only for their vivid descriptions, but for their method and beauty of style, and for the felicitous language which characterizes every page.



PREFACE.



HIS volume treats of the ceremonies in the Vatican, commemorative of the august mysteries of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of our Lord. This is a subject so momentous as to engross the deepest interest of the millions of the faithful throughout the world. The account of the congested multitudes who annually congregate to assist at these solemn functions, afford a convincing, tangible proof of the universality of Holy Church, and Rome is prominently presented as the centre of Christian unity, teaching all nations the one dogma and the one faith, and they discovering in her the essential requisites for that unity—certainty and authority. The statistics of Rome under the Popes, more especially those appertaining to her political economy, to her educational establishments, and charitable institutions, and those for the provision of the poor, are also treated of, and may, at some subsequent time, render this volume of more than ordinary consideration. There are in these evil days statesmen who advocate the deordination of a Church subject in her spiritual economy and in the appointment of her ministers to the enactments and jurisprudence of the secular power, and thus presume to domineer over Christian society. There are two societies—secular and religious. Christ gave distinct commissions to each. To one, “Give to Caesar

what belongs to Caesar": to the other, "Teach all nations". No society can exist without authority. The Church has ever insisted on the submission due to the secular authority, teaching that "all power is from God". She has ever vindicated her own. She has ever proclaimed that her teaching, her ministry, her legislation, and her judgments, are independent of the authority of all secular societies. The two societies are distinct, but should never be separated. Modern irreligious political theorists and statesmen aspire to raise their kingdoms above their dependence on the Church, and their subjection to her laws, that is, they desire to take their kingdoms out of the Church, in which God placed them to consecrate and to save them. They desire to separate nature from grace, that she may set up an unholy dynasty for herself. This they proclaim as liberty!—ignoring the maxim of God's holy word, "*Ubi Spiritus Domini ibi libertas!*" This is the doctrine of Caesarism—an anti-Christian system which is the manifestation of a world departing from Christianity, and which employs the civil power as an instrument to persecute the Christian Church, and which aspires to the supremacy of the civil above the spiritual jurisdiction. The very essence of this assumption of power is absolute and exclusive sovereignty over temporal and spiritual. It ignores all laws but those enacted by itself. It is the supreme arbitrator of right and wrong, sacred and profane. It therefore excludes all legislation by God, and tolerates no jurisdiction above its own,

which is entirely grounded on human will. This unholy system was exemplified in the conduct of Herod, who could not tolerate the reign of Christ, and therefore sought his death by the massacre of the Holy Innocents. This was quite consistent with the wicked spirit of Caesarism. The reign of Christ and Caesarism are so antagonistic, that there can be no Caesarism where Christ reigns. If from the seed those nations have sown they should hereafter reap a harvest of anarchy, revolution, and red communism, of financial and social destruction, this volume may present a record which shall arraign them to their confusion. It will institute a contrast which shall vindicate the policy of Rome, and amidst the shipwrecked debris of their shattered dynasties, point to the rock and secure haven from which they drifted—the citadel of truth—the key-stone of the arch, and the foundation upon which were erected social order, the loyalty of subjects, and the stability of empires. Under the head of Education, the former penalties on Catholic education in Ireland, the past wrongs, hopes, and disappointments, and the present claims and rights of the Catholics of Ireland to a charter and financial endowment for a Catholic University, are taken into consideration. The description of the ceremonies is here associated with a history of, and their contact with, the elegant arts and sciences. The alliance will lend additional interest to the man of taste and polite literature, and will present nothing incongruous to the man of faith and piety. Religion has ever patronized

the arts and sciences—she has utilized them, and enlisted them in her service. Morals and mind are inseparably associated. The Church teaches there is a twofold knowledge—human and divine. Though she teaches truths elevated above the comprehension of reason, she never teaches what is contradictory to reason. Faith and reason lend to each other mutual assistance. Reason aids in demonstrating the foundations of faith, and faith illuminates reason in the science of things supernatural and divine, and in their study shields her from errors, and wandering from truth. Science comes from God, and, guided by religion, both lead back again to the great centre of all truth and religion, from which they emanated. Science is an intellectual sun that reveals to us the wonders of creation, which prove the existence, the wisdom, and omnipotence of God. Science is a witness, an apostle of religion, that vindicates its ministry by signs and wonders. All the beauty of the fine arts, and all scientific knowledge, are merely scintillations reflecting additional gleams of His loveliness and wisdom on our souls. Religion, the arts, and sciences, are portions of the same nutritious fruit united and growing from the same stem, and blending their delicious juices around the one heart.

“Like to a double cherry seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two loving berries moulded in one stem,
With two seeming bodies, but one heart”.



HOLY WEEK

IN

THE VATICAN.

Instructions for Visitors to Rome.

ROUTE TO ROME.



THE most picturesque, and least expensive route from these countries to Rome, is by Dover and Calais, or by Folkestone and Boulogne to Paris—thence to Macon, Culoz, St. Michel, by the pass of Mont Cenis, to Susa, Turin, Florence, Bologna, to Rome. If the traveller wish to take the sea route from France, Marseilles is the port of embarkation, whence, if the ship sail direct, he may reach Civita Vecchia in about thirty-two hours, and Rome in two hours after. If the ship take the coast passage, she usually occupies two days on the voyage, including delays in the ports of Genoa and Leghorn.

MONEY.

The most convenient and the most secure mode of conveying money is by letters of credit, drawn by some of the Banks of this country on some of the Roman Banks, or by a seven day bill on London: or by circular notes, or by circular letter, or by a draft direct on Rome. The principal banks in Rome are the Roman Bank, the banks of Messrs. Torlonia and Co., Messrs. Plowden, Cholmley, and Co.; Messrs. Spada, Flamini, and Co., Messrs. Maquay, Pakenham, and Co., Piazza di Spagna, Messrs. Macbean and Co., Corso, Messrs. Freeborn and Co., Via Condotti.

Bank of England notes are freely cashed at all the Roman banks, and even at a premium. For the current expenses of the journey, Napoleons will prove the most convenient, and the most acceptable tender in coin; the superior value of our gold coin, the sovereign, is not always understood, and objections are often made to recognize it as value for more than 20 francs. The coinage of Rome is regulated according to the decimal system. The bajocco is a copper coin of a lesser value than our halfpenny; the paul is a small silver coin worth 10 bajocchi; and 10 pauls make a scudo, or Roman crown, value about 4s. 2d. of our money. Most of the monetary and mercantile transactions of Rome are negotiated in scudi. The Romans have a gold coin of 5 scudi value; and one, value for 10 scudi. Much French and Spanish silver coinage is also in circulation there.

TIME.

The mode of counting time, or the hour of the day, differs very materially from our system. They count the twenty-four hours of the day all through, commencing at sunset, and terminating at the next day's sunset; and as sunset varies every day, so mid-day and midnight occur at a different hour every day. Thus in December mid-day occurs at 19 o'clock, and in June at 16 o'clock. Strangers usually adhere to their own system.

POST OFFICE.

Letters, if so directed, are delivered at private residences, or hotels, otherwise they may be had on calling for them at the "posta restante". In order to obtain a registered letter, it is necessary to present your passport, as a proof of identity. A small charge is made on the delivery of all newspapers, even though they be post-paid in these countries.

PASSPORTS.

Passports were required on entering the Papal states, which might be had from the Roman consulate in all large cities, on payment of a small fee. Those visitors who desired to sojourn in Rome, were required to have a "carta di soggiorno", which might be obtained on application at the police office, Piazza di Monte Citorio.

CUSTOM HOUSE.

Passengers' luggage is subjected to examination on passing the frontiers, and the scrutiny is sometimes very exact, and any attempt to conceal goods subject to duty may eventuate in much inconvenience.

HOTELS.

Hotels are numerous in Rome, and accommodated to persons of every circumstance and social position, and the charges are not immoderate. Amongst the many hotels in Rome are the Hotel des Londres, Hotel des Isles Britanniques, Hotel de Russie, Hotel Europa, Piazza di Spagna, Hotel de l'Angleterre, Via Bocca di Leone, Hotel Cæsar's, Piazza di Pietra, Hotel de Paris, La Gran Bretagne, the Hotel della Minerva, Hotel Spillman, Hotel d'Allemagne, Hotel Americano, Via Babuino; the earlier ones I have mentioned in this order are hotels of the first class; the latter are more accommodated to those whose circumstances are not very affluent. Carriages for excursionists are supplied by the proprietors of many of the hotels. Strangers may, in many instances, lodge at the hotel, and board elsewhere. A table d'hôte is established at some of the hotels, and is supplied with excellent fare, and at a moderate charge, and frequented by agreeable society from every nation.

LODGINGS.

Lodgings may be had in every part of the city; but the situations most desirable, and salubrious, and most frequented are the Piazza di Spagna, the Corso, Piazza Barberini, Via Babuino, Via Condotti, and the neighbourhood of Trinita di Monte, and of the college of the Propaganda, and Quattro Fontane, Via Sistina, Via Gregoriana, Via Felice, and the streets and localities surrounding those places. The prices for lodgings vary so very much, according to the number of apartments, furnishing, appointments, service, season and demand, aspect and situation, that no general rule can be given as a scale to fix the prices. The writer of this volume, and his fellow traveller, paid for three respectably furnished apartments in the Piazza Barberini, 14 scudi a month, including service, but exclusive of fire and light. The winter is short, but the cold is very severe. The difference of temperature in shade and sunshine, during a portion of the year, is extreme, and in different rooms amounts to a total change of climate. Hence, in selecting rooms, especially in winter and spring, those should be chosen in which the windows command a southern aspect, and sunshine. In summer the heat is intense, and blinds should be kept closely drawn till evening, when all windows should be opened, and rooms well ventilated. On entering into an engagement for lodgings, it will prove prudential to have two copies of the conditions of the contract drawn out in writing, one for each party, and signed both by tenant and landlord.

CAFES AND TRATTORIE.

Cafes and Trattorie, or dining rooms, are much frequented, and breakfast and dinner may be had there "a la carte" at any hour, and at very reasonable charges.

Those who desire it, either for themselves or for parties they may invite, can have dinners supplied from the Trattorie in their private lodgings. The viands are conveyed in tinned baskets, and will be found excellent, hot, and well served. The principal Trattorie are the Polidoro, in the Corso, the Lepre, in the Via Condotti, the Falcone, near the Pantheon, and the Scalinata, in the Piazza di Spagna, the Armillino in Piazza Sciarra.

The chief cafes are the Greco, in the Via Condotti, the Nazari, in the Piazza di Spagna, the Nuovo, in Palazzo Ruspoli, Cafe della Costenza, Via Condotti, Cafe Bagnoli alle Convertite, in Corso, and the Veneziano. The Italian word to signify you want the "waiter" at a cafe, is "cameriere". The Romans usually breakfast on a bun, which may be had for a halfpenny, and a cup of coffee, which costs one penny.

VITTURE OR HACKNEY CARRIAGES.

Those carriages, covered, hooded, or open, usually drawn by two horses, may be had in all the leading streets, and at fares sanctioned by the police authorities. In some hotels they are supplied by the proprietors. Omnibusses ply between the great centres of the city, and more distant places of peculiar interest, and are much frequented. Ciceroni, or guides, are easily found, and are ever ready to enter into an engagement.

AUDIENCES OF THE HOLY FATHER.

Audiences of the Pope may be obtained on presenting proper introductions, and on application to the chamberlains. Within a convenient time afterwards, notification of the day and hour at which the visitor is to appear at the Vatican is conveyed to his residence. Etiquette prescribes that the visitor appear in full dress, and that he

make three genuflections before approaching, and then on his knees that he kiss the Pope's foot, and on retiring, etiquette forbids him to turn his back on his Holiness. Italian is the language spoken, and if he cannot speak that language, the visitor must be accompanied by an approved interpreter.

FULL DRESS OF THE ROMAN COURT.

Full dress for a priest consists in a black cloth soutane, and "fariolo", or black cassimer mantle, black silk stockings, shoes, and silver buckles. Religious wear the habits of their respective orders. Full dress for a civilian gentleman, is a black dress coat and trousers, white neck tie, black silk stockings, and light shoes. Military and naval men wear the full regimental costume of their rank, and of the corps to which they are attached. Full dress for ladies in the Roman court consists of a black silk high dress, without bonnets, lappets, diamonds, or feathers, but wearing a black silk lace veil, either falling over the head, and enveloping the entire figure, or suspended from the hair, and falling behind. Court etiquette forbids gentlemen wearing gloves in the Pope's presence.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

There are several theatres and halls for public amusements, and for musical concerts. All the performances were subjected to the censorship of the ecclesiastical authorities. The carnival is celebrated with great eclat at Rome for ten days before Lent, excepting Sundays and Fridays. During the month of October, which is the great holiday of the Romans, they enjoy open air sports of all descriptions, horse racing, balloon ascents, fire works, athletic exercises, and decorated in costumes dyed in every variety of brilliant tint, they amuse themselves in driving

in carriages, or with dancing and music in the open fields, and regale themselves on sweetmeats, grapes, fruits, and wine. There is no fee demanded for admittance to any of the museums, picture galleries, or palaces.

ENGRAVINGS.

Lovers of engravings may select from a great variety at the *Caleografia Camerale*, *Via della Stamperia*, near the *Fontana di Trevi*, and from other print sellers. Cameos and mosaics are to be found principally in the *Via Condotti*. Old paintings may be purchased from brokers in different parts of the city. There is a public reading room in the *Piazza di Spagna*, of which *Piale* is the proprietor, and where all the principal journals of Europe and America may be found. The subscription required is one scudo a month, or five scudi a year. *Spithover* has a similar establishment in the same *Piazza*. There are English club rooms also in the city.

PERMISSION TO SAY MASS.

Priests, to obtain permission to say mass, are required to appear at the vicariate, and there present the testimonial letters of their ordinary, when they will obtain a "pagella", or certificate, authorizing them to say mass for one month; when, on the expiration of the month, they apply for a renewal of the privilege, it is usually granted for three months, and after that time for a year, or two years. Priests going to say mass in any of the various churches of Rome should be careful to bear the certificate on their persons, as they are liable to have it demanded, and if not produced, the sacristan will probably object to their celebrating, and no other document will be recognized as sufficiently authoritative to command the privilege.

FUNCTIONS.

On every day in the year, either in the Vatican or in some one of the various other churches of Rome, there is a papal "capella", the solemn celebration of some saint's festival, the *quarant'-ore*, first or second vespers, or some other religious function, many of which are attended with grand ceremonies and exquisite music, and to each of which the visitor will find a guide in a little city almanac or "diario", which he may purchase for a penny in any bookseller's shop in Rome. A special order is required for permission to visit the Vatican library, to ascend the dome of St. Peter's, or to visit the crypt, or subterranean church, the chapel of the confessional, and the shrines of the Apostles. Permission may be had at the Sagrestia.



Ancient Rome.



HE interest which Rome presents the visitor is varied and inexhaustible. The interest which the visitor derives from Rome is qualified by, and proportionate to, his temperament and capacity. The fountain is unfailing; and each person draws entertainment, information, and edification, according to the measure of the vessel which he brings. Rome is a comprehensive volume, but to read it, and appreciate it, requires education and enthusiasm; without either, Rome becomes a sealed fountain. To the illiterate, the tasteless, and the apathetic, nothing above the mere natural order, or material, palpable things, proves interesting, and they view the vast ruins of ancient Rome merely as mounds of mouldering bricks, incapable of eliciting one spark of enthusiasm, one gleam of classic,

historic, or heroic reminiscences to thaw their gelid souls, or light up a flame to warm them to the genial heat of literature, sentimentality, and intellectuality. Hence, to some, Rome proves wearisome, insipid, and listless, and those exclaim, as did Cassius in "Julius Cæsar"—

"What trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal!"

But for the refined mind, for the classical scholar, for the man of education, taste, and erudition, Rome is a limitless field, where he can luxuriate in every department of literature, and in the highest order of intellectual enjoyments, and learn the most exalted lessons of morality and philosophy—the transitory character of all that is grounded on the glory of this world, and the stability of all that is established on the foundation of religion and virtue. The lapse of ages may have dimmed the once brilliant page which recorded the glories of ancient Rome, that mistress, whose sceptre wielded the destinies of the world; but though faint the characters now, they are not totally obliterated, but still are legible. The city is an extensive scroll, every street a line, every column a colon, and every monument a period, constituting the eloquent language which still proclaims her former greatness; and the sheet is profusely illustrated by the still extant remains of her antiquities. There the records of ages, and the memorable events of succeeding centuries, are simultaneously presented to our view.

Here the veil of ages is drawn aside, and displays to view the progressive stages of civilization, and the earliest organization of that power, which eventually grew to such gigantic proportions, and acquired such strength as to seize the dominion of the world in its grasp. To treat of

all those antiquities of Rome would be rashly to undertake a herculean task, which would occupy not merely this chapter, but many voluminous tomes. To allude to some only, may subject me to the charge of superficiality. The reader must remember, that to treat of those antiquities is not the purport of this volume. I shall, however, in this chapter, allude to a few, as examples of the delightful enjoyments, and grandeur of the conceptions which they are calculated to elicit in the minds of the intelligent and intellectual; and if I introduce some quotations, it is merely as an effort to seek for majesty of language, vividly to express, and worthily to clothe, the profundity and sublimity of those mental creations. The interests, the entertainment, the erudition, the refinement, accomplishments, and edification, all congregating and culminating, and presented in one comprehensive view to the intelligent and inquiring visitor to Rome, are sufficient to satiate every noble faculty of the soul. Here time seems to have stood still, that the visitor may view ages, and thousands of years, and successive dynasties, and relics of "temples, baths, and halls", and arches, palaces, and structures dedicated to all false gods, every successive improvement in science and art, the dominion of the pagan and the Pope, the decline and fall, and exaltation of Rome, and the stately basilicas of the true God, elevating the glorious ensign of Christ's cross, and the reign of holy religion,—here the visitor can view all at one glance! from the days of Romulus and Remus to those of the Cæsars, Constantine, and Pius IX.! Here the antiquarian, the historian, the philosopher, the man of science, the soldier, the statesman, the poet, sculptor, painter, and architect, the man of faith, of religion, and piety, finds a field in ruin, museum, and shrine, to strengthen his faith, enliven his piety, and

cultivate his genius. Rome is as it were a boundless lake, whose calm surface is polished over with a glassy surface, which reflects to the eye of the visitor, turn where he will, a pencil of dazzling rays, from the beaming orb of religion and genius :

“ And as in waters the reflected beam,
Still where we turn, glides with us up the stream;
And while in truth the whole expanse is bright,
Yields to each eye its own fond path of light ;
So over *Rome* the rays of genius fall,
Give each his track, because illuming all”.

See, yonder is the Capitol, the earliest seat of Rome, “the throne and grave of empires”. There are her walls, which enclosed her millions of inhabitants,—those impregnable walls which so often stemmed the inundating tide of assailing enemies, and, by rolling back the swelling wave, overwhelmed their charging battalions; and through them are pierced those gates, through which millions of returning cohorts entered in triumph, and floated over their bastions the banners of victories won in distant climes—off there where the sun goes down behind the western hills! Then they marched under that triumphal arch, still standing in the Via Triumphalis, and commemorating the signal victory of Constantine over Maxentius; and again under that of Septimius Severus, which stands near the Capitol, and was erected in his honour after his victory over the Persians, so far back in the annals of time as the year 205 before the coming of Christ! Between the two, in the Via Sacra, stands the deeply interesting and exquisitely proportioned arch erected to Titus after his conquest of Jerusalem, when he transported to Rome the spoils of the temple, the silver trumpets, the golden table, and the seven-branched candlestick,

the figure of which is sculptured beneath the moulding, and is the only authentic representation extant of that interesting relic of the great temple. How replete with engrossing interest are those venerable memorials of classic ages to the scholar, the historian, and the antiquarian!

Outside the walls stand the ruins of the aqueducts. Many a phlegmatic visitor deems them worthy of no greater amount of observation, than as a lengthened range of mouldering bricks; yet there they are, those gigantic ducts, which had been supported, in some instances for a distance of forty miles, by continuous pillars and arches—those prodigious channels, which every day conveyed artificially to Rome floods of limpid, salutary waters, equally copious as the yellow rapids, which we see now daily flowing naturally, between the river banks of the Tiber.

We visit the tombs of Adrian, and of Scipio, and others of the mighty dead!—we almost expect to grasp their hands, and aspire to become associates with those potentates who lived beyond a thousand years ago! But no! the marble or the adamantine sarcophagus is still there, but the ashes are dissipated!—and the feeble effort which vanity employed to preserve their remains, elicits a smile from the reflecting philosophic visitor.

“How smiles the gazer’s eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!”

If we extend our walk beyond the circus of Romulus, two miles from the gate of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way, we arrive at the massive tower erected as the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, where, near two thousand years ago, her remains were

“Tombed in a palace!”

The mighty mole teaches us the same salutary lesson!

—who was she?—where are her ashes?—what is her history?

“Was she chaste and fair?

What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honoured, and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

* * * * *

—but whither would conjecture stray?

Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife. Behold his love or pride!”

The noble sarcophagus of Peperino, on the Appian Way also, which once contained the remains of Scipio, suggests similar reflections to a contemplative visitor. It stands within the thickets of a shady vineyard. The solemn silence; the quietude and stillness, remote from the deafening din of the tumultuous capital; the retirement of the secluded spot; the solitary cypress tree which stands beside it; the twining vines and mantling ivy, “the garland of eternity”, seemed to indicate that the genius of ancient Rome, who in days of yore was inflated with pride at the glory and celebrity of her citizens, her senators, and her heroes, blushing at the vain efforts of fame, to immortalize the memory of her heroic children, and to transmit their ashes to posterity, now desired to cover them in seclusion, and screen them from the scathing smile of the Christian philosopher:—

“The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now:
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise with thy yellow waves and mantle her distress”.

Then there is that mighty fabric of the Coliseum, founded by Vespasian, so early as the year of our Lord 72, and

once capable of accommodating 90,000 spectators, and now alike challenging the amazement of the historian, the architect, and the religionist. There it stands, the earliest garden of holy Church, in which the blood of martyrs was sown, and became the seed of Christians, which grew up into a great tree, that extended its branches to the uttermost ends of the earth, and bore most abundant fruits of sanctity. Here the gladiator

"Drooped his head,
Consents to death, but conquers agony.
* * * * *
Butchered to make a Roman holiday".

Visitor! who have travelled here from the ends of the earth, are these objects which possess no interest for you? Then, tasteless traveller, return whence you came—opportunities afforded you are uselessly conferred—

"Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?"

What business had you to come to see Rome?

See, there are the remains of Nero's Golden House, and on yonder hill stand the mouldering remains of the palace of the Cæsars, some idea of the extent, and gorgeous character of which may be formed, when it is known that the front was approached through a triple avenue, or portico of a thousand columns; and beyond that towering dome, observe the extensive palace of the Galilean fisherman—contrast its present splendors with the faded glories of the former—and learn, that there is a God who employs the weak things of this world to confound the strong!

The obelisks also have ever commanded the most minute observation of the visitor to Rome, and more especially that of the antiquarian. They are so ancient, drawn from such obscure antiquity, that all the light which shone since then, has failed as yet to illustrate their history.

A visit to the Forum recalls the most thrilling reminiscences ; the Forum which echoed to classic accents!

“The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero !”

In conclusion, I shall allude to one more, that of the Pantheon. It was built by Agrippa, twenty-six years before the Christian era, and is one of the most admired of all the antiquities of Rome, as being a perfect model of symmetry, accuracy of proportions, and general architectural beauty—it is one which is still in the highest state of preservation, and is one also which presents the most forcible proof that Rome should claim the title of the “eternal city”. It has been frequently and fiercely assailed by storm, fire, and flood, as well as by the ravages of nearly two thousand years of time ; yet there it stands, though partially despoiled and wounded, substantially uninjured, smiling at the futile efforts of its assailants, seated in tranquil majesty amidst the wreck, and mouldering debris, of all its former nodding cotemporaries.

“ Looking tranquilly, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome,
Shalt thou not last ? Time’s scythe and tyrant’s rods
Shiver against thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon ! pride of Rome !”

I adduce the foregoing, merely as a few illustrations of the engrossing interest, historical associations, and intellectual enjoyments, which the antiquities of Rome elicit, in the minds of the erudite, and of visitors of taste.

The most comprehensive view of the ruins of Ancient Rome, and the most convincing evidences of the devastating influence of time on her former greatness, will be presented to the visitor on the Campo Vaccino, or to speak

more classically, the Roman Forum. On this spot, the eye is presented the most convincing testimony of the dominion of time over human greatness, in the cluster of nodding, crumbling ruins, which constituted the glories of Ancient Rome. One view circumscribes the site of the ancient Via Sacra, the Lacus Curtius, the ruins of the Coliseum, the Arch of Constantine, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Temple of Antoninus, the Temple of Peace, the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the Capitol, the Comitium, the Arch of Titus, the Palatine, the three beautiful Corinthian columns of the ancient Temple of Jupiter Tonans, the Temple of Fortune, the Mamertine Prison, the Temple of Mars, the Temple of Venus, the Meta Sudans; that gem of architectural perfection, the solitary pillar—

“The nameless column with the buried base”.

Look around you, and be convinced of the evanescent character of temporal things, and the vanity of even Roman greatness!

“Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown,
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped,
On what were chambers, arch crushed, columns strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls ?
Pronounce who can ; for all that learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls.—
Behold the Imperial Mount ! 't is thus the mighty falls”.

Her old temples, baths, halls, statues,—all, all are extant records of her former glories, and her fallen greatness, and of the widowed solitude of her who generated dynasties, is now childless, and has survived them. Rome!—in that one word is comprised the congested history of ages

and men—a retrospective glance of dynasties in their infancy, in their manhood, in their decrepitude, and tumbling into ruins! It tells of the crash of tyrants' rods—of the progressive tide of civilization, liberty, refinement, the fine arts, and the triumphs of religion and the extension of the kingdom of Christ! It tells of the discovery of whole worlds once a blank on the geographer's chart! It narrates stories of Christian chivalry! It unfolds title-deeds to everlasting inheritances! Rome! it strikes a chord to which every fibre of the heart vibrates!

“O Rome! my country, city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples! ye
 Whose agonies are evils of a day!—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as your clay”.

Modern Rome.



THE following statistics were taken some years since, during my sojourn in Rome, at the period of the celebration of the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, in the year 1867, and were taken from the most authentic official sources accessible to me, and will, I consider, prove accurate. Amongst the sources of information at my command, and of which I availed myself, were the “*Annuario Pontificio*”, the report of the “*Camera Apostolica*”, the “*Stato delle Anime dell’ Alma Cita di Roma, per l’anno 1867*”; the statistics here given are also

derived from other well-informed, though non-official sources.

Rome, being a great centre of ecclesiastical affairs, the seat of a numerous court, and a place much frequented by strangers, is essentially a consuming country, and must provide from abroad for the wants and comforts of life. It is difficult to obtain official returns of imports and exports, but it appears from publications that the annual importations amount to about 1,600,000*l.*, and the exportations to only 360,000*l.*, a great part of the latter representing works of fine art. According to the returns published by the Ministry of Commerce and Fine Arts, the ancient pictures exported in 1868 were valued by the Government appraisers at 3,815*l.*, and the modern at 30,755*l.*; ancient sculpture at 238*l.*, and modern at 71,985*l.*; but these official valuations are far below the real produce of the articles. The production of corn is calculated as providing for nine months' consumption out of the twelve, the rest having to be imported by order of the municipality. The cattle are far below the wants of the capital. Hay, on the contrary, exceeds the home demand, and supplies some 600,000 kilogrammes for exportation. At Easter of every year a census of the population of Rome is made by means of the parish priests, who keep the registers of souls. At Easter, 1869, the population of Rome was 220,532. Excluding the 10,207 soldiers, 328 prisoners, 637 "heterodox", and 4,682 Jews, the population is reduced to 204,678—viz., 105,569 men, and 99,109 women; 7,480 clergy and "religious", and 127,198 belonging to the Civil State. The births are stated as 5,276, or 23·9 per 1,000 of population; the deaths show a higher number—viz., 5,874, or 26·6 per 1000; the marriages, 1,564, or 7·1 per 1,000. The returns show 22 seminaries

and ecclesiastical colleges, containing 841 persons; 61 religious institutions for men, containing 2,959, and 72 for women, containing 2,256 persons; nine lay colleges, containing 298; 68 conservatories, nunneries, etc., containing 1,738 persons; seven charitable institutions for men, containing 878, and 12 for women, containing 1,216 persons. The University, colleges, etc., giving superior or scientific instruction for males are declared to contain 3,829 persons. Elementary instruction is given to 7,908 males and 12,168 females; gratuitously to 6431 males, and 9,444 females, and with paid admission, to 1,567 males and 2,742 females. The Easter census showed 31,608 men and 31,608 women married; 5,637 widowers and 10,188 widows; 36,258 bachelors and 30,345 spinsters; children, 47,338—viz., 24,403 boys and 22,935 girls. Wages have increased. The peasants who come in for the harvest now ask 5 or even 6 scudi (20s. to 25s.) for the 11 days' work, besides their food. In Rome an ordinary workman, a mason or carpenter, can earn 2 to 3 lire a day, or 1s. 7d. to 2s. 4d.; a goldsmith or engraver, 3s. 6d. to 6s. 4d. The hours of labour are 12 in the hot season, and 10 in winter. The savings bank received in the year 1868 sums amounting to £104,561, but the withdrawals reached £157,364; the interest accrued on deposits is stated at £29,397.

Rome is indebted to the Popes, not merely for the remnants of her ancient glories, which still remain, but even for her very existence. Without the Popes, Rome, ages ago, would have been reduced to the dimensions of a petty village, or every vestige totally obliterated off the surface of what would have been a dreary waste. To preserve in their integrity for thousands of years after her decline and fall, all the relics of Ancient Rome, was not in the nature of things, under their ordinary vicissitudes.

The vast moles of masonry, which compose the antiquities of Rome, are gigantic in size, and extensive in area, and their preservation for thousands of years, required inexhaustible pecuniary resources. An idea of the required extent of such resources may be deduced from the fact, that to build one buttress, or mere prop of masonry, to support a tottering section of the Coliseum, and effect some other repairs, required from Pope Pius VII., and Leo XII., an outlay of 50,000 crowns! The revenues of the Popes were comparatively very limited, and unable to compete with and entirely obstruct the devastating influences of time: yet to their zealous efforts is attributable the preservation of the antiquities which still remain, and the many treasures of art which enrich the museums of Rome. Pius VI. alone, at great expense, collected and added to the works of ancient art in the Vatican, no less a number than 3,000 statues! Pope Gregory XVI., and our present Holy Father, have been equally liberal, and indefatigable in augmenting the specimens of ancient art, in inscriptions, monuments, paintings, statuary, and vases. If Rome merit the title of the "eternal city", she is indebted for it to the Popes. In many ages, and more especially in the middle ages, there was in other kingdoms no taste for antiquities or for the arts, and the most precious relics of both fell into dissolution. If there were no Popes, it might be said of Rome also,

"Nunc civis est, ubi Roma fuit".

"Now ashes alone mark the site of Rome".

In Rome, with the exception of short intervals, there was, and ever has been a Pope, and Rome is the "eternal city".

When Attila, like a voracious vulture, and followed by his savage hordes, threatened the devastation and annihila-

tion of Rome, and the Holy Pontiff himself, St. Leo, aided by the heavenly hosts, scared the barbarian from the walls!

Not merely Rome alone, but all western Europe, according to the unsuspected evidence of Southey and Sismondi, supported by Forsyth, Valery, and Marangoni, were preserved from the devastating hordes, of the Huns, Vandals, Goths, and Mussulmans by the knights of Malta, the knights Templars, the Hospitallers, and the countless battalions of Crusaders, organized and stimulated to action by the Popes. The irresistible warriors of the cross rolled back the inundating tide. The Cæsars fell, but the Popes reigned, and Rome lived! Carthage once flourished; but in Carthage there was no Pope, and “*delenda est Carthago*!”—and so it is, every vestige of Carthage is now obliterated! Thebes, Palmyra, and Babylon were once the famed cities of the world, but there was no Peter there. Go now and see what remains of them! Troy was: nothing but its historic and heroic reminiscences remain! Troy had no Pope! and

“*Fuit Ilium*”.

“Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!”

The proud and wealthy London is now the mistress of the world: one of her eloquent children predicts, that a New Zealander will one day sit upon her dilapidated bridge to sketch her ruins, whilst Rome still is, and shall be, the “eternal city”, her religion and her saving doctrine, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!

Rome under the Popes, is replete with the deepest interest for the scholar and the amateur. It is the centre of the world, towards which people from the most distant regions converge, and there constitute the most erudite, refined, and elegant society. It is the recognized seat

and school of art, in music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, through which every pupil must graduate, before his ear can be regarded as educated, or his pencil or his chisel can obtain celebrity. Her museums and architecture present the most classic specimens of Egyptian, Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman art. Her libraries are inexhaustible stores of knowledge. Her picture galleries are hung with the grandest productions of the great ancient and modern masters, Cimabue, Giotto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, the Carracci, Titian, Mufillo, Carlo Maratta, Bassano, Perugino, Garaffalo, Guercino, and hosts of other celebrities. Her wonderful productions in sculpture, are the amazement and admiration of the world, elaborated under the chisels, amongst others, of Polydorus, Praxiteles, Michael Angelo, and Canova. Her academies, her amusements, her genial salubrious climate, all complete the full measure of modern Rome's attractions and enjoyments.

“ Still

Her font at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing them her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill”.



Christian Rome.



CHRISTIAN ROME!—How do the boundless empire and glories of ancient Rome pale before the eye of the visitor of faith and piety, when contrasted with the transcendant glories of Christian Rome! as a spark before the overwhelming blaze of the meridian sun! Rome!

“ A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality! ——”

Contrast transitory glories with the hopes of immortality which Christian Rome unfolds to the vision of the man of faith!—compared with them, they weigh not as the down of a feather poised with an ingot of gold! All her vast ancient structures are but as toys of “fragile clay”, compared with “the house of our eternity!” When Rome tells the meanest beggar you are “immortal!” all the emblazoned titles of the Cæsars become in the contrast but as a drop pendant from a reed, when compared with the waters of fathomless oceans! Rome records the Church’s history from the days of the Fisherman of Galilee to the Pius now Pontiff in the Vatican!—from the first page written in the darksome depths of the Catacombs, to that inscribed on the glittering cross of bronze surmounting the altitudes of St. Peter’s dome, and crimsoned by the declining beams of an Italian sun. Rome! where God established the seat of His holy Church—where her visible head, and Christ’s Vicar, resides—where the noblest temple that was ever raised to the Omnipotent One is erected—where four hundred other churches, are dedicated to the worship of the Most Holy—where numerous sacred relics of the passion of Christ are preserved—and those of the Princes of the Apostles are enshrined—Rome, where every pebble is a relic, every household a shrine, every grain of dust is saturated with a martyr’s blood! Vain efforts of emperors and heroes to erect moles, columns, and monuments as bribes to fame to perpetuate their memories!—the very object of their erection is in most instances sunk in oblivion, and in others useless for the end intended! Adrian’s mole is the Fisherman’s citadel, and

“The Scipio’s tomb contains no ashes now:
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers!”

whilst Peter's relics are enshrined in gold, silver, and precious stones, under the glorious dome of that Basilica which transcends the olden grandeurs of Solomon's temple. A brilliant ray of holy religion, reflected from the sun of righteousness, here beams in on my dazzled vision, and from the gloomy contrast with the mouldering ruins of ancient Roman greatness, reveals to me my own indestructibility, and the greatness of my expectations, and the momentous events which await me, and wafts away my expansive contemplation and soaring hopes beyond sun and moon, beyond the most distant twinkling stars, and bursts asunder the narrow limits of infinite space, and reveals to me my eternal destinies and everlasting inheritances ! Faith, hope, and charity constitute for me the lasting materials of a shrine, where I shall repose, and be preserved securely amidst all the vicissitudes of time, the crash of matter, and the wreck of worlds,—virtues and good works shall be the aromatical embalming spices, which shall save me from corruption and dissolution—and I shall not fear death or the tomb, shall ambition no lugubrious epitaph to elicit the tears and sympathies of surviving friends or future generations, but shall cry "O death, where is thy sting ?" "O grave, where is thy victory ?" My epitaph shall be written by the finger of faith—"Surrexit ! he has arisen !"

"Death's terror is the mountain faith removes :

'T is faith disarms destruction—

Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb".

If ancient Rome—her monuments of emperors, of triumphs, and of warriors, be an object of curiosity to the classical scholar—how engrossing must be the interest of Christian Rome to the pilgrim of faith ! Christian Rome ! which presents to us monuments of victories that won for

us everlasting inheritances! Christian Rome! the patroness and school of all the fine arts! Christian Rome! our guardian and guide in the ways of religion!—Christian Rome! which in proclaiming the gospel truths to the nations presented them

“The golden key
That opes the palace of eternity!”

“Mother of arts! as once of arms: thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven”.

Holy Week.



HURING the last week of Lent, the Church observes most solemn ceremonies. It is called by us Holy Week. Holy, because of the holy mysteries of the passion, death, and resurrection of our Blessed Lord, which we commemorate therein. In the Latin Church it is called the “Major Hebdomeda”, or the “Great Week”, as the minds of the faithful are, during that period, engrossed with the most sublime and momentous events which can engage the contemplation of man. This term “Great Week” was applied to it by St. Chrysostom, and has ever since been employed to designate it in the missals and breviaries of the Church’s liturgy. During this great week, the institution of the adorable Eucharist, “the food of the strong”, is commemorated, and all the faithful are invited to eat of the body of Christ, the very adorable Lamb who was sacrificed for their redemption. During this week, new children are brought forth to Christ by baptism, and obtain their title-

deeds to everlasting inheritances! During this week all the sacraments are administered—the materials for great mysteries are blessed—the water for solemn baptism—the oils used at baptism, confirmation, ordination, extreme-unction, and at the consecration of altars and churches. Holy orders are conferred—penitent sinners are reconciled to Holy Church. The delivery of the Israelites from the slavery of Egypt, and our delivery from the slavery of sin, and our entrance into the land of liberty and grace, are solemnly commemorated. Week, great indeed! This week was sometimes called the “*Pœnosa*”, or “*Painful*”, from the painful sufferings our Lord endured. Ecclesiastical writers say it was also called “*Hebdomeda Indulgentiæ*”, or the “*Week of Pardon*”, for public penitents were solemnly received and obtained absolution during the week. The Germans call it “*Char-woche*”, the week of sorrows, and sometimes “*Marter-woche*”, the week of sufferings. When approaching this holy week, the Church does not permit us to rush in abruptly or inconsiderately, but, as the clever architect, who has erected a temple for the worship of the Deity, permits not the visitor to rush in abruptly from the vulgar structures of the multitude and from the glaring light of a meridian sun, but judiciously obliges him to pass through a portico, and then ingeniously draws around him the still more sombre and subdued light of the vestibule, and then initiates his entrance into the lofty aisles, that thus his soul may thereby be disposed to form a just appreciation of the creation of his genius and the sublimity of his design, and become overwhelmed with a reverential awe of the sublime mysteries which are celebrated therein—even so, the Church has instituted the season of Lent which precedes it, and which is, as it were the vestibule through which

we enter into Holy Week, this "Holy of Holies"; and during which, by the exercise of prayer, retirement, self-denial, and a disengagement from secular conversation and sinful associations, our souls may be predisposed to contemplate the many august mysteries presented to our consideration, and harmonize with the examples of abjection, and humiliation, and sufferings exhibited in the passion and death of our crucified Lord. Holy Week is, as it were, the burning bush, in which we hold intimate converse with God, and during the Lent, the Church warns us to approach with pure and sanctified souls. She whispers us, "take off the shoes from thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground". The Egyptians of old erected their temples in the midst of solitary groves, through which the worshipper had to pass, before he reached the vestibule—and before the weary travellers and the thirsty camels of the caravansara can fully appreciate the verdant herbage, the shady foliage, the flowering meads, and refreshing waters of the "oasis", they must first traverse the vast wastes, and parching sands, of the dreary desert. After we pass through the penitential season of Lent, we too shall, at Easter, be satiated, when the glories of God shall appear!



Ceremonies and Art.



HE senses are the mediums of communication between external objects and the soul, and holy Church eagerly employs their coöperation, to impress the soul with sentiments of religion, piety, morality, and to convey information and edification, by means of certain external conventional signs. She effects this sometimes through the organs of

vision, as by letters, writing or reading, painting or sculpture; sometimes through the ear, as by preaching or music; and sometimes by external rites, in which all these external signs are united: and these latter she calls ceremonies. To admit that it is legitimate for the Church to employ reading, or preaching, to impress the soul with religious feelings, and to deny her the right to employ other external signs, would be unmeaningly to limit the salutary influence of those powerful auxiliaries. If to attain this holy object of the amelioration of the soul, some signs be proclaimed legitimate, certainly other signs for the attainment of the same holy end, cannot in reason be asserted to be meaningless, mischievous, and superstitious. The only external signs which the Church sanctions in her ceremonies, are those which are eminently calculated to enlighten the mind, by communicating additional knowledge, to excite devotion, and melt the soul to tender sentiments of piety, to compunction for sin, reprobation of vice, to unbounded gratitude to God for His numberless mercies, in contemplating His miracles of love, His bitter passion, and glorious resurrection; to promote His glory, and the welfare of our fellow-creatures; to stimulate us to the imitation of Christ and His saints, to heroic deeds of virtue, and to aspire to perfection. No reasoning mind can deny that rites and ceremonies, replete with such tendencies, are useful, salutary, precious, and edifying. Such are the noble objects which the Church aspires to effect in the souls of her faithful children, by the institution of her ceremonies. Music softens the soul to such piety and unction as to render it delicately sensitive to any character of exalted and refined sanctity with which heavenly grace may please to impress it. The prolonged notes of her choral service hover round the text, to allow time as we pass,

to suck the honey from the delicious words of the Royal Psalmist, unctuous, and redolent of inspiration. Other plaintive notes break the hardened heart, and open sluices for floods of tears from the overflowing reservoirs of a penitential spirit. Even by one glance at Michael Angelo's great painting, presenting to our eye a representation of the last judgment, we are awe-stricken, in anticipation of that dread day of assize, and all the terrors of God's terrible judgments. Another painting of the agony in the garden, overwhelms us with confusion, conscious of our apathy, our tepidity, in the ways of God, the little advance we have made in virtue after our lengthened years in the school of Christ, our persevering reluctance to adhere to God, to forsake all, and watch with our agonizing Saviour—it seems to whisper significantly and pathetically: "What! could you not watch one hour with me?" The countenances of Murillò's Madonnas, clothed with such sweet expressiveness, such tender devotion, such surpassing amiability, immaculate innocence, and enraptured recollection, win our hearts' affection to love her, to venerate her, to aspire to her imitation, to fly to her patronage, and confidently to commit the care of our salvation to the powerful intercession of that holy Mother of God with her adorable Son. Nay, the enemy of our salvation employs external signs to allure souls. The very pagans perpetuated the history and elicited the sympathy of generations, by the tortuous writhings and agonizing expressions of the Laocoon and his suffering youths, in the coils of the serpents, by the great statue of antiquity in the Vatican Museum. Shall then the Church be denied the use of these, and similar external signs, through the instrumentality of the senses, to perpetuate their history of the august mysteries of salvation, and elicit the sym-

pathies of the soul for our agonizing Redeemer's passion and death, and the soul's exultation at His glorious and triumphant resurrection? Away with such futile reasoning ! The wicked world employs every sense to effect an entrance, to devastate and demoralize the soul. Holy Church will not only close those gates, and render them impregnable to the enemy, but shall employ them for her own ingress to God's citadel. She shall utilize not only one or two, but she shall zealously employ a union of all those external signs, to win the soul to religion, to virtue, and to God. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, vestments, incense, torches, elaborately chased plate of gold and silver, chaunting, actions, and processions, and those constitute her ceremonies, rites, and ritual observances, and they are a language that addresses the soul through the action of the eye, as eloquently as the glowing page, and through the tympanum of the ear, as forcibly as the most pathetic sermon, and she shall ever justly appreciate their use as salutary and valuable for the weal of the soul !

Object of the Ceremonies.



THE object of the institution of these ceremonies was by no means intended for mere external show, not merely to make a display, or to produce what is understood to be an effect. An effect may indeed result from their observance, but it was neither the reason, the motive, nor the end of their institution. The reason of their institution is because they are recommended, and sanctioned by doctrine. The motive of their institution is, that external impressions on the senses may become auxiliary to the production

of interior devotional sentiments in the soul. The great end of their institution, is the promotion of the glory of God, the edification and sanctification of the souls of mankind.

Religion, to be true, must be interior. It especially consists in the undivided empire of God over all the faculties of the soul; in establishing Him as the sole object of all our desires; the end of all our actions; the principle of all our affections; the dominant tendency of all our interior inclinations. The soul is instructed, and aided, to correspond with the operations of divine grace, in establishing this interior reign of Christ, through the medium of the senses, that is, through the organs of hearing or seeing, usually either by the voice of the preacher, or by the written word. Now words, either spoken or written, are mere conventional signs, instituted for the purpose of conveying certain ideas, and imparting certain impressions to the soul; other signs, directed to our eyes and ears, may be equally efficacious in conveying these salutary impressions, and tending to establish this interior reign of grace in our souls, and holy Church judiciously employs them, and these she calls ceremonies. That religion which confines itself exclusively to external rites or ceremonies, irrespective of the interior worship of God in the soul, our holy Church regards as false, useless, pernicious, hypocritical, and superstitious. But when ceremonies are employed either as external expressions of our interior sentiments of religion, or as means to enliven our piety, and inflame our charity, or to conduct more easily the simple and illiterate, who cannot read or write, to a knowledge of the sublime mysteries of Christianity, then she regards them as most useful, most precious, and most venerable. When the Son of God con-

summed the sacrifice, and died the bleeding victim for our sins, that sacrifice was made, not in the peaceful attitude and stillness of all nature—not in the brilliant rays, and under the genial heat of a summer's sun—not amidst beautiful scenery, amidst rippling fountains, verdant meads, and enchanting sylvan glades. No! it was made on the barren and rugged mount of Calvary! A tempestuous storm convulsed all nature—the veil of the temple was rent to pieces—the flinty rocks were riven asunder—the dead started from their graves, and, in their winding-sheets, walked about in the very daylight—in the streets of Jerusalem, in the very sight of affrighted, withering, shivering, living men—the sun veiled its light, and a gloomy darkness enveloped the whole earth. Why all these miracles and writhing convulsions of nature? They were intended by the Omnipotent as external means to affect the senses, and unless our hearts are more insensible than the very dead in their graves, who heard His voice—than the very veil that exposed the sanctuary—than the very rocks as hard as flint that were riven to pieces—those convulsive revolutions were intended to elicit from our hearts sentiments of terror, compunction, and devotion, and oblige the most insensible amongst us to strike our breasts, and acknowledge at last that the God of Nature was dying. And this proves most convincingly the efficacy of sensible representations, either by the aid of art or ceremonies, to harmonize the feelings of the soul to the august mysteries which Rome commemorates during Holy Week, as well as all her other solemn functions during the year. Behold the wisdom of Holy Church in instituting her ceremonies, and in employing the efforts of that art in painting, sculpture, music, architecture, engraving, and decorations, which she herself matured and educated

as auxiliaries to promote her interests, to produce religious impressions, and elicit from the soul sentiments of sorrow, compunction, gratitude, and adoring love. For this noble object has the Church instituted her holy and expressive ceremonies, and this much, and this much only, shall I say in vindication of her practice—a practice sanctioned by the holy Scriptures, and commanded and exemplified by God Himself, both under the old and under the new dispensations.



Anticipations.



THE ceremonies of Holy Week commence on Palm Sunday. Some idea of the intense interest they elicit may be learned from the fact that, not merely tens of thousands of the pious citizens of Rome congregate in the Vatican Basilica during this week, but strangers from the ultimate ends of the earth, sometimes in numbers not less than 100,000, travel over continents and vast oceans, subject to every difficulty and danger, that at least once in their lives they may enjoy the happiness and edification of assisting at these most solemn and impressive commemorations of the Passion and Resurrection of Christ. They sojourn in the city for many months, with no other object than that they may have this blessing before returning to their distant homes in the extremes of the world. Within a few days after the Easter festivities, the large number of 20,000 strangers have been known to take their departure. Having seen the salvation of Israel, they esteem nothing else as worthy their enjoyment. "Nunc dimittis, servum tuum Domine secundum verbum tuum in pace!"

Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace!

The only thought which engages their minds for some days previously is the near approach of the ceremonies. They disengage themselves from all other engrossing business, and even pre-arrange all their household affairs, that they may devote themselves exclusively to the celebration of the august mysteries. Some recall their historical recollections of the spectacles of mediæval ages—of the glittering parade, dazzling ostentations, triumphant processions of the days of romance, chivalry, and regal pageantry, that they may anticipate an ideal realization of the external grandeur and majesty of the ceremonies at Rome. They unfold to the eye of their imagination the enchanting scenes of eastern story, or the Sultan's processions along the banks of the Bosphorus, and through the aromatic groves "in the Valley of the Sweet Waters"—the progresses of Persian princes and their lengthened retinue, attired in every brilliant costume, and dyed in all the glowing tinges of Arabia! They fancy brilliant cavalcades of European potentates to their marriages, coronations, and tournaments, and the gorgeous gatherings under gilded domes during the courtly days of Louis Quatorze.

The Englishman may have pictured to his mind the grand processions of knights, ladies, and halberdiers, of abbots, high churchmen, and dignitaries,—nobles and princes, at the Christmas festivities of King Edward I. and his Queen at Conway Castle, in which they united all the pageantry of the east, which they learned during their sojourn with the Crusaders in Palestine, to the gorgeous costumes and imposing ceremonials of the Spaniards at the court of Madrid, during the reign of Ferdinand III., who was the father of Edward's Queen Eleanor of Castile, and

in the midst of which she was reared, educated, and familiarized.

They may have fancied themselves moving through men-at-arms, battalions of congregating crusaders, Greeks and Syrians, Africans, Sardinians, Germans, and Dalmatians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Thracians, Saxons, Belgians, Bavarians, and Burgundians—many from the country of Henri de Dinant, and from the territories of the Duke, King, and Bishop Henri de Guelders, who alternately wore the crown and the mitre in his palace at Liege. They may have imagined knights mounted on sumptuously caparisoned chargers, with crimson coloured tassels and burnished helmets; minstrels, troubadours, and palmers; pages clad in crimson silks and velvets; heralds on snow-white curveting palfreys, and hosts of Italians,—all summoned by the voice of Peter the Hermit, and the shrill clarion's notes from Calabria, from the hamlets on Alpine cliffs and Apennine slopes, and all moving in martial array towards the palace of the Vatican!

“ The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by peach and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine”.

They may have fancied this brilliant array of religious warriors, after having shrived in the neighbouring monasteries, now passing in squadrons in review before the balconies of the palaces and bastions. Each youthful gallant knight, clad in his brilliant steel armour and corslets, sitting upright in his saddle, put his charger to his mettle. The steed was caparisoned in housings, flow-

ing drapery, and a saddle cloth, trimmed with gold lace, and a steel unicorn projecting from his forehead. On every move of the curveting charger, the brilliant rays of the meridian sun were reflected as from the plate of a revolving mirror. The squadrons are preceded by St. Bernard, in his Cistercian habit and cowl, and by Peter the Hermit, in his coarse garb and girdle, with his staff and crimson cross. The advanced guard is led by Godfrey de Bouillion. Next come the squadrons commanded by Adhemar de Monteil, the Vicar Apostolic, preceded by his cross-bearer and his armour-bearer with his heraldic emblazonments. Now are passing the knights and troopers, and the solid phalanx of gallant bowmen, headed by their chieftain, Robert de Normandie, all marching past in measured paces, "with pointed foot and splendid stride", clarions flourishing, sun shining, armour gleaming, and banners flying! They are followed by the battalions of the chivalrous Tancred, and by those of Hugh Raymond, with their "guidons" borne in the centre, each brigade steadily advancing in imposing grandeur, like a living wall of sinew and steel—an irresistible wave of flowing giants! As each squadron arrives before the balcony, the trumpeters flourish their bugles, adorned with pendent silk bannerets, and every lance stands erect! The balconies, the castle of St. Angelo, the towers, battlements, and defences of the gates are crowded with a gorgeous array of noble ladies, all in courtly dresses, adorned with diamonds and towering feathers, draped in floriated textures, trimmed with fringes of point lace of costly quality, and with lengthened trains of spangled brocades. They wave scarves of their national or family colours, and kerchiefs of the finest texture, embroidered with heraldic devices, in token of adieu, and accompanied with sollicita-

tions for the patronage of our Lady and the benedictions of heaven on the departing warriors. The knights raise their lances in courteous acknowledgment. The vanguard having passed, those disciplined hosts now wheel round in sections, and draw up in the great space, and front towards the Vatican in one compact phalanx, and the sheen of their armour and glittering lances seems like a vast sea of steel rippled in the sunshine by the summer's zephyr, and the banners above it are like the colours of some stately fleet which foundered at sea, and left their bunting floating on the trackless surface after the hulls had gone down to ocean's depths! The waving of the crimson plumes over the helmets seemed in the distance like myriads of lambent flaming jets of light from so many burning lamps, and the red crosses enamelled on the armour were as the sparks which flicker and perform a thousand capricious gambols over the dim edifice of a calcined sheet of paper, which has been just burned to ashes; or, like the twinkling nebulae which spangle the azure concave dome of the heavens! Now the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Urban II., in full pontificals, surrounded by his high ecclesiastical functionaries, appears at a lofty window, and raises his vicarial hands to the treasury of God's graces, and bringing them down laden with heavenly benedictions, in a triple blessing, scatters them amongst the warriors of the cross. They receive them with the utmost veneration, with bended head, vizier down, shield on arm, and lance at rest. Now again, in obedience to the shrill clarion's flourish, they reform into squadrons; they march away for Palestine, to encounter the Mussulman hordes, afterwards commanded by Soliman and Saladin: they move on for the delivery of Jerusalem, and then

“Wavers the deep array,
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away”.

But in Rome the visitor finds fact stranger than fiction, and the present scenes stranger than the history of the past, and the highest flights of fancy can never elevate him to an idea of the realization and sublimity, and picturesque and devotional character of the Easter festivities at Rome.

“All pictured poems
By fancy shaped at first, and then
Nurst into life by master men”.

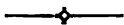
The gorgeous scenes of pageantry of the mediæval ceremonies are transmitted in the glowing word-paintings of Froissart and Monstralet, and the triumphs of the emperor Maximilian shall long be perpetuated in the memories of future generations by the graphic pencil of Andrea Mantegna ; and the engravings of Holbein and Albert Durer have familiarized our eye to the sumptuous dresses and imposing processions of the German emperor, walking on carpets of the richest texture, rolled out from the looms of the Low Countries, his path strewn with showers of golden ducats, and his head screened from the rays of the meridian sun by a canopy of golden lama, supported by staves of silver, held by nobles of the highest blood and the most ancient lineage of the proudest country in the world. They represent His Majesty surrounded by battalions of mailed knights, by priests, bishops, and cardinals, in their most costly robes, in copes, chasubles, and pontificals, moving through lanes of congested millions of humanity, regaling themselves on oxen whole, and flowing fountains of wine ; lengthened cavalcades moving in all the pageantries of “the field of the cloth of gold”, or

congregated at the Kaiser's coronation in the Römer at Frankfort! Those mediæval scenes of secular grandeur are vividly portrayed by the pen, the pencil, and the graver of the historian, the poet, the painter, and the engraver; but all those efforts of glittering display, even reflected in such glowing colours, dwindle into despicable insignificance, when contrasted with the surpassing splendours, the gorgeous sumptuousness, the grandeur and sublimity of the ceremonial of the Easter festivities at Rome. The ceremonies in the Sistine Chapel, in the Basilica of St. John of Lateran, or on the Pope's altar, before the shrines of the martyred princes of the apostles, where nobles and princes feel honoured in being allowed to bend even to kiss the Vicar's foot; where kings roll their purple robes of royalty in the dust before the steps of his footstool, where he is surrounded by the corps diplomatique, the ambassadors of every dynasty, representing two hundred millions of souls, who acknowledge his sovereignty, and a spiritual kingdom, whose boundaries are the circumference of Christendom, constitute an "embarras des richesses" and visions of grandeur to which the world can present no parallel. Here the Father of the faithful is surrounded by guards of nobles in scarlet and gold—by ladies all draped in court dresses—dazzling military uniforms, glittering with crosses, decorations, and diamonds, which sparkle at every move; Swiss sentinels in tri-colour garbs of the "moyen age", with the round hat and red plume of the Spanish cavalier. These are all moving in serpentine curves from the gilded halls of the Vatican, down the royal stairs, through the vestibule and bronze gates, and under the concave domes, studded with mosaics, of Peter's basilica—religious and esquires, monks and military, princes and priests, and hundreds of bishops, and

many cardinals in scarlet and purple, in damask and lace, all preceding the Vicar of Christ, borne on his high sedia gestatoria, crowned with a jewelled, glittering tiara, to the notes of thrilling music, flourishing silver clarions, clattering drums, booming guns, and great bells, amidst kneeling multitudes from every clime. These are scenes which defy the most graphic pen adequately to describe; but when regarded in their moral, religious, and mystic significance, they reach the very climax of sublimity! Contrast eastern or mediæval secular pageantry with the ceremonies of Holy Week in Rome!—contrast the flame of a candle with the effulgent brilliancy of the meridian sun!

“Or with taper light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish!”



Order of the Ceremonies.

PALM SUNDAY.



THE ceremonies commence in St. Peter's at half-past nine o'clock. The Pope blesses and distributes the palms, proceeds in solemn procession round the Basilica, and presides at solemn Mass.

WEDNESDAY.

On this evening, and on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, the office of Tenebræ commences in the Sistine chapel two hours and a half before the “Ave Maria”, that is, about five o'clock.

HOLY THURSDAY,

The solemn Mass commences in the Sistine chapel at nine o'clock. The Pope administers holy communion to

the cardinals, carries the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the Paoline chapel—gives the benediction from the loggia—goes through the ceremony of the “Lavanda”, or washing of the feet of the pilgrims—entertains and serves the pilgrims at dinner. Tenebræ at five o'clock. After the Tenebræ, the ceremony of washing the high altar takes place in St. Peter's. On this evening, at the “Hospital dei Pellegrini”, cardinals and princes wash the feet of many pilgrims, and princesses and other Roman ladies observe the same ceremony in the department of the hospital allotted exclusively to females.

GOOD FRIDAY.

On this morning the ceremonies commence in the Sistine chapel at half-past nine o'clock. Tenebræ at five o'clock. After the Tenebræ, the Pope and the cardinals walk in procession; he visits the shrines of the apostles, and the relics are exposed from the balcony over the statue of St. Veronica.

HOLY SATURDAY.

The ceremonies commence in the Sistine chapel at nine o'clock. In the Church of St. John of Lateran, the ceremonies commence at half-past seven o'clock. A convert is baptized, and Holy Orders are administered. The parish priests visit and bless the houses of their parishioners on this day.

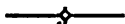
EASTER SUNDAY.

The ceremonies commence in the Vatican at ten o'clock. The Pope goes in grand procession from the Vatican palace to St. Peter's—celebrates the solemn Mass,—and afterwards gives the benediction from the “loggia”. The illumination of the cupola of St. Peter's takes place this

evening, soon after eight o'clock ; the change of lights at nine o'clock.

EASTER MONDAY.

The girandola, or grand display of fire works, commences on this evening about nine o'clock, on Monte Pincio, before the piazza of the Porta del Popolo.



Palm Sunday.



AS Lent advances, and as we are gradually progressing towards Easter, the Church increases her efforts to predispose our souls for the efficacious celebration of the Passion of our Lord. On the fifth Sunday of Lent, or the second before Easter, all the ornaments of the altar are removed, or covered with violet. This colour the Church selects as indicative of a penitential spirit, of fasting, and mourning. In early Christian times, the last week of Lent—this annual era of mercy and reconciliation—was the period chosen for the baptism of the catechumens and for the admission of those who had committed serious crimes, and after lengthened prayer, fasting, and religious exercises, were received as public penitents, and judged worthy of participating of the sacraments of penance and the holy Eucharist. Hence it was to them a period of the most momentous importance, and redoubled efforts were employed to complete the preparation of the catechumens. Those events usually took place on Holy Saturday, or on the eve of Easter. On the Sunday before this memorable week, the approved catechumens were declared “competent”, and from that circumstance it was called “Domi-

nica competentium"—"the Sunday of the competents". During the penitential season of Lent, the use of the bath was denied to the catechumens, and the bath was so great, and almost indispensable a luxury in Rome, and more especially in eastern countries, that its denial was deemed a very severe penitential privation. In respect, however, to the holy oil with which their heads were to be anointed after baptism, they were allowed on this Sunday to wash their heads, and from this circumstance it was called "capita lavantium". As on this day the catechumens were deemed to have previously received sufficient preparatory instruction, in accordance with the directions of the Council of Adige, the symbol was explained to the "competents", from which the mass of this Sunday was called "Missa in symboli traditione". The memory of Mary Magdalen's devotion to Jesus, as recorded in the twelfth chapter of St. John, was commemorated by the more abundant distribution of alms by the Pope to the poor, the representatives of Christ. The Maronites, on this day, bless an olive tree, and carry it in procession. We, however, know the Sunday before Easter, by the title of Palm Sunday, from the ceremony observed on that day of blessing and distributing palm branches, commemorative of our blessed Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, previously to His passion. "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him", and cried, "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel"—*John*, xii. 13. It is also very significant that Palm Sunday exactly corresponds with the tenth day of the moon, upon which, as we find recorded in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Exodus, the Israelites were commanded to bring into their families and houses the lamb without blemish, which was to be killed for the Passover,

and with whose blood their door-posts were to be sprinkled to secure them from the destroying angel. Christ, then, the true Paschal lamb, in entering Jerusalem on this day, presents a remarkable fulfilment of the ancient Jewish type.

TO ST. PETER'S !

Activity had but little rest last night—it retired late and was up early, and every hand was busily occupied. At break of day the entire city was astir—and the agitation and bustle momentarily increased. Grooms, lackeys, servants in glittering liveries, and soldiers were passing through each other in the most intricate mazes. Vetturinos were driving past in every variety of hired caleche and vehicle, seeming to have anticipated the hour in expectation of having a double or a treble journey, and a corresponding number of fares. Pedestrians moved on in groups, gradually increasing to one continuous stream. Regiments of the line and civic guards marched past, preceded by bands of thrilling martial music. Then came the equipages of the “magnates”, imparting a “haut ton” to the scene. Every minor street contributed its contingent to the great leading thoroughfares which led to the Basilica, like tributary streams to the bed of some mighty river, whose rapids hurried along peoples, armies, ecclesiastics, nobles, princes, generals, and ambassadors and cardinals, in one impetuous torrent, till it discharged them all in the vast lake of the Piazza of St. Peter's.

BLESSING AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE PALM.

The ceremonies commenced on this day at half-past nine o'clock, when the Pope entered St. Peter's and ascended his throne. The cardinals, dignitaries, and prince assistants at the throne, bishops and countless

numbers of officials, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, surrounded the Holy Father in their prescribed places, and all in their peculiar costumes; the cardinals vested in chasubles or copes of violet colour, and those of religious orders wearing to-day not rochets, but surplices beneath their amicts. The cardinals paid their usual homage to the Holy Father. The palm branches were laid at the Gospel side of the altar, and the Pope commenced the prayers of the blessing, whilst the choir sang the triumphant notes of the "Hosannah". The sub-deacon then chaunted from the fifteenth chapter of the book of Exodus, the affecting history of the murmurs of the children of Israel in the desert—their lamentations for having left the slavery of Egypt, because they lost the sensual pleasures of its flesh-pots, the shady groves of its palm trees, and the crystal rivulets and refreshing fountains of Elim, forgetful that they were only toiling under the temporary labours, and journeyings, through a desert that was eventually to lead to their happy land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, and how their compassionate and indulgent God tolerated their ungenerous murmuring, urging them to be more tolerant and patient, and that He would send them manna to support them till they reached their happy destination. How salutary the lesson for ourselves! to encourage us to bear patiently the trials and difficulties we encounter in this life of mortification, virtue, and religion—to cheer our drooping spirits, to remind us that we are only flying from the slavery of our passions through the desert pilgrimage of this world—that our woes are transient—that God will feed our souls with the manna of His own body and blood, to support us on our way to our heavenly Canaan, the country of our everlasting inheritances. The various other prayers were read, and

the palm branches sprinkled with holy water, and incensed.

The ceremony of blessing and distributing palm on this Sunday before Easter is of very ancient origin—so early as the fourth century; according to Merati, this usage prevailed both in the western Church, as well as in the east. In the ceremony on this day, the Blessed Sacrament was sometimes carried in procession, as is stated by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, to have been the custom in the great abbey of Bec in Normandy, and also in England, in Salisbury and St. Alban's, as is recorded by Matthew of Paris, in his life of Abbot Simon.

The benedictory orations having terminated, the governor presents the palms, which were held by the deacons, to the senior cardinal bishop, who hands them to the Pope, and the master of ceremonies presents one to the prince assistant at the throne. A superbly embroidered veil is then placed over the Pope's knees, and he distributes the palm branches in the usual order, in which the dignitaries and officials move in processions.

The distribution of the palms is closed by the presentation of branches to the commander and superior officers of the Guard of Nobles, who draw up in line before the Pope, and who receive the palm as the representatives of that brilliant and noble corps.

The procession is then formed, and moves round and through the gate of the vast Basilica, in an order similar to that on St. Peter's Day and Easter Sunday, which, as I shall describe in the ceremonies of that day, I deem it unnecessary to introduce here. During the procession, the choir sang the hymn, "Gloria, laus, et honor", combining notes of triumph with the most affecting intonations of subduing plaintiveness. Many stories are told of the

origin and history of this much admired hymn. Some assert the hymn had been composed by Theodulph, who was a French abbot, and was confined in Angers for having combined with the two sons of the Emperor Louis the Pious against their father. It is said that Theodulph, during the period in which he was incarcerated by order of the Emperor Louis, on hearing the singing of the hymn whilst the procession on Palm Sunday, in which the emperor was walking, was passing his prison, he joined in the chant through his dungeon bars, at which the emperor was so affected that he immediately ordered his liberation. After his liberation, he became Bishop of Orleans. Others assert that Rinald, Bishop of Langres, was the author of this beautiful hymn.

KNOCKING AT THE DOORS WITH THE CROSS.

The grand procession moved round, and arrived at the great doors, when the more advanced choristers entered, and then closed the portals against the approaching procession, to represent the barring of the gates of paradise against the degenerate children of fallen Adam by original sin. Those inside then sang the hymns, representing the heavenly hosts, chaunting the divine praises—they were responded to by the multitudes outside, to signify that the Church militant, those yet journeying on their earthly pilgrimage, desired at this season of reconciliation, to echo in this world their celestial songs of jubilee, and that they wished with yearning hearts to be associated with the citizens of God's kingdom. The doors, however, were impassably closed, and could only be opened by the atoning blood of the adorable Lamb, immolated on the altar of the cross. To imply the necessity of employing His mediation, the doors were then struck outside three times with the

processional cross. The appeal was irresistible. Those inside immediately opened the gates, representing the veil of the temple being rent asunder, and the bursting of the gates of Gaza by another Samson, the strong One, emblematical of the bursting by Christ of those eternal gates, which open to our everlasting inheritances, and through which all the processionists, as the children of Adam, entered and joined their voices with those within, as with the citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, in one united harmonious chorus of the divine praises; and thus all advanced towards the altar with palms in their hands, to adore the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever.

THE OBELISK—THE BRESKA FAMILY—AND THE PALMS.

The palms are annually supplied by the representative for the time being of the Bresca family, to whose predecessor and his descendants that privilege was granted on the occasion of the erection of the great obelisk of the Vatican, by Pope Sixtus V.

This obelisk was quarried about the time of the birth of Moses, in the year 1571 before the coming of Christ. It is believed by antiquarians to have been originally erected to ornament the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, with two others, one of which now stands in the Piazza del Popolo, and the other which is still standing on its ancient site before the temple, and which were placed there by order of King Rameses. It may have been that this obelisk was fanned by the wings of the destroying angel as he flitted on his mission of justice, despatched by the Omnipotent Avenger! It may have been that Moses and the tribes of Israel, on their passage from Egypt towards the Red Sea, marched beneath the base of that obelisk! Interesting relic! It was discovered in the

circus of Nero, on the spot where the vestry of St. Peter's now stands. It is the only one of the obelisks of Rome which is entire and unbroken. It was erected on its present site in its perpendicular position by Pope Sixtus V. in the year 1586.

A minute account of the vast ship which was constructed by the Emperor Caligula to convey this ponderous shaft of red granite from Egypt to Rome, as well as the particulars of the voyage, are recorded by the historian Pliny, and also by Suetonius. The ship was subsequently sunk, to form the foundation of the pier of the port of Ostia, by the Emperor Claudius. The obelisk, this mighty mass of stone, weighs 993,537 pounds, and the contemplated erection of the obelisk on its end on the pedestal intended for it, was, by some architects of celebrity, considered to be absolutely impossible. Pope Sixtus V. invited all the architects of the world who regarded it as possible to erect it unbroken, to send in their designs. Five hundred of the most scientific scholars and eminent engineers of the world sent in their designs, of which that sent in by Dominica Fontana was approved of, and pronounced the most practical. A painting representing the entire operation of this triumph of engineering skill is to be seen, executed in fresco, on the wall of the Vatican library. Six hundred men, 140 horses, and 46 great cranes were employed on the occasion. The expense amounted to 37,975 scudi or Roman crowns. The simultaneous movements of all engaged were regulated by preconcerted signals, to prevent confusion: silence was so indispensable for success, that the Pope forbade any one to speak a word, under pain of the weightiest punishment. High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's, and the Pope solemnly imparted his benediction to the engineer and his co-operators; then

the operation proceeded amidst the intense anxiety of the assembled thousands of spectators. Two motions were required—first, the horizontal one to raise it off the ground, and which, if not perfectly equalized, would certainly break the shaft; and secondly, the perpendicular motion, to erect it on its base. All proceeded successfully till the mass of stone was raised within a short distance of its destination, when it was discovered that the mighty tension on the ropes stretched them more than was calculated, and they could raise the obelisk no higher. All was consternation—when the predecessor of the Bresca family, who was a Genoese, undeterred by fear of the signal punishment threatened, cried out “wet the ropes!” Fontana caught the suggestion, the ropes were copiously wetted, which caused them to shrink and raise the obelisk the little elevation that was still required to reach its destination. The acclamations of joy were enthusiastic and thrilling, and as a reward, the Pope conferred on Bresca and his descendants for ever, the privilege of supplying the Vatican with palm branches on Palm Sunday, which is a source of considerable annual revenue. The Pope rewarded Fontana by making him a present of the scaffolding materials and machinery employed in the erection, which amounted to the value of 20,000 scudi. The base of the column is eight feet ten inches square, and is not fastened to the pedestal; but its weight is so great that it stands securely, and on the backs of four panting bronze lions. Unlike other obelisks, it has no Egyptian hieroglyphics, but retains its Roman words of dedication to the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius. The shaft alone is eighty-two feet two inches in height—it is surmounted by a bronze cross—and from the ground, including the base, to the top of the cross, it is 132 feet two inches in

height. It is a curious fact that though it is probable it was intended that it should stand in the very centre of a line drawn from the centre of the dome through the nave of St. Peter's and through the piazza, the centre of the obelisk is eleven feet north of that line—but the façade and piazza are so vast, that no ordinary eye could detect this deviation. The former bronze cross at its apex was removed in 1740, and was replaced by the present one in which is deposited a considerable portion of the true cross.

RETURN OF THE PROCESSION.

On the return of the procession to the tribune, mass was solemnly chaunted by a cardinal priest. The Gospel of the mass of Palm Sunday is the history of the Passion of our blessed Lord according to St. Matthew. That of Tuesday in Holy Week, the history according to St. Mark—and of Spy Wednesday and Good Friday, those of St. Luke and St. John. The history of the Passion according to St. Matthew was most plaintively chaunted on this day by three deacons. The peculiar style of this impressive chaunt is derived from very remote antiquity. In the ancient classic ages of Greece and Rome, tragic pieces were recited first by one, and then by the union of two or more persons in prolonged dolorous intonations. The mode adopted by the Church in chaunting the Passion of our Lord very much resembles this ancient classic style. At the offertory the Stabat Mater was sung. On this evening the cardinal grand penitentiary visits the church of St. John of Lateran, in great state, and is solemnly received by the canons, and sits in the confessional in commemoration of the custom of earlier ages, when sinners who were subjected by the discipline of the Church to public canonical penances, were received and reconciled on this day, to enable them to receive on next Sunday their paschal communion.

Thus terminated the ceremonies of Palm Sunday in the Vatican. Millions!—millions of millions of praises to thee, O Beneficent Giver of every good gift! for the inestimable favours conferred on me this day!—in affording me the singular blessing of assisting at the holy sacrifice at the seat of Catholicity—near the shrines of the Apostles—presided over by the Father of the faithful—surrounded by so glorious an “entourage”—accompanied by such imposing ceremonies in the distribution and procession of the palms! Oh! may your graces be profitable to me unto salvation! May I so profitably employ them as to merit to be like the palm tree planted near the running waters under the genial clime of a perennial summer, whose leaves enjoy a perpetual verdure, and whose blossoms are every flowering hope. Thy graces reveal to the ravished eyes of faith the true tree of life planted in Eden’s garden, ever blooming under the eternal ray of God’s heavenly love. They cheer me with the promise that if I sit here beneath His cross, which bore such precious fruits and flowers, I shall for eternity sit beneath the shadow of Him whom I have desired. “*Sub umbra illius quem desideraveram sedi*”—*Cant. ii.* “I sat down under the shadow of Him I desired”.

“Almighty God! when round thy shrine
The palm-tree’s heavenly branch we twine
(Emblem of life’s eternal ray,
And love that “fadeth not away”),
We bless the flowers, expanded all,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—‘In Eden thus
‘The Tree of Life may flower for us!’”





Spy Wednesday.

THE term Spy Wednesday is an Anglo-Saxon word, of remote antiquity, employed from an early period after the introduction of Christianity into Britain, to signify the Wednesday in Holy Week.

SERENE EVENING—THE REFULGENT ORB AN EMBLEM OF CHRIST—GLORIES OF AN ITALIAN SUNSET—EMBLEMATICAL OF THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

It was a fine, still, spring-tide evening—the atmosphere reposed in undisturbed tranquillity—the gentle zephyrs seemed to have fanned themselves to sweetest slumbers—not even an aspen on the Pincian mount was quivering—no leaf was nodding. The rugged aspect of winter was smoothed into the enamelled scenes of spring. The hoary honours which so recently mantled the earth are put off for the joyous garments of another year's youthfulness. The “tra-montana”—those easterly gales which charged themselves with frigidity as they swept over the snow-clad Apennine reeks, locked vegetation in chains, made the blood gelid in the veins, crisped the skin, and dyed blooming cheeks in purple hues—have all yielded to the genial influence of spring, and were moderated into a most agreeable temperature, and into a balmy softness—salutary revivers of the torpid life of the animal and vegetable world.

The sun, the brilliant, genial, and enlivening orb, the sovereign regent of the day and of the revolving seasons, causes these effects and changes in his diurnal and annual journey through his azure plains. So the divine light and

enlivener, Christ, whose passion and death we are about to commemorate, during his sojourn on earth to illuminate our way whilst groping in darkness in this valley of the shadow of death, shed through millions of worlds such a profusion of effulgent rays, that, contrasted with them, the meridian splendours of the sun are but as shadows and darkness! He is the dew dropped down from heaven, and the Just One rained from the clouds to moisten the aridity of our hearts. He is the fire cast on earth to rekindle our charity. He is the cause of our resurrection, and the copious fountain of life—"I am the resurrection and the life". After displaying with the most liberal diffusiveness the dazzling lustre of His divinity in His transfiguration and miracles, like the declining sun screened by the evening mists at the close of his life, he considerably draws a screen over his divine effulgence, by divesting himself of all transcendent distinctions, and by submitting to humiliations and sufferings, that we might be able to look at him face to face, and receive more impressive assurances of his love on parting from amongst us.

See, after its daily course is nearly completed, the radiant orb as it descends towards the horizon behind Monte Mario, the disk appears largest. So, at the approach of our blessed Lord's death, which we are about to commemorate, all his beneficent deeds are expanded in our estimation, and as the shadows cast by the sun's parting rays grow longer and longer, so the graces He bestowed seem more and more precious when the divine dispenser is on the eve of departing. Now see the firmament all resplendent with a scarlet glare which seems to beam from his western chambers, apparently lit up for his reception at the close of his lengthened journey. The pendent clouds seem like curtains of flowing folds of drapery, and apparently

in comparison with whose texture the finest cambric is as the coarsest sackcloth. It is finer to the touch than the spider's web—more exquisite than the fabric rolled out from the looms of Turkey or Cashmere, and dyed in tints more glowing than those dipped in the florid juices pressed from the berries of Persia or Hindostan. Now those clouds display a different and more marvellous phase! They are furled up and folded over each other in volumes of graceful curves, or exhibit outlines of sublime ærial architecture, capped with minarets, towers, and lofty domes, which seem transparent and ruddy with glowing splendours, as if built of emeralds or sapphires! What was Eden to the radiant glories of that apparent ethereal city?—nothing but a barren, cheerless desert! O God! is it that on this evening you wish to sustain our weakness against the scandal of thy passion and death, by rending the veil of the sanctuary to give a transcendent glimpse into the inexpressible beatitudes of Immanuel's kingdom, and into His city of "the heavenly Jerusalem", whose foundations are of jasper, sardonyx, chrysolite and amethyst, whose gates are of pearl, whose pavements are of pure gold, as transparent as crystal; where there is perennial day, and no need of sunshine, as the glory of God enlightens it for ever, and no moon, for the Lamb is the lamp there, where God will wipe away all tears, where nothing defiled shall enter! Is it, O God! that on this evening you wish to enliven our faith, and to cheer our hopes, and to intimate that he who shall overcome shall possess these things? Oh! glorious things are said of thee, O city of God! I shall labour to possess it! Oh! be my God, and I shall be Thy son! "I shall be likened to His crucifixion, that I may be likened to His resurrection!" Come, that we may gaze on and study that likeness!



Come to the Tenebræ!

THE ceremonies were to commence on this evening two hours and a half before the sun-set chimes of the Ave Maria bells. For some time previously the entire city presented an unusually bustling and animated appearance. During the afternoon, patrols of military passed from time to time, marching towards the Vatican, and dragoons were stationed at the corners of the principal streets, to secure and clear passages, and lengthened lines of gorgeous state carriages, and of every brilliant equipage, rolled past, rumbling with a deafening noise, conveying cardinals and ambassadors, and numberless ladies and gentlemen from every clime and country, and pontiffs, monsignori, general officers, princes and princesses, the senator and conservatori, and overwhelming masses of people were flowing in torrents through the narrow streets, till they disgorged themselves, and were dispersed over the vast area of the piazza of St. Peter's: like a mountain torrent swollen by the outpouring of the surcharged clouds, bursting their sluices, and increased by many copious tributaries, it rushes on, chafing and tumbling with foaming rage and irresistible impetuosity, till it rushes into the extensive lake, and imperceptibly mingles with its waters, is dispersed, and controls all its convulsive agitation beneath the dominant sway of its placid surface!

THE PIAZZA.

The extent of the area of this piazza may be estimated, when I say it is no less than 777 feet in diameter! Opposite the entrance stands the great façade of St. Peter's, and from either side spring the semicircular colonnades, which

enclose the piazza. The semicircular porticoes are supported by four rows of columns, in all 284 in number, and by 64 pilasters, and on the entablatures are placed 192 statues, each 11 feet in height. This grand colonnade excludes from the eye and screens off all the adjacent buildings, or other objects that might presume to intrude on the view of the great Basilica, and by harmonizing with the façade, it displays to the bewildered vision a vista of extraordinary extent, unity, and magnificence, nearly allied to the sublime. The genius of design, the beauty, effect, and originality of the conception of this piazza and its surroundings, are sufficient to immortalize the gigantic talent of the architectural originator, who was Bernini. It was erected during the pontificate of Alexander III., who occupied the Chair of Peter from the year 1657 to the year 1667. In the centre of the piazza stands the colossal Egyptian obelisk, with the two fountains at the sides, their large circular basins of eastern granite receiving the descending waters, after playing and sparkling aloft like snow-white waving plumes in every variety of graceful curve.

The gracefully curving semicircles of this colossal colonnade display the most diversified and interesting examples of the expressive effects of chiaro-scuro, in the imperceptible gradations of gently receding tints, from the highest lights to the deepest sombre shades—sometimes presenting the columns in the shade, and a brilliant light seen through the intercolumniations in the distance, again exhibiting the columns in brilliant sunshine, highly relieved on the dark ground behind, and with them all the middle tints and gently receding gradations and harmonious blendings of light and shade: and as the sun revolved, at one period lighting up one side, and at another the opposite, the combinations were most diversified and

ever changing: more particularly when the observer is moving: for there is one point of divergence in the piazza, from which there appears to be but one row of columns all round, the front one concealing the others in the same line of radius; and again, from other points there appears to be a forest of columns, as they are all exposed to view. The three spaces between the four rows of columns are sufficiently broad to admit of the passage of two carriages in each, and in particular lights, the glittering appearance of the equipages, constantly intercepted by the intervening columns as they roll on, is most animated and captivating, resembling the glittering of the highly varnished spokes of a revolving wheel, as they successively enter the angle of the sun's reflected radiance.

WONDERS OF ST. PETER'S—WONDERS OF VISION.

Before us stands that grand triumph of architecture, the great Basilica of St. Peter's in all its gigantic proportions!

So early as the year 1450 the foundation of a Basilica was laid on the site of St. Peter's by Nicholas V., and the building was continued by Pope Paul II. It was disapproved of, however, by Pope Julius II., and a portion of the walls taken down under his directions. The original design of the present fabric was given by Bramante, in the year 1503, during the pontificate of Julius II. The plan was a Latin cross with a lofty dome in the centre, and in front a vast portico with six columns. The first stone was laid in 1506 by Julius II. Before the completion of the Basilica, the designs were several times changed from a Latin to a Greek cross, and again from a Greek to a Latin cross, which latter was ultimately determined on. If we count from the commencement of the church, a portion of which was pulled down by Julius

II., to the completion of St. Peter's as it now stands, the works extended over a period of nearly 350 years, and during the reigns of 43 Popes. The celebrated architects who directed the works during the lengthened interval from its foundation to its completion include a long catalogue. Amongst them were Bernardino Rosselleni, Leon Alberti, Michael Angelo, Bramante, Giuliano Sangallo, Giovanni da Vérona, Baldassare Peruzzi, Giulio Romano, Vignola, Pirro Ligorio, Giacomo della Porta, and Carlo Moderno.

The cupola was completed in the year 1590 by Pope Sixtus V., who for a considerable time had 600 men engaged in its erection, and annually devoted to it 100,000 gold crowns. The church was dedicated on the 18th of November, 1626, by Pope Urban VIII. Pius VI. finished the works. The church is 610 English feet in length. The height of the nave is 150 feet. The diameter of the cupola is 193 feet. The height of the dome inside, from the marble pavement to the base of the lantern, is 400 feet and to the top of the cross 430. The marbles, fonts, sculpture, and mosaics with which the interior is decorated, are of priceless value. The weight of the dome is 55,428 tons. More than 30,000 lbs. weight of iron was used in its construction. The space of ground covered by the buildings is 240,000 square feet: about eight English acres!

Immediately under the dome stands the Papal high altar. It is surmounted by the baldacchino which is supported by four richly decorated spiral columns of solid bronze, and is 93 feet in height. The gilding alone of the decorations cost 40,000 scudi, or Roman crowns. The entire cost of this grand canopy was 100,000 scudi. Beneath repose the holy relics of the Apostles, enclosed in a gorgeous shrine. Before

it gold and silver ever burning lamps are suspended, and around the confessional 112 large brass lamps burn for ever, day and night. The general view of the interior of the basilica unveils to the eye an astounding perspective of wonders and beauties, from the pavements of the richest marbles ingeniously disposed, to the towering altitudes of the concave dome, studded with the richest mosaics—elaborate bronzes—sacred relics of antiquity—Peter's chair—Veronica's handkerchief—Christ's cross—many precious ornaments—and sculptured works from the chisels of the greatest masters—and specimens of all that is wonderful in art—all contributing to render it

“A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality”.

That wonderful fabric is indeed “a poem in stone”—and Napoleon might say of it even with more justice than he did of the cathedral of Amiens “an atheist would here feel very little at ease”; “un athée serait mal à son aise ici”!

“But thou of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship, undefiled’.

That Basilica is the most stupendous and the most gorgeous temple that has ever been erected by the hands of man to the worship of the Deity. Multitudes from the uttermost ends of the earth visit its shrines through piety, and they gaze on the architectural structure justly estimating it as one of the wonders of the world. Few how-

ever reflect on the wonders of the vision which enables them to view it. If I stand on the summit of San Pietro in Montorio, I comprise in one view not only the colossal proportions of the vast fabric, but the entire city of Rome, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the other structures ; the serpentine windings of the Tiber, the Campagna, the Sabine Hills, the circuit of the country beyond Tivoli, and for a circumference of ninety miles all around. To see all these objects, it is necessary that a ray of light should be reflected from each one, and from every part of each one, to my eye. Now, out of this extensive landscape presented to my vision, let me take the mighty mole of St. Peter's, and divide it into points as minute as the points of a cambric needle. From each one of these points a ray of light is reflected to my eye. The number of such points and the number of such radiations would be innumerable. Millions, billions, and trillions, multiplied by trillions again and again, could not compute them. This innumerable number of radiations converge in angles of the most exact measurement, each angle differing from the other, and all entering without confusion through the small aperture of the pupil of my eye. They enter and depict the image of that object on the retina of my eye. I then see the mighty fabric displayed in all its magnitude, so developed as to calculate its dimensions. The retina within my eye, upon which the image is painted, is a small fibrous membrane, only about one quarter of an inch in diameter. But on that retina, less than half an inch in diameter, I see at one glance not merely St. Peter's basilica, but the entire city of Rome, the Tiber for thirty miles of its course, and also thousands of square miles of the country. Now, in proportion as St. Peter's Church is lesser than that expansive area, in the same proportion the

image in my eye is lesser than the area of the less than half an inch of the surface of the retina. This would reduce the size of the image to much less than the millionth part of an inch. This is a minuteness of reduction which the mind cannot grasp. Yet within that minute spec have converged the myriads of rays reflected from every smallest point of the façade and dome of the basilica exposed to view, with a delicacy of pencilling that exceeds the comprehension of the intellect. Consider this wonder still further. If another with me view this object—nay, if a million or a million times a million of spectators view this object, a pencil of rays will be reflected from each of these minute points, and radiate on every eye; and as every eye must be in a different position, the angle of incidence on every retina must be different. But all will be perfectly accurate, and display the fabric and surrounding landscape to every spectator! How innumerable the radiations! How minute the image! How astonishing the wonders of vision! But my capacity of vision is still more astonishing. I can see vast worlds floating in ether. I can see nebulae beyond nebulae in infinite space. Still greater!—if I live holily, I shall see the great Creator of all—the God of infinite glory—I shall see Him face to face. Oh! then my eye and my heart and all the faculties of my soul shall be satisfied. “*Satiabor cum apparuerit gloria tua!*” “I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear”.

SCENES ON THE ROYAL STAIRS.

We have now arrived at the extreme end of the colonnade to the right, and here we reach the covered gallery, and that staircase, the grandest in the world, and which is called the “*Scala Regia*”, and leads to the *Sala Regia*, a superb hall of audience, whence you enter into the

Sistine Chapel, where the ceremonies take place in presence of the Holy Father and the College of Cardinals. Here a corps of the Swiss formed a guard of honour, and here the distinguished visitors were set down; and as the superb state coaches, their ormolu ornaments, and heraldic emblazonments, the tossing plumes of the horses, and glittering epaulettes and gold lace of the liveries, drove from the glaring reflected rays of the sunshine into the obscurity, and became enveloped in the sombre shades, it appeared to me as if they wished to throw over them the veil of modesty before approaching the august presence of the Vicar of Christ, or that they wished to clothe themselves with a garb in uniform with the mourning habiliments of "the widowed mistress of the Gentiles" in these days, when "the ways of Sion mourn", and that "the Lord in His wrath hath covered with obscurity the daughter of Sion!"

The gallery leading up to the "Sala Regia" is 23 feet wide, and 360 feet in length, and at the entrance were congregated splendid equipages, and brilliant liveries, and crowds of every grade, profession, and clime thronging to the ceremonies. They ascended the Scala Regia in different groups and in quick succession. There were princes and several members of the royal families of Europe. I have seen there Nicholas the late Emperor of Russia, accompanied by four Russian generals, attired in embroidered rifle green uniforms, and polished steel helmets terminating in spikes. The Emperor also wore military uniform; his coat seemed to have no seam, or opening, or button-hole, and seemed to have been woven on his figure; he wore a high bearskin cap, with a very tall, slender plume of hair, which waved majestically. I observed at the ceremonies the Grand Duke Constantine, her Royal High-

ness Princess Olga, now Queen of Wurtemberg, and the Princess her sister ; also, Don Miguel of Portugal, and several members of the house of Austria, and of the royal family of Naples, and some Turkish notabilities. There were there the Ambassadors of Spain, France, Austria, and Bavaria, with many other courts of the world, with their attaches and suites, accredited to the Court of Rome. There were ladies all in full dress, wearing all the various national dresses of their country—some with veils of great size and richest textures thrown over their heads, and falling down in graceful ample folds, and enveloping the entire figure. In olden days, there were there also the Knights of Malta, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Knights Templars ; but the military orders may now be considered as entirely comprised in that of the Knights of Malta ; for when the Knights of St. John were obliged to evacuate Rhodes, the Emperor Charles V., in the year 1530, made them a grant of the island of Malta, since which period they too were associated with the title of the Knights of Malta : and the Knights Templars having been suppressed by Pope Clement V. at the General Council of Vienne in 1312, the only military order that now remains is that of the Knights of Malta. There were military and naval officers from many countries. There was the pilgrim with his cockle shell and staff, and the poor Franciscan with his shaven head, coarse habit, bare feet, and hempen girdle. There was the superb costume of Morocco, and picturesque costumes from Dalmatia and the Isles of Greece. Amidst the general bustle and excitement were heard the measured tread of the military pickets and Swiss guards on duty, with the trumpet flourish and roll of drums. All these seen by the feeble gleam of the declining sun, and from the extreme end of

the lengthened gallery ascending that noble stairs—the lustrous trains of the cardinals, and the senator and his pages, and the diplomatic corps—the moving groups dressed in satin and ermine and cloth of gold, decorated with gold lace and embroidery, with sparkling diamonds and jewels—the cocked hats and waving ostrich feathers, the glistening scymeters, sabre-tashes, helmets, and tossing plumes—all culminating as they ascended in a tapering pyramid of the most varied and brilliant colours, presented an unrivalled perspective that enchanted the eye, and more than realized the creation of the poet's fancy, or all that we read of in eastern story!

The crowds of distinguished Princes of the Church, dignitaries, and visitors, in their splendid robes, military uniforms, trains of draperies, and their silks and laces and suites, ascended the royal staircase in quick succession to the Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, a saloon of vast extent and height, decorated with grand fresco paintings, floored with marble pavements, and the ceiling displayed in high relief stucco figures and ornaments, by Daniele da Volterra, Sangallo, and built by Pope Paul III. as an audience hall for foreign ambassadors. Hence, there are four great porches, one leading to the Ducal Hall, one to the Paoline Chapel, one communicating with the royal staircase, and one leading to the Pope's private chapel, the Sistine, and there the ceremonies were to take place. This royal hall was crowded by indeed as brilliant an assemblage as eye ever beheld. An anxious humming pervaded the hall, and all were awaiting their turn to enter the Sistine Chapel. Before the door of the Sistine a double line of Swiss Guards was formed, through which all approaching should pass, and a sergeant of the Swiss looked a searching glance at each visitor, and if he discovered any one

not in full court dress, he gently indicated they could not enter thus into the Pope's presence in the Sistine Chapel. I stood for some time observing the visitors as they passed in. Some ladies presented themselves, but not being in the court dress, the sergeant politely signified they could not enter—they seemed quite disconcerted—they proposed to leave their bonnets outside and go in in their hair; but their costume, otherwise, not being of the appropriate toilette or etiquette, they were not allowed to pass. One gentleman who accompanied two ladies, though he was elegantly dressed, but wearing a frock coat, was stopped—his lady friends being properly attired, entered—he parted them reluctantly, but was obliged to retire and await their return. An humble, mortified Franciscan Friar presented himself in his coarse, brown, patched habit, shorn head, bare feet, and hempen girdle. He was received most deferentially, and entered at once. For he sacrificed fine clothing and all for Christ's sake—he wore the uniform of humiliation, self-abnegation, and sacrifice, which here is recognized as the uniform and full dress of Christ's fervent disciples. There "the mean habit shines"—and the crown of thorns is more prized than the diadem of gold and diamonds. What will be thought of it on the dread day of assize? He who now appears a fool will then appear to have been wise!

SISTINE CHAPEL.

The Sistine Chapel is so called from the circumstance of its having been built by Pope Sixtus IV. in the year 1473, and after the designs of the distinguished architect Baccio Pintelli. It is 150 feet in length, and 50 feet wide, and very lofty. The lower portions of the walls are painted, so as to represent tapestry, and the upper portion is de-

corated with very many historical representations from passages recorded in the Old and New Testament, of the life of Moses on one side, and that of Christ on the other, executed by the old masters, their once vivid tints however are dimmed by the smoke from wax lights and incense. The ceiling is decorated with paintings, the gigantic creations of Michael Angelo's genius of design and his pencil's boldness of execution, commenced in 1508, and finished in 1512, by the directions of Pope Julius II. Half the length of the chapel is railed off for the Pope, his assistant dignitaries, and the cardinals. Around the other half runs a gallery for the accommodation of the Papal choir, the diplomatic corps, princes, knights, ladies—and visitors in general stand between.

LET ME A MOURNER'S PLACE OBTAIN.

*"Eia Mater fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam!"*

Come then, in the subdued sombre twilight, and evening shades, beneath the covered gallery, we shall mingle with this crowd of fervent adorers, with feelings of compassionate sympathy and of tender susceptibility for the anguish of our suffering Saviour. With hearts melted in compunction, we shall ascend that royal stair-case, as the disciples did of old the stairs leading to the hall of judgment in Pilate's house. Harmonizing our souls to the doleful notes of the Church's lamentations, we shall join in these three days' pilgrimage on the dolorous way of the Cross. We shall deplore our previous pusillanimity and inconstancy in the ways of God, which yielded beneath every trifling impediment and contradiction. We shall proclaim our future fidelity to Christ's law, and that

we shall never again be ashamed of Jesus Christ, even though buffeted and spit upon, or like Peter, at the mere interrogation of a servant maid, swear, as we often did before, that "we know not the man".

The day of our life is declining—the evening of our day is approaching. Look out there through that large open window of the palace! See! the radiant orb of day, after his lengthened journey, is now setting, and crossing the threshold of the horizon, and going down beyond the hills to his western chambers, and his luminous disk seems, on his departure, to be increased in circumference, and all the shadows are lengthened to their utmost extremity, on the very eve of their being overwhelmed in the absorbing darkness. They present a lively similitude to the vision of the departing soul of that Christian who has lived regardless of God's mercies and of the blessed opportunities and heavenly graces which, during life, were offered for its acceptance. Like the enlarged disk, he obtains enlarged views of God's infinite beneficences, and of their inestimable value, and yearns to profit of those past celestial favours, at the very moment of their setting beneath the horizon of time, and when he is about to lose them for ever on his being launched into eternity! But time once past, never returns! You whose sun yet stands in the meridian—"be wise redeeming your time"—remembering "now are the days of salvation, now is the acceptable time!"

We shall ascend then. These ladies, the pious daughters of Holy Church, so mysteriously draped in the sable habiliments of mourning, may well represent Blessed Mary, Veronica, and the other holy women, the daughters of Jerusalem, who, with weeping eyes, met our Saviour weighed down by His cross. Oh! may the image of His

countenance be ever impressed upon our hearts! Holy Mary! allow us to bear a portion of your sorrow, teach us to sigh and mingle our tears with yours, and award us a mourner's place in the dolorous train! Every drop of the copious stream of penitential tears which here in secret will trickle from my eyes, will atone for the many misspent hours, and efface many a lingering stain of early years. They will afford a bath to my weary and afflicted soul, more balmy, fragrant, and refreshing than the summer's dew to the arid pasture and the parched soil. Here leave me to weep and sigh!

“Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stains of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
 While tears that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalament reach the skies.
 Go, let me weep.

“Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind,—
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves.
 O'er hours of pleasure loved too well
 Leave me to sigh”.

The ornaments of the altar, candlesticks, pictures, and the draperies of the Papal throne, were all dyed in the colour emblematical of penance—purple. The Pope ascended his throne, the cardinals were seated on benches at either side. The office of *Tenebræ* commenced, and was chaunted in alternate verses by both sides of the choir.

The office of Tenebræ, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, consists of the Matins and Lauds of the following days, which by anticipation are chaunted on the evenings previous.



Origin of Matins and Lauds.



IN early days of lively faith and of ardent piety, the Christians rose on ordinary occasions, once during the night, and on the eves of great festivals three times, to sing the Divine praises. At each watch they sang three psalms, and heard a lecture read, and these were called the Nocturns, of which in our liturgy we still preserve the appellation. After the psalms of the first nocturn, a lesson was read from the Old Testament—after those of the second, a lesson from the writings of the holy fathers, the acts of the martyrs, or from the lives of the saints—and after the third the lesson was read from the Gospels, or other portions of the New Testament. On Sundays, the psalms of the nocturns were greater in number than on ordinary days. The hours at which those fervent disciples of Christ rose, and which were regulated by the canons, were called “canonical hours”—and hence the term is still preserved to denote various portions of the divine office. As years rolled on, the night watches were discontinued in many instances, and the nocturns and the Lauds were sung immediately after each other at break of day, and thence they were termed Matins and Lauds. The Doxology, or “Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost”, was sung after every psalm, and then there was a pious ejaculation, or a cheering or a penitential

sentence pronounced, and a response, and this was called a "versicle", because all in expressing it turned towards the altar, "*versus altare*". The ecclesiastic who presided recited the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined, and he who was to read the lesson begged his blessing. At the commencement, the presiding priest besought the Lord to open his lips, "*Domine labia mea aperies*"—and he invited all to join in fervent prayer, and this incipient portion of the Matins is called the "invitatory"—a hymn followed the invitatory, and the "*Te Deum*" terminated the Matins.

The name *Matutinum*, *Matin*, is derived from the ancient heathen name of the goddess of the morning, *Matuta Dea*—she was sometimes called *Aurora*. In early Christian ages, the office called Matins consisted of what is now called Lauds, for they were chaunted at the break of day; and were preceded by the three nocturns, which were chaunted during the night at three distinct periods, from which they derived their name, and it is worthy of observation that in all the hymns of the several nocturns, frequent allusion is made to the night, whereas allusion is made to the rising sun, or dawning of the morning, in all the hymns of Lauds. On festivals the three nocturns were chaunted at three distinct vigils or watchings during the night; for in the early ages of fervour the Christians rose on those days three different times to sing the praises of the Lord. St. Jerome, in his letter ad Eustochiam, makes mention of this usage, "*Noctibus bis terve surgendum*". At the fourth watch, at the appearance of the first rays of the rising sun, the office of Lauds was sung. At present a usage prevails of combining all these portions of the divine office, but whilst we call them Matins, we retain the names of the three parts as nocturns. Many Regulars and Religious still observe the watches, and

amongst them all the nocturns are still preserved. Thus the Carmelites rise in the early part of the night, the Carthusians a little later—several of the mendicant orders at midnight—the Benedictines and Cistercians after midnight—the Canons Regular at four o'clock—and many Secular Canons at an early hour. Between the united fervour and discipline of this blessed militia of Christ's soldiers, some of them are on watch at every hour of the night, and illuminate the darkness by the fervour and flame of their devotion and charity. On ferial days there was only one nocturn, as they were celebrated with a lesser degree of solemnity. The religious in choir pray at the beginning and ending of every good work—even whilst they pray, they pray that they may pray aright. Before the lector reads the lesson, he advances, and addressing the superior or officiant, says, "Jube Domne benedicere". This is intended to signify, first, that he demands a license to announce the Word of God in accordance with the text, "How can they preach unless they be sent?"—And then he solicits him to command, or obtain by his prayers that he may "bene dicere", that is, profitably read that word in the lesson. At the termination of the lesson he supplicates God, "Tu autem Domine miserere nobis"—that he may be pardoned any distraction, vain glory, omission, or other deficiency that may have occurred in his recitation. The choir unanimously exclaim, "Deo gratias", as well to signify their approbation of his services, as to thank God for the heavenly food of His holy word, with which He has nourished their hungry souls. This should be the prayer of every preacher entering on and returning from the exercise of his mission. Observe that when he says, "Jube Domne benedicere", as he is then addressing the presiding superior in choir, he addresses him as "Domne,

not Domine": for Dominus is the term reserved exclusively for the Deity, and leaving out the letter i, Domnus is taken to express a personage of distinction and dignity. The supreme Pontiff himself is called "Domnus Apostolicus": but our Lord alone is styled "Dominus", as "Tu solus Dominus". When a bishop is about to read the last lesson of Matins in choro, he solicits God himself for the blessing, and says, "Jube Domine benedicere", and consequently the choir makes no response. This distinction between the word Dominus and Domnus is very ancient, and was observed even in the time of St. Jerome, and was thus expressed in an old line of metre or verse:

Cœlestem Dominum, terrestrem dicito Domnum.

Previously to the singing of the Passion in this Holy Week, no benedictions are given, as it narrates of the departure by an ignominious death of the Author and Source of every blessing—neither are lights employed, to signify that the Christ, the true light of the world, is momentarily extinguished in His passion. The various portions of the divine office were so divided as to be sung in parts, at the first, third, sixth, and ninth hours of the day, hence the terms prime, terce, sext, none, and in the evening another portion was chaunted and called "vespers". The concluding portion, which completed the day's devotions, was sung before retiring to rest, and was called complin, being the completion of the day's devotions.

OFFICE OF TENEBRÆ.

The offices of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Holy Week are called the Office of Tenebræ, or darkness. For many centuries even after the nocturnal vigils were discontinued, this office was celebrated at midnight, and some authorities assert it was on that account it was

called the office of darkness: others attribute the name to other reasons. During the Office of Tenebræ, the Church omits the psalms and hymns of praise—the invitatory or invitation to solicit God's aid at the commencement of Matins—and the Gloria Patri, etc., at the end of each psalm. No benediction is solicited by the reader before the lessons—no short chapter is read for the instruction of the people—no “Oremus” is said to ask the united prayers of the congregation—nor is the “Dominus vobiscum” announced as at other times to bless the people. All these omissions are intended to signify that the Church is so solely and totally engrossed with the sufferings of Christ, that she can think of or express nothing but sentiments of affliction and expressions of sorrow. During this office a triangular candlestick is placed at the epistle side of the altar. At either side of the inclines are set seven candles, and one on the apex, in all fifteen. The candles on the sides are yellow in colour, and of unbleached wax, the one on the top is white. Six lights are placed on the altar, and all are gradually extinguished, one after each of the fourteen psalms, during the office, except the white one, which at the end is removed for a time beneath the altar, and is afterwards replaced, still lighting, on the apex. The fundamental dogma of all is the Blessed Trinity, and this is typified by all the lights being dependent on and supported by the triangular candlestick. The putting out of the fourteen candles on the sides of the triangle, and the six on the altar after every alternate verse of the “Benedictus”, signifies that the Jews, in putting Christ to death, were totally deprived of the light of faith. The white one on the top is left burning, but removed and concealed for a short time, to signify that Jesus Christ is the light of the world, and that, though He died

according to His humanity and was laid in the sepulchre, He always lived according to His divinity, and again raised His body to life. As to the fourteen candles on the sides, the mystical signification is differently interpreted by different historians of early Christian usages and writers on the rubrics. Some say that the fourteen side lights represent the apostles and disciples, who, timid and panic-stricken at the sufferings of our blessed Lord, fled and abandoned Him during His bitter passion, whilst His holy Mother, as represented by the upper white one, though overwhelmed with grief and retiring for a time, remained constant, and again met Him with joy after His resurrection; and that therefore the former are extinguished, whilst the latter remains lighting. Others again say, those on the two sides are emblematical of the Patriarchs and Prophets, of the law of nature and the law of grace, that they yielded for a time their feeble glimmerings, but they paled their lights on the approach of the Messias, beaming with the effulgence of the great sun of righteousness arising on high. During the singing of the "Benedictus" the canticle of Zacharias, the six lights on the altar are extinguished. Zacharias was the father of St. John the Baptist, who was the last of those witnesses before Christ who bore testimony to the truth. But St. John's head was cut off, and Christ alone was left, the only brilliant candle on the candlestick, to give light to the world. Behold the emblem! There are those who assert that the triangular candlestick is merely a perpetuation of the ordinary one, which, with lights similarly arranged, was used to light the churches during the nocturnal services, and that the gradual extinguishing of the candles is only the continuation of the former practice of putting them out one by one, according as the artificial light became not re-

quisite, as the morning dawn of day became more brilliant. This opinion, however, is supported by no competent authority, and would but imperfectly coincide with the history of the catacombs, where this custom prevailed, and into whose labyrinths no wandering ray could ever grope an entrance. The candles varied very considerably in number in different churches. Lanfranc tells us the number used in Canterbury was twenty-five. In some instances the lights were all extinguished at once, by a wet sponge being passed over them, to represent the sponge full of vinegar and gall employed to assuage the thirst of Jesus Christ, and His death soon after. Sometimes they were extinguished by an artificial hand of wax, intended to symbolize the traitorous hand of Judas handing over our Blessed Lord to His yearning persecutors to put Him to death. In all instances, however, the usage was intended to convey the impressions of darkness, dismay, and mourning. In the first three lessons of this office of Tenebræ, the afflicted daughter of Sion mourns over the desolation of Jerusalem, and mingles her tears with those of our weeping Lord over the degenerate city. They are sung in the most pathetic strains of agonizing dolours—in the broken cadences of convulsed affliction. The lessons are taken from the lamentations of the Prophet Jeremias, and are sung by four voices, at the conclusion of each the entire choir joining in the earnest solicitation, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! oh! turn to the Lord thy God!" When the lights were all extinguished, the versicles were chanted by the Holy Father, and the dignitaries and assistants knelt; and amidst the profound darkness the first notes of the "Miserere" are heard in their incipient slender strains.

The Miserere.



THE Office of Tenebræ terminates with the singing of the Penitential Psalm "Miserere". The music is so overwhelmingly plaintive—so melancholy—breathing such tender accents of sorrow, compunction, and devotion, and is a chaunt in its style so peculiar, that it demands some special observations and some feeble attempt at description. On each of the three evenings on which it is sung the music of the "Miserere" varies, and the three are the productions of Tommaso Bai, Giuseppe Bainsi, and Allegri; and though all have justly acquired universal celebrity, the last mentioned, or that of Allegri, is surpassingly sublime, and is awarded incomparable superiority. The radiant orb which gilds Italian scenery with such dazzling lustre had now descended below the horizon, and even the last faint rays which linger round the shrines of the Apostles, the palaces of the Vatican, and the vast dome of St. Peter's, casting longer shadows emblematical of their greater appreciation in leaving, had now reluctantly taken their departure, and consigned that hallowed region to a mysterious darkness. The lights of the sanctuary, the candles on the altar and on the triangular candlestick had been all extinguished, with the exception of the uppermost one, and that according to ritual observance was removed and concealed behind the high altar, and the entire Sistine chapel and its vast congregation were enveloped in darkness. The impenetrable gloom was awful—it induced a species of nervousness—and a religious dread insensibly overwhelmed the soul. A lengthened interval of the most profound silence en-

sued—you heard the tick, tick, tick, the tiny ticking of your watch—your very breath seemed an intrusion on this still domain—the feeling of solitude was overpowering. You imagined you could feel it. To feel alone on the beach when surveying the vast expanse of the ocean's waters, is not unnatural—to feel alone in the fastnesses of some extensive forest is not unnatural: but the darkness and solitude of the Sistine chapel, whilst in presence of the Holy Father, attended by his numerous dignitaries and surrounded by so many princes of the Church, so many crowned heads with their courtiers, knights, and military, and ambassadors, and a vast congregation assembled from all quarters of Christendom, seemed mysterious and supernatural. The gloom was awful—it obscured from our view all the charming productions of pictorial art which decorated the walls and ceiling—all the gorgeous robes of the dignitaries—the golden braids and embroidery of the royal personages, the glistening of the knights' the military and ambassadors' costumes, the crosses and stars pendant from their breasts set with brilliant diamonds and jewels which had previously glittered around—it seemed like a passing sable cloud that screened from our extended view the sparkling stars at midnight. The deep silence, the anxious interval was still protracted—all was hushed—every fibre of the ear was expanded to the utmost tension—but the only sound that reached it was an occasional rustle of the silk dresses of the cardinals, which seemed like the rustle of a decayed and falling leaf, as it fell from branch to branch in the solitude of a forest. The expanded ear still expected—at length it fancied it heard a slender, threadlike, captivating note as it were at a distance, groping its way in the dark—creeping out from its concealment, subdued, timid, tremulous, in

terror of encountering the wrath of the Omnipotent Avenger, such as you might have supposed to have emanated from the trees under which guilty Adam and Eve had concealed themselves, after the Lord, who was seeking them, had passed by, calling out, "Adam, where art thou?" Finding He had passed, and that the obstructions were somewhat removed by the mercies of the Almighty, the note assumed a little confidence, and gradually swelled its harmonious wailings of sorrow and piteous supplications for mercy, into a louder, fuller, and more decisive melody; soon it was joined by another note, and by another, and by many former companions of its guilt and concealment, and all united in swelling the volume of the penitential chaunt into the most dulcet and heavenly chords that ever fell upon the human ear. Occasionally they swelled into a most overwhelming burst of enchanting harmony — and again they slowly and softly died away: the bass notes, as it were too earthly and ponderous for their celestial associates, dropped off as the tenor and octave notes flitted away on their aerial intonations to their own supernatural regions.

Those captivating notes were thus spun out and attenuated, till only one melodious slender octave voice preserved the gentle echo, gradually dying away till it stole our senses towards heaven, and made us doubt if it were not celestial; and so gently and imperceptibly did it become attenuated, that even after it had died away, we imagined we still heard the note far off in the distance. Soon it struck our ears again, and gradually swelled louder and louder, till the sweet voices of all joined again in the powerful chorus of the full choir. The varied intonations seemed like the soft notes of an exquisitely-strung *Æolian* harp, that the gentle breeze of

a summer zephyr swelled into the most harmonious and dulcet notes, and again softened down to the gentlest breath, as the declining breeze died away on the languid stillness of an eastern eve !

At certain portions of the verse, all the notes sometimes diverge from each other, and though in different keys and modulations, each note is still audible and perfectly distinct, and seem like so many roaming spirits, each pursuing its own devious wandering in search of reconciliation and mercy! The inflexions of the various notes wind through each other in inextricable mazes without entangling, and coil in the most graceful curves round the words of the sacred text, to sip the honey as they flit by, or soften it with a drop of their unctuous melody, when eventually they unite again and twine round each other like so many strings forming one lengthened silken cord, gradually prolonged and attenuated, till it terminates in one single thread—one extended slender imperceptible fibre!—and on its ultimate tissue all the faculties of the soul are liberated from their corporeal imprisonment, are wafted away, and luxuriate on the delights of true liberty of spirit—harmonize with the faculties of the Deity, and blend with the waters of that eternal fountain and source from which they emanated !

Long after the slenderest fibres of the gentle cadences of this mysterious music had been dissipated, the Holy Father and the august assemblage seemed buried in profound recollection, motionless and silent. The gloom and stillness were dreadful. It seemed as if every nerve in the constitution of sound had been stricken by paralysis ! After this interval, a clapping or rumbling noise was made, and reverberated through the fabric. This was intended to commemorate the noise of the crashing rocks

which were riven asunder at the death of Christ. Shall my heart, by insensibility to the sufferings of my agonizing Saviour, prove harder than even the adamantine rocks?

The upper candle was then restored to its position on the apex of the triangular candlestick. The Sistine was again dimly lighted, and the vast assemblage slowly departed, penetrated with sentiments of reverence, compunction, and a penitential spirit!



On Church Music.



HAVING made these observations on the peculiarities of the entwining mazes and movements of the music of the "Miserere", it may not be deemed inappropriate that I should make some general observations on the origin, character, and object of church music. The sacred music or chaunt of the Latin Church may be classified under two heads, designated in Italy as the "Canto fermo" and the "Canto figurato". The "Canto fermo" is the plain Gregorian chaunt, and the "Canto figurato" is the union of the most simple notes, harmonized into dulcet chords, with some little variations or ornamental notes sanctioned and transmitted by tradition, rather than by the authority of any written score. That the Church employed sacred music in her liturgy from the earliest ages, there exists incontestible evidence. St. Augustine, in his *Confessions*, alludes to the overwhelming devotional effect exercised over his own soul, by the plaintive sacred song of the Milanese church. St. Ambrose, who lived for a considerable time in the

East, is believed to be the first who introduced the systematic practice and science of church music into the West, and which he learned from the Greek or Eastern Church. St. Gregory the Great, however, was the great reformer, if not the originator and author, of the plain church chaunt, which is now sanctioned by the Church in her liturgy, and derives its name from that holy Pontiff. The peculiar characteristics of the Gregorian chaunt are its extreme simplicity, combined with the usual accompaniments of beauty and sublimity. It is rich and majestic, harmonious and pathetic, eminently adapted to choral exercises, conveys the language of the Church's liturgy and the inspired words of the Psalmist in the most prolonged, distinct, and impressive cadences to the soul. Its prolonged notes permit the soul to linger, and suck the delicious honey from the words, and mollifies the heart to the most tender feelings of compunction, devotion, and divine love. The primary, the all-important, the sole object of Church music is, to convey the words used in the Church functions, extracted from the holy volume, from the sublime psalms of David, or the language and words of Truth from Christ Himself, in a clearer and more distinct manner to the ear, and convey the inspired sentiment in a more impressive manner to the heart. Allow me to impress this truth indelibly on your minds—that the original introduction and subsequent toleration of music, in the functions of the Church, and in the celebration of the divine mysteries, were solely to effect these two most important objects, and the more efficaciously it proves its instrumentality to effect these ends, the greater its perfection and utility. Originally in early Christian times, those words of Christ and lessons of wisdom, were very

probably spoken or read by the celebrant priest or deacon to the assembled Christians, and each word was heard by every ear, and each sentiment inflamed every soul; but to render the words still more distinct on the ear, and the sentiment more productive of devotion in the heart, the plain, sonorous, harmonious, and sublime chaunt of the Church was introduced. Now, if the chaunt do not render the words more distinctly heard than if they had been simply spoken, then clearly that Church music becomes useless for the object intended—if it be of such a character as to cause the words to be less distinctly heard than if spoken, then it becomes a nuisance, and should be as instantly suppressed as any other noise calculated to distract the attention and piety of the congregation. But if it be of that frivolous, meretricious, operatic character such as to overwhelm all distinct articulation of the words, and render them entirely unintelligible by its complicated variations, then it totally defeats the entire object of Church music, it impiously substitutes itself for the sacred text and the words of Christ—it degrades the sublimity of Church music, accommodating it to the luxurious ears of the theatre—and converts it into a profane exhibition, offensive to piety, distracting to prayer and recollection, and a scandal to the Church.

The Gregorian chaunt was originally instituted as a more solemn mode of public prayer, which the entire congregation should not only hear, but in which the faithful should unite in perfect unison, as emblematical of charity, and hence it was essentially multitudinous and harmonious; and to secure these essentials the more efficaciously, all instrumental music, even organ accompaniment, was rigidly excluded. The monks of the Cistercian order of the strict observance, who unceasingly sing the

divine office to the Gregorian note, and who have been the most faithful guardians of the ancient chaunt, are strictly forbidden by their rule from the introduction of organs into their choir. I by no means, however, advocate such rigidity as the exclusion of organ or other instrumental accompaniment from our churches; because, if modulated and made subordinate to the Gregorian note, such accompaniment adds to the harmony, without detracting from the distinct impressiveness of the words.

Rome for many centuries scrupulously preserved the simplicity and dignity of the pure Grégorian chaunt or note in all her liturgy, and shielded it by the most stringent laws against any corruption, or intrusion of profane and secular music. Notwithstanding these precautions, some corruptions did insinuate themselves, and when once introduced, it was found extremely difficult to eradicate them. During the sojourn of the Popes in Avignon, the Papal choir was exclusively supplied with vocalists from the vitiated school of French music. On the return of Gregory XI. from Avignon, in the year 1377, he imported his French choir into the Papal chapel in Rome. This broke down every barrier erected for the preservation of the purity of the ancient chaunt even in Rome itself—it became inundated with an overwhelming tide of corruptions. For a time almost every vestige of the Gregorian note was completely obliterated, and in place of its simplicity, majestic dignity, and sublime devotional character, were substituted all the fantastic vagaries and extravagant movements of the French school of secular music. The consequence was that not a word of the divine office sung by the choir could be heard by the congregation. Nicholas V. demanded of Cardinal Domenico Capranica his opinion regarding his Papal choir.

"Well, Holy Father", said he, "I think it is like a sack full of young squeaking swine, they make a fearful noise, but articulate not a word of the divine praises!"

The character of Church music continued in this condition till the sixteenth century. Many remedies were applied, but all failed to effect a reformation, till eventually Pope Pius IV., in the year 1564, resolved to carry out rigidly the canons of the Council of Trent, and if he could not extract the corrupt leaven, he came to the desperate determination to cast out the entire commodity. Lovers of Church music! it was a critical moment! He resolved, if music necessarily interrupted and were incompatible with the divine worship—let music perish! As a last effort to test their compatibility, he commissioned a congregation of cardinals to examine if a mass could be composed, the music of which would be at once harmonious, and the words distinct, articulate, and intelligible to the entire congregation. It was a memorable juncture for Church music! If they failed its doom was sealed—music was for ever to be excluded from the Catholic Church! Two of the cardinals selected were Cardinal Vitellozzi and Cardinal St. Charles Borromeo, the great reformer of his age in every department of ecclesiastical discipline. There was then in Rome a modest, retiring man of humble parentage, but a genius of most superior order of musical talents, and originality. He was attached to the choral staff of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. To him the congregation applied to compose a mass possessing the required qualifications. He composed two which were much appreciated, but a third was the very climax of perfection. It was simple, plaintive, harmonious, and devotional—it was sublime, every syllable was distinctly articulated. The triumph was

won! Admirers of Church music, rejoice!—it was rescued from its impending doom! Who was its deliverer? Palestrina! Immortalize his name! His name was Giovanni Pierluigi, but was called Palestrina from the place in which he was born in the year 1524. Palestrina died on the 2nd of February, 1594, having received the last sacraments and all the consolations of religion in his last moments at the hands of St. Philip Neri, and he was buried in St. Peter's. To his talents, under God, are we to attribute the preservation of Church music in our liturgy. Pray for his repose. May God admit him into His heavenly kingdom, where with the cherubim and seraphim and the saints he may sing therein the praises of the Lamb, that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever!

From the observations I have been making, is it then to be understood, in this accomplished age of science and refinement, that I have the presumption and hardihood to stand forward to denounce the exquisite productions and triumphs of musical genius, presented to admiring multitudes of the élite of the world in modern operatic performances? No; I plead not guilty to so disreputable an imputation! I proclaim its triumphant, captivating, and fascinating character—its capability of gratifying the most fastidious ear, whilst it hath charms to soothe the savage breast; but I assert it is too luxurious, too complicated, and too secular, and too profane to harmonize with the worship of God, the sole object of all Church music. I proclaim its inaptitude and incompatibility with devotional exercises, and that it should be excluded from our churches as useless, and detrimental to the pious, and edifying, and to the proper discharge of our religious services.

Operatic music is exquisite in its own sphere—and so far from Roman taste depreciating, or being insensible to its beauties and charms, that character of music actually originated in Rome. Those who frequent the opera, and the élite of fashionable society now-a-days, may be surprised to learn that the opera, like everything else artistic, scientific, and elegant—every refinement in the arts, in painting, sculpture, music, engraving, and everything polite in society, originated in Rome, and was fostered and patronized by the popes, cardinals, and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The first drama that was ever produced in music was presented to the public in the Roman theatre, in the year 1440. The subject was that most interesting and exciting passage in sacred history, recording the miraculous conversion of St. Paul. From Rome it emanated, and was soon after introduced into Florence, Venice, and the principal cities of Italy. It was Cardinal Mazarin who introduced operatic performances into France, and they had been entirely unknown in England until introduced by that great musical genius, Handel, and that at a comparatively late period.



Explanation of Liturgical Terms.



N explaining the ceremonies and ancient origin of the offices of this day, I employed the liturgical terms "Feria"—"Versicle, or Antiphon"—"Choir"—"Jerusalem"—"Era"—"Collects"—"Kyrle Eleison"—"Catacombs"—and "Purple"—and other ecclesiastical phrases referring to the "Calends". As the roots or derivations of these ritual phrases may not be known to all my readers, I shall explain them.

FERIA.—The word “Feria”, in the calends as designating a day of the week, is derived from the word “Feriari”, signifying to be free from work or disengaged, in allusion to the divine office days that were not engaged for the celebration of the feasts of the saints, and being thus vacant, were called “Feræ or Ferial days”, that is, days when the office was of God alone ; for clerics are supposed to have no days of disengagement from occupation, but that all their vacant time should be devoted to God. As the Christians were reluctant to name their days from the gods of the heathens, or from the sun, moon, or Mars, as they did, or from Saturday “Sabatto”, as the Jews, they regarded the Lord’s Day as the first feria of the week, Monday the second, Tuesday the third, and thus till they reached Saturday, the name of which they retained in respect for the day the Lord Himself specially instituted at the creation of the world.

ANTIPHON.—The word “Antiphon” signifies a sound from opposite sides, and the versicles sung at the endings of some of the psalms are called antiphons, because they were alternately chaunted from opposite sides of the choir.

CHOIR.—The word choir, or in Latin, “chorus”, is derived from the Greek word “kara”, in Latin, “lætitia”, “joy”, being the congregation of clerics by whom, or the place in which, anthems of joy were sung in adoration of the Lord.

JERUSALEM.—The word “Hierosolyma”—Jerusalem—took its name from the city called Solyma, by the Jews called “Salem”, and the Greek word, “ieros”, sacer, sacred, holy, hence we have Hierosolyma and Jerusalem. In like manner we derive Hieronymus from “ieros” and “onoma”, holy name, or “nomos”, law, the holy law.

CALENDS.—“Kalendæ”, the Calends, which signify the first of the month, is a word derived from the Greek

"kaleo", voco, I call, because it was usual in early Christian times for the bishops on the first day of the month, to call out the names of the clerics who were appointed to discharge their prescribed duties during the month, as parish priests now announce on Sundays the feasts and fasts and other regulations to be observed during the week. The book in which these regulations were written, was called the *Kalendarium* or *Calender*. In German it was called "*Almanach*", from "*Alle-maen-acht*", because the lunations or changes of the moon were noted down in in the *Almanach*. *Idus* or *ides* was derived from the old word "*iduate*", to divide, because on the *ides* the month was divided, by commencing to count from the *calends* of the following month. From this is derived the word "*widow*", in Latin *vidua*, because she who before her husband's death was one with him, is now "*iduata*", or divided, "*viduata*", widowed. "*Nonæ*" or *nones* were so called because they were nine days distant from the following *ides*.

PURPLE.—The word "*purpura*", or purple, is derived from "*pura pura*", pure pure, or doubly pure, or fiery after passing through the ordeal of fire, which purifies metals, according to the words, "*argentum igne examinatum*"—silver tested by fire—that is, most pure; and it was intended by the Church in vesting her dignitaries in purple robes, to remind them that their lives should exhibit examples of unalloyed virtue and sanctity, which should be "*purpura*", doubly pure and perfect.

COMMENTARY.—The word "*commentary*", signifying an exposition or explanation, is derived from the Latin word "*commentariensis*", which signified the governor of a prison or jailer, who guarded the prisoners in their cells, and whose duty it was to record their names and all

descriptive particulars of their persons and crimes in the prison commentaries.

DIPTYCHS.—The “Diptychs”, of which mention is so frequently made, and which transmitted such important records of ancient ecclesiastical history, were two tablets which folded together, and upon one of which were inscribed the names of the living prelates of a province or church, and on the other the deceased prelates who died in the Lord. Both were prayed for during the holy sacrifice, and at the head of the diptychs was inscribed the prayer “*Memento etiam Domine famulorum tuorum qui nos præcesserunt et dormiunt in somno pacis*”. Be mindful, O Lord, of thy servants who are gone before us, and rest in the sleep of peace. Special mention is made of the diptychs in the “*Sacramentali Gregoriano*”, and in the liturgy of St. Marc’s. The diptychs of the dead were publicly read. An account of the diptychs will also be found in the “*Lives of the Fathers*”, by Heribertus Rosuvedus. The term diptych is derived from the Greek noun “diptue” and the verb “ptusso” plico, I fold. In a similar manner are derived the words “triptych” and “pentaptych”, treble and quintuple folds. With the diptychs originated the introduction of the memento for the living and the memento for the dead in the Canon of the Mass, both of which are still preserved.

COLLECTS.—The collects derived their name from the petitions of the entire community being associated or collected together, and were read or sung after the oration of the day, and under only one “*oremus*”, and terminating with one “*Amen*”.

CRYPTS.—Cryptæ, crypts were subterranean hiding places where the bodies of the early martyrs were concealed, and over which prelates celebrated the holy mysteries. The name is derived from the Greek word “*krupto*”, abscondo,

I conceal. The subterranean chapels of great cathedrals are still called crypts.

CATACOMBS.—The word catacombs is, by some writers, said to have been derived from the Greek word “kata-combe”, which signifies a pit or deep cave; but many ancient ecclesiastical writers derive the term from the Greek word “kata”, juxta or near, and the Latin word “tumbas”, tombs, that is, near or at the tombs, and say that, in more correct phraseology, it should be written catatombs; and in ancient editions of the breviary and martyrology, in the lessons on the feasts of St. Damian, 2nd of December, in those of St. Sebastian, 20th of January, and of St. Cornelius, 16th of September, as well as also by Gregory, in Registro lib. 8, cap. 20, the word is written “catatumbæ”.

ERA.—There is no word in any language which forms the root or deritive of the term era—it is rather derived from a union or contraction of several Latin words, and originated in Spain about thirty-eight years before the birth of Christ. At the time that the vast domain of the Roman Empire was divided into provinces, the section comprising Spain was committed to the government of Cæsar Augustus. His wise government was so highly appreciated by the Spaniards that, as from it they dated their national prosperity, so they dated their years from his provincial administration. Hence all secretaries and public notaries dated their official documents thus: “Annus erat Augusti Cæsaris”. In after years this, for brevity sake, was written A. ER. A. CÆS. Eventually the punctuation and the last syllable were omitted, and these united letters only were retained, ÆRA. This mode of computation prevailed till the year of Christ 1383, when it was ordained that the Christian mode of dating from the birth

of Christ should be adopted. The Greek term was epoch, from "epokeo", in eo, I enter on.

KYRIE ELEISON.—Kyrie Eleison is composed of the Greek words "Kurios", Dominus, Lord, and "eleeo", miserior, I have mercy. During the apostolic times, Mass was celebrated in Jerusalem in the Hebrew language, in Antioch it was celebrated in Greek, and in Rome in the Latin language. Relics of the three languages are still preserved in the celebration of Mass, according to the Latin or Roman rite; for whilst the Mass is said in the Latin language, we retain the Hebrew words Alleluia, Hosanna, Sabaoth, Amen; and the Greek words, Kyrie Eleison, Euangelium, Epistola, Canon. This usage also commemorates the inscription or title over the cross, having been written in the three languages.

THE GRADUAL.—The Gradual is that versicle or portion of the liturgy which immediately follows the epistle and precedes the gospel, and it was called the Gradual because it was chaunted by the choir whilst the deacon was ascending the "gradus", the steps of the "ambonis". This ambo was a species of pulpit, from which the deacon sang the gospel, so called from the Greek word "ambonos", an elevated station. The word pulpit, which is now used, signifies a public position. A remarkable example of the ancient "ambonos" is still extant in the venerable Church of San Clemente in Rome, belonging to the Irish Dominicans. The Gradual psalms were so called from the usage of reciting them on the steps ascending to the cathedral, which were fifteen, and the number of the Gradual psalms correspond to this number—five were recited for the repose of the faithful departed, five for ourselves and friends, and five for both the living and dead. The rubrics still prescribe that the five first of the Gradual psalms should

be followed by "Requiem eternam dona eis Domine". The seven penitential psalms were recited to implore mercy for the seven capital or deadly sins, which were regarded as the baneful sources of all others.

THE PATENA.—The patena, or patina, used in the holy sacrifice, was formerly of very large dimensions, as from it was given holy communion to all who presented themselves, and they usually comprised the entire congregation at every Mass. It was so called from the word *pateo*. In the liturgy of St. James it was called "*dyscus*". In the present age communion is given from a pyx or ciborium, as affording greater security against accident in the distribution to our very large congregations; but even still when the number of communicants is not very great, it is more in accordance with the precedent of early Catholic times to give communion from the patena rather than from the pix or ciborium of modern times. In paintings by the old masters, the priest is represented giving communion from the patena, as in the picture of the last communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino.

PRO DEVOTO FEMINEO SEXU.—In that prayer of remote antiquity, "*Sancta Maria succurre miseris*", etc., etc., the Church, amongst others, specially mentions "*pro devoto femineo sexu*", which some suppose alludes to pious secular females; but such is by no means the case. Supplication is made for her intercession "*pro populo*", and this certainly includes both men and women: then "*pro clero*", this includes the clerics who are specially called to the service of God: then "*pro devoto femineo sexu*", which must allude to religious females who are devoted by vow to God. St. Ambrose adopts this sense of the words in a book he has written, and addressed "*Ad virginem devotam*", and in the office of St. Lucy in the

breviary, the word is employed in this signification, thus :

"Soror mea Lucia Virgo Deo devota".



God's Immensity—The Nebulae.

WENDED my way towards home through the tortuous passages of the ancient city in a sentimental and contemplative temperament of mind. The night was dark—very dark—but the atmosphere was cloudless. The lights in the front windows of the houses were all extinguished. The quaint old buildings which had stood for centuries, seemed to have grown blind with age, and were clothed in gloom resembling the mourning habiliments of widowhood. The tiers of dark windows looked like black rows of schoolboys' slates fixed upon the front walls. The winding streets and narrow lanes, through which no eye could penetrate, were as sable reptiles coiling through the serpentine mazes of the buildings. Myriads of stars spangled the azure concave dome of the heavens.

There are certain streaks of light visible even to the naked eye, seen in the azure firmament when the atmosphere is clear. Those are called nebulae. They are myriads of stars, to us apparently clustered together. They are so numberless, and seem so small, they appear to us like a sprinkling of twinkling star-dust. If I take one of these clusters, that of Orion, and compare the extent of space it occupies with the size of our sun, I may attempt to conceive some idea of the length of its diameter. The sun is about a million of times larger than our earth. It is so distant from our earth, that if a

cannon-ball were to retain its greatest speed after having been shot from a gun, it would require a period of twenty years to reach the sun. Yet the diameter of the extent of space occupied by that one nebula is greater than that of the sun by 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 of times! Of those nebulae there are two thousand visible to the naked eye. The telescope reveals very many more, and discovers no limit. If I could construct a telescope of greater field and power, we should probably discover very many more, more distant still—and yet no limit. Each of these myriads of stars is believed to be the centre of a system like our solar system, and as distant from the most proximate as our sun is from the nearest fixed star. The nebulous light is formed by rays from each star blended together, or seen through each other on their passage to us, and though distant from each other myriads and myriads of billions of miles, are reduced on the retina of our eye to the point of an imperceptible angle. If an eye could take in all the heavenly bodies in one glance, it is probable that our sun and moon and planetary system, fixed stars, and all the remote nebulae we see, would altogether compose but one nebula! Let me now suppose that our observer, looking through the most powerful telescope, were to be transported to the most distant of those nebulae, he would probably discover as many more such nebulae on every side, to which he might direct his observation: if he were to travel again—but my intellect cannot bear the strain.

“Come forth, O man, yon azure round survey,
And view those lamps which yield eternal day:
Bring forth thy glasses: clear thy wond’ring eyes:
Millions beyond the former millions rise:
Look farther: millions more blaze from remoter skies.”

After having endeavoured to conceive some idea of this incomprehensible extent of space, can I now suppose that this vast concave—this ample dome—is the apartment of the Deity, and circumscribes His boundless immensity? No, no! Though inconceivable this extent of space, when I speak of it as containing the immensity of God, it shrinks into contractedness—it becomes low and narrow and shallow—it bursts asunder, and off away, away floats my mind in search of greater, still greater space, a wider and a higher arch to accommodate His greatness, His height, His profundity and vastness!

“ Say, proud arch,
 Built with divine ambition ; in disdain
 Of limit built ; built in the taste of heav’n !
 Vast concave ! Ample dome ! Wast thou design’d
 A meet apartment for the Deity ?
 Not so : that thought alone thy state impairs :
 Thy lofty sinks ; and shallows thy profound ;
 And straitens thy diffusive”.

O God ! O God ! when I contemplate those fearfully big structures, those vast orbs stuck together by the work of thy little fingers, and rounded between the palms of thy hands, suspended in fluid æther so securely that they cannot deviate from the rail of their orbit’s gyrations, lit up by Thy countenance with fires of effulgence—unceasingly streaming tides of light—inundating those boundless æthereal plains, and which, though flowing since the creation, have not as yet undulated their first wave of light on our shores—and when I contemplate the vast azure concave in which they appear like pendulous spangles, and that this great extent is full up to the brim with Thy presence—nay that it is only a little closet in the palace where thy glory dwelleth, then

I begin to awaken to an idea of Thy immensity, who once said, "I am, who am!"

My soul! this reflection proves the creating power, preserving goodness, and the diffusive presence, providence, and immensity of the Almighty Majesty. He is the great architect whose will created them all. He is the clever engineer whose plumb-line fixed the precise position of each. He is the arithmetician who "numbers them and calls them by their names". That God of immensity was for love of you confined in a virgin's womb—He was lodged in a carpenter's shop—He was fixed with nails to a cross—He was laid in a tomb! Awaken! awaken, my soul!—think on it.



Holy Thursday.



He returned last night pensive, from the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, and from the plaintive notes of the Tenebrae office, commemorative of the dolorous way of our suffering Saviour, and with hearts harmonizing to tones of sympathy and sadness, we wended our way through the narrow serpentine streets of Rome, towards our homes, under the gloomy shades of the night. Our hearts were darker than the night. A penitential spirit, like a withering storm, blasted every cheering sentiment of the soul, and reduced it to a dreary waste, and enveloped every thought in indistinguishable chaos, and stopped up every chink against the entrance of even one wandering ray of cheerfulness and consolation. The timid approach of a visit from sustaining hope

seemed to indicate that she had been imprisoned, and was still fettered by the oppressive reminiscences that it was my iniquities that bruised the victim, that my sins were the hammers which, with ponderous blows, drove the rough nails through the sensitive sinews of His tender hands and feet. To-day, however, how striking the contrast! The prison gates of hope and light seemed unlocked, and the bars thrown back, and the brilliant luminary darts forth its copious rays, vivifying and cheering all beneath its genial gleaming. How lively the similitude to the sun of righteousness, amidst the darkness of this "week of sorrows, beaming with such powerful beneficence on this auspicious day when he shines on us, not merely with a solitary ray of His effulgence, but illumines our desolate souls with His cumulative splendours—in giving us His entire self, body and blood, soul and divinity: when the author of every good gift enriches our poverty with that superlative treasure—that omnipotent effort of His infinite bounty and mercy, the adorable Eucharist, whose institution the Church commemorates to-day! The Eucharist, one of the most august, one of the most overwhelming, and one of the most incomprehensible of all the mysteries which the revelations of God propose to our belief!

The morning was delightful, and seemed to harmonize with the gladdened throbbings of our hearts. The sable draperies of the sombre clouds of the previous night were drawn aside, and the sun shone brilliantly, colours floated above the public buildings, garlands of flowers and pendant tapestries decorated the fronts of the houses. Numberless bells chimed merrily, and thrilling music from military bands resounded through all the avenues leading to the Vatican. A ceaseless bustle

agitated the city. Activity had risen early, and hurried every where, and was occupied at every business. Bugle calls summoned the military. Detachments were despatched in all directions. A busy din agitated the air,—and rumbling carriages rolled past, and advancing crowds flowed on in swelling tides, towards the great Basilica.

This day is sometimes called “Maunday Thursday”, from the circumstance of the “mandatum”, or command given by our Saviour on this day for the washing of the feet. Formerly, it was usual that three masses should be celebrated in each cathedral on this day—the first for the reconciliation of public penitents—at the second the holy oils were consecrated—and in the third the institution of the blessed Eucharist was commemorated. At present the rubrics allow of the celebration of only one mass.

The Passover, or Paschal time, was the period of the annual Jewish commemoration of the deliverance of the people of Israel from the slavery of Egypt, after the sacrifice and consumption of a lamb, and the sprinkling of the door posts with its blood. This was a lively emblem of Jesus Christ, the adorable Lamb of God, who was sacrificed for us, of whose flesh we partake in the blessed Eucharist, and who sprinkles our souls with His saving blood. It was therefore that our Lord selected this time for his passion and death, and for the institution of the holy sacrifice and sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. As this august institution is celebrated in the Church to-day, a momentary gleam of exultation, gratitude, and adoration, beams through our tears, and through the universal gloom of this season of mourning. Hence, during the solemn mass, her altars are ornamented, her vestments are white, her yellow candles are exchanged for white, and her music is joyful and cheering.

THE HOLY OILS.

On Holy Thursday the Church commemorates the Last Supper of our Divine Lord with His disciples—the institution of the Holy Eucharist—and the washing of the feet of the Apostles. The holy oils used in the administration of some of the sacraments are on this day consecrated by the bishops. In early Christian ages the holy oils were consecrated on the eve of Easter Sunday, when the fonts were solemnly blessed, and solemn baptism was administered. In latter times, however, the consecration of the oils is anticipated on the previous Thursday, in order that they may be forwarded in time from the cathedral for the blessing of the fonts in the various parochial churches. The bishop is assisted at the ceremony by twelve priests, seven deacons, and seven sub-deacons, and many dignitaries and a large number of clerics. These numbers, however, are not so absolutely required as to be indispensable. The Holy See has in fact dispensed in favour of Ireland, and other countries, where it might be very difficult to secure the attendance of so many priests, deacons, and sub-deacons, and has granted to bishops the privilege of consecrating the oils with a lesser number. They are authorized to proceed to the consecration, even though the number of assisting ecclesiastics do not exceed five priests. But at least this number is requisite in Ireland. Lengthened prayers, solemn processions, and many mystic ceremonies are employed at the consecration. The holy oil is used in the administration of four of the holy sacraments. The holy oils are of three kinds. The “oil of the sick”, and this is employed in the administration of the sacrament of Extreme Unction to those in danger of death from sickness. The “oil of

catechumens", which is used in anointing the breast and shoulders in the administration of solemn baptism. The chrism is used in anointing the head of the person baptized in solemn baptism. The "chrism" is also used in the administration of Confirmation—in the consecration of bishops, churches, altars, chalices, and in the ordination of priests. The two first of the holy oils consist of pure oil of olives, without any mixture, but each has appropriated to it a peculiar episcopal benediction. The chrism is oil of olives mixed with balsam. For some time the balsam of Gilead or Mecca was exclusively used as the mixture, and a question once arose as to whether the balsam of the East Indies or America, as differing much in substance from the balsam of Gilead and Mecca, was valid for the holy purpose. But Henriquez quotes a letter from Pope Pius IV. to the bishops of the world, in which he pronounces in the affirmative. Of the seven sacraments, there are four in which unctions with the oils are employed, Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Orders, and Extreme Unction. The holy oils for Rome are consecrated by the Cardinal Vicar in the Basilica of St. John of Lateran, as that is the Pope's cathedral. Holy Thursday being the eve of the day commemorative of the passion and death of Christ, is most appropriately selected for the blessing of the oil which is used in the administration of that sacrament which gives us that grace which fortifies us in our last moments, and enables us to die well. The liquid itself is significant of the graces communicated by the sacrament. Oil soothes the pains of the body; so does grace soothe the agonies of the soul wounded by sin. Oil is inflammable, as the soul in the state of grace is inflamed with divine love. Oil of old was used to anoint the limbs of the gladiators to prepare for the contest; so is grace applied to our souls to confirm

our strength, and prepare us for the critical contest with the enemies of our faith and salvation. As oil lights the lamp of the sanctuary, this grace imparts to us that piety, fervour, and divine charity which renders us as burning lamps before the face of the Lord, and which elevates us like an ascending flame, and consumes us in all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. For the chrism olive oil is mixed with balsam. This mixture signifies the union of the divine and human nature in Christ, from which flow all the graces necessary for our sanctification. Balsam emits an odoriferous fragrance, significant of the sweet odour of sanctity and edification which the worthy receiver of this sacrament is expected to diffuse around him. Balsam preserves the body from corruption; so do the graces preserve the soul from the corruption of sin. Balsam exudes from the fissures of the wounded wood; so does the saving blood of Christ, whose merits are applied to our souls, exude from His five wounds whilst hanging on the cross. The most stringent prohibitions are proclaimed under severe penalties to employ the holy oils for any other than the sacred purposes for which they are consecrated, or to preserve them elsewhere than in secure receptacles exclusively devoted to themselves. In many churches, as an emblem of veneration for the holy oils, a lamp perpetually burning is suspended before the tabernacles in which the holy oils are preserved. The veneration in which the holy oils were held may be estimated by the exalted strains in which they are spoken of by the holy fathers of the Church, more especially by St. Pacian, St. Irenæus, St. Theophilus of Antioch, Tertullian, Origen, St. Cyprian, St. Cornelius, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and many others, as may be read of in the works of Sanbeuve and Tournely.

The solemn mass in the Sistine Chapel was on this day celebrated by the Cardinal Dean. Upon this day two hosts are consecrated—one to be consumed at mass as usual, and the other to be preserved for the mass of the presanctified on to-morrow, Good Friday, on which there is no consecration. The consecrated host intended for the mass of Good Friday was to-day conveyed in solemn procession by the Pope from the Sistine to the Paoline Chapel, which is entered from the Sala Regia, and where it is preserved and adored with the greatest veneration till next morning.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession, comprising all the officials of the Papal chapel, the dignitaries, bishops, and cardinals, bearing wax lights, accompanied by the Swiss guards and the guard of Nobles, was formed in the Sistine Chapel, proceeded down the centre, issued through the portals, into the Royal Hall, which was densely crowded, and which was all round lined with military, and of which it made an entire circuit. As all the members of this gorgeous array could not enter the Paoline Chapel, they knelt, forming two lines, in the centre of which the Pope, under a superbly embroidered canopy, and surrounded by the assistant cardinals and high dignitaries, moved on at a slow and solemn pace, the choir singing 'the "Pange Lingua"', the military presenting arms, the officers grounding their swords, and all others profoundly bowing their heads to the ground, as the Vicar of Christ passed by, bearing in his arms the King of kings, in whose sight all, with all their grandeur, are but as creeping clods of clay! It was a sight truly sublime! All continued to kneel whilst the ceremonies were gone through inside, and until the Most Holy was laid in the grand repository and

incensed, when all arose—the Pope passed round again, and all re-entered the Sistine Chapel in the same order.

The repository, in which the Blessed Sacrament is preserved, is sometimes called the sepulchre. This seems not an appropriate term, as it is by no means intended to symbolize the sepulchre, in which Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of Christ—nor has the commemoration of our Lord's crucifixion been yet celebrated. It is merely employed as a tabernacle, in some degree becomingly decorated, for the preservation of the most adorable Eucharist during the night. The Pope was then borne on the *sedia gestatoria* to the Loggia, to impart the Papal benediction; but as it is again given on Easter Sunday, I shall reserve the description for that day.

THE BULL "IN CENA DOMINI".

In former early years, the celebrated bull, "In Cena Domini", was published from the "Loggia" on this annual occasion, and at the same time the lighting torches were extinguished and flung to the ground. Some believed, and some historians have asserted, that this was an excommunication and a solemn imprecation for the descent of the Almighty vengeance against England or some certain persons or countries then denounced. It was not so. It was merely a warning that all those who abjured holy faith subjected themselves to the liability of such terrible punishments; and the extinguishing of the candles was an emblem that the light of faith was thereby thus extinguished in their souls. Neither was it a special denunciation against Protestantism in particular. The usage existed long before the introduction of Protestantism—even so early as during the pontificate of Martin V. in 1420, and very probably before the pontificate of Boni-

face VIII. in the year 1294. It was not then an excommunication, it was an admonition to the sinner to be converted and live, and a warning if the rebellious were contumacious he should die the spiritual death of excommunication. The usage has been discontinued since the year 1740.

OTHER PAPAL BULLS, ACTS, AND DECREES.

The bull "In Cœna Domini" is only one of many Papal acts which are misinterpreted to the prejudice of holy religion. It is asserted that the Popes exercised a temporal power over the British Isles, to the extent of transferring their dominion to other sovereigns. History can adduce no conclusive evidence to support that assertion. It has, however, been asserted with such persevering pertinacity, and so unceasingly impressed upon the minds of youth, that it has now assumed the character of a national prejudice which it is difficult to eradicate. The assertion with regard to Scotland is, indeed, quite groundless. King Edward I., though recognizing that jurisdiction in the Pope, and urging its exercise in his favour to transfer the sovereignty of Scotland to his English crown, could never prevail on the Pope to employ that jurisdiction. The king's importunities were long pressed, but never succeeded. The king's ambition, and the Pope's determined resistance, generated protracted negotiations, remonstrances, and angry differences, which the pious Queen Eleanor of Castile, daughter of Ferdinand III. of Spain, endeavoured to reconcile. But the Pope never yielded. A similar deeply-rooted prejudice is perpetuated against the Pope and against Catholics, for their asserted association with, and their sanction and approbation of, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

THE DAY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

It is alleged even by grave historians that all Catholics sympathise with the revolting horrors and massacres of the memorable day when the Huguenots were cruelly slaughtered in the streets of Paris. Pope Gregory XIII. is unjustly accused of having sanctioned the atrocities of that day, and after they had been perpetrated, of having presided at a "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for this deed of blood, and of having had a medal struck and distributed to commemorate the event. Both statements are equally opposed to fact and truth. The most prominent Catholics, and distinguished writers, have repeatedly repudiated all disposition to vindicate or sympathize with the crime. Any action taken by Pope Gregory was instigated by false representations—representations which deceived even the Protestant Queen Elizabeth herself. Now, as to the first assertion, the writings of impartial Protestants, such as Roscoe, have long since scattered it to the winds. The true story of the St. Bartholomew massacre may be briefly told in a few words. King Charles IX. invited the Huguenots into Paris to be present at the marriage of their chief, Henry of Navarre, with his sister. That when the original invitation was given Charles intended any treachery, is exceedingly doubtful. However, when the Huguenot nobility were in his power, the wretched king was so worked on by his mother, the unworthy Catherine de Medicis, and by Henry Duke of Guise, the leader of the Parisian mob, that he most unwillingly consented to an attempt being made on the lives of Coligny and some other great Huguenot leaders. Henry of Guise, to whom the shameful task was intrusted, far outstripped the order of his master, and the result was that hundreds of

Huguenot gentlemen were murdered in cold blood. The king at once sent an utterly false account to the European Courts. He declared that the Huguenots had attempted his life by a seditious movement, which had been suppressed by force. His account deceived the Pope in common with every other sovereign in Europe. Queen Elizabeth, the acknowledged leader of the Protestant party in England, congratulated the King through the French Ambassador. Whatever the Pope did was done under the false impression created by the lying despatch, and weeks before the truth was known. So far for the first part of the accusation. As to the second, that, too, has been utterly refuted. Representative men have written not alone condemning the massacre in the strongest language, but pointing out that this has been the tone adopted by Catholics at all times.



Pope Adrian's Bull.



AVING alluded to the disputations between Edward I. and the Pope, regarding the sovereignty of Scotland, and to the bull "In Cœna Domini", which is erroneously asserted by historians to have been a bull of excommunication against England, I shall allude to the supposed bull transferring the sovereignty of Ireland to the British crown. Historians very generally assume the fact as indisputably established, and the public mind is incorrigibly prejudiced with the certain belief that Pope Adrian IV. issued this famous bull transferring the Lordship of Ireland to King Henry II. of England. The fact is by no means satisfactorily established. There are

grave historians of high authority who even positively deny the truth of the statement. From amongst them I shall adduce extracts from the works of Buodinus, who wrote in the seventeenth century. It may be asked who was Buodinus, or what works has he written. I shall tell. He has written the work, "*Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis*", the Bulwark of Catholic Truth, in ten books, and divided into two parts; the first part, historical, is in five books—a work completely new, useful, and agreeable to read, as from the following table of contents may be collected:—"In favour of the searchers after truth, and to the confusion of the obstinate in error, now first published and brought to light by the author, R. P. T. Antonius Bruodinus, of Thomond, in Ireland, Ordin. Minor. Strict. Observ. Reform. Lecton jubilate; Almæ Provinciæ Bohemiæ definitore habituali, necnon Conventus Pragensis B. V. ad Nives actuali Guardiano. Pragæ. Typis Universitatis Carolo Ferdinandæ in Collegio Societ. Jesu ad S. Clementem, Anno 1669". In the first book there is a very curious account of all the early heresies up to the fifteenth century, concluding with a very interesting narrative of the origin of the Hussites, in which it is shown that it originated much more from the Slavonian national Bohemian feeling as opposed to German domination, than from any religious opinion. The second book treats of Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, and others. The third, the rise and progress of the Reformation in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fourth book contains a very original account of the civil war in Ireland, and of the then new sects, such as the Brownists, Independents, Quakers, of whom there is a very remarkable account. It would seem that even at that early date Irish Catholics had emigrated to New

England, for Broudinus states that he had frequently heard John O'Hehir, who with many other Irish Catholics had gone to New England, relate with wonder how one Anne Hutchinson acted like a leader, priest, and prophet, preached, administered the sacraments, and disposed of all things despotically there. The fifth book is, in fact, an abridged history of Ireland, enumerating every county and the families connected with each. Throughout the whole work there is a great deal of Irish family lore. I am obliged to merely indicate the contents of this rare old work, in which is the following reference to the Bull of Adrian:—"Various authors say that Adrian IV., by nation English, who had ascended the chair of St. Peter in the year 1154, had granted to Henry II., King of England, the dominion of the Kingdom of Ireland which Donatus O'Brien had offered to the Holy See. Baronius follows these writers and recites in his Annals the diploma of this concession. I (that I may say what I think) have considerable doubts of this story: for while Pope Adrian lived (he died in the year 1159), Henry II. had not a foot of ground in Ireland, or any other foreigner except the Ostmen". "I conclude, therefore, first, that Pope Adrian never was Lord of Ireland any more than of England, and consequently never granted the Lordship of Ireland to Henry II., King of England. Secondly, that Henry II. had no possession of Ireland during the life of Pope Adrian, and consequently King Henry never received from Pope Adrian any right over Ireland. Thirdly, that Henry II. having defeated the Irish in 1172, Alexander the Third being Pope, by the extorted consent of the magnates of Ireland, obtained the Lordship of Ireland; and thus by succession of time the Kings of England became the legitimate lords

of Ireland, as indeed they are the legitimate kings (would that they were also Catholic) and lords of England. The successors also of so many noble families who in his reign came into Ireland are 'veri Hiberni' and legitimate, 'bona fide' owners of the estates which they actually possess, although their ancestors then invaded a foreign kingdom by no more just a title than did the Milesians who seized it from the Danaans". A learned critique upon this matter of history appeared in a Review now some years extinct, of which the following is the substance. It may be desirable to consider minutely an event over which modern writers have thrown a great obscurity:

"The Bull of Adrian must have been issued in the spring of 1156. The Pope came to Benevento in December of the previous year, and remained there during the whole winter. Here he was visited by John of Salisbury, the Secretary of the Primate Theobald, who had been sent on ecclesiastical business to the former Popes—Eugene and Anastasius—and who now came on a more important mission. John acquired an extraordinary influence over the mind of the new Pontiff, who loved to open his conscience to his Saxon countryman, and declared that he preferred him even to his own relations. During the three months they spent together the affair of Ireland was arranged; and when John of Salisbury started for England he carried with him the famous deed, and the symbol of investiture, for which, with a strange felicity, Adrian had chosen an emerald ring. The document would be drawn up and dated only when the messenger who was to take it was ready to depart; and as the three months which John of Salisbury relates that he spent at Benevento began only after the Pope's arrival at the end of December, this brings us to March, 1156.

"Irish patriotism has generally been reluctant to admit that the condition of the Church of Ireland was really known at Rome, or in any degree justified so grave an act; and the accusation made by the Irish Princes in the Fourteenth century, that Adrian had acted "*Anglicana affectione*", has been admitted even by such writers as Cardinal Pole and Döllinger. In both respects, however, a careful examination of the facts will vindicate the English Pope. At the Council of Kells in 1152, there was the Gregorian discipline to establish, for which the Holy See had incessantly struggled since the days of Hildebrand, and which St. Malachy first tried to introduce after his journey to Rome in 1139. Even when the Legate Paparo came to Kells, thirteen years later, the thing remained to be done, for the decrees regard the abolition of simony, the celibacy of the clergy, and the institution of tithes. We need not cite the *Annals of the Four Masters* to show that constant wars and civil disorders at that time made the introduction of any ecclesiastical reform very difficult. We know that the Irish prelates themselves despaired of it, and represented to the Pope that it could not be accomplished without the intervention of England. Not once, but repeatedly, they sent warning exhortations to Rome. "*Ingentibus vitiorum enormitatibus gens Hibernica sit infecta. . . . Ex vestrarum serie literarum nobis innotuit*", says Alexander III. to the Archbishops of Ireland.

"Long before the days of Adrian it had been customary to commit to the successors of Charlemagne the care of religion and the defence of the faith in countries to which the imperial influence extended. But for nearly a century the Emperors had been the most dreaded enemies of the Holy See; and during this long

conflict the Normans were the protectors on whom it relied, and to them had passed the most honourable prerogative of the Imperial crown. Hildebrand had prepared for the great struggle for the emancipation of the Church by erecting two Northern Kingdoms. During his administration of the Church, Nicholas II. had invested Robert Guiscard with Calabria and Apulia, and Alexander II. had sent to William of Normandy a sacred banner for the conquest of England.

"William continued to be his favourite among the European Princes, and the Normans of Southern Italy gave him a refuge at the hour of his death. Since that time they had founded states in Syria and Armenia, in Sicily and Greece; and a monk of Monte Cassino, writing in those days, was astonished at the rapid progress of their power, and believed that it was destined to overshadow the whole earth. Within three years before the election of Adrian IV., the power of the race had received a vast increase, for the marriage of Henry Plantagenet with Eleanor of Aquitaine, united the western half of France to the crown of England. . . . There was much to impel Adrian to contribute to exalt an influence so puissant for the good of the Church, when Henry came before him as a suppliant with all the prestige of youth, of power not yet abused, of the pacification of England, and of his warm devotion to the Holy See.

"The principles of Gregory VII., which hitherto had governed the political action of the Popes, afforded no claim to dispose of Ireland; and there was no example even in their dealings with the Normans which could supply a precedent. The Sicilian monarchy was an ordinary feudal dependency of the Church of Rome; the Norman vassals of the Pope swore to defend his spiritual

and his temporal authority, whenever they were summoned, and acknowledged him as their suzerain. The conquest of England, justified by no such claim, led to no similar agreement. Alexander II. ardently desired the success of the expedition, and sent a blessing which materially contributed to it. But he professed to enjoy no political jurisdiction over the Anglo-Saxon realm, and afterwards, when his successor demanded homage of the Conqueror, it was refused. '*Fidelitatem facere*', said William, '*nolui nec volo, quia nec ego promisi, nec antecessores meos antecessoribus tuis id fecisse comperio*'.

"In the case of Ireland there was more than in that of England, and less than that of Apulia. The Pope claimed a positive right to dispose of the country, but he exacted no feudal service or homage in return for it. Gregory VII. was accustomed to support his demands by some documentary evidence of their justice. Where he claimed homage he undertook to prove that it had been done of old; but where he had nothing to appeal to he pretended to no sovereignty. He claimed none, for instance, in France; yet, the King of France was, of all Princes living in his time, the one who made the worst use of his power. In those cases where his great knowledge of the Papal archives provided him with no positive claims, he never made up for the deficiency by asserting a superior abstract right, independent of those which belonged to him under the feudal system; he never mentioned the donation of Constantine. Now, in Ireland, there was less ground than anywhere for such a dominion. Not only was it beyond the limits of the Empire whose Roman or German sovereign had conferred so many privileges on the Popes, but it had not even paid such tribute as came from the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, and as had been claimed o

France. The right to dispose of the sovereignty of the island could only be supported by stretching the theory of the power of the keys far beyond the limits which Gregory VII. had observed. John of Salisbury loosely defends it, on the ground that the donation of Constantine included dominion over all the islands.

‘Nam omnes insulæ de jure
Antiqua, ex donatione Constantini
Qui eam fundavit et
Dotavit, dicuntur ad Romanam
Ecclesiam pertinere’.

“There is no such passage in any known text of the document; and the donation is never referred to by the Popes in the Bulls by which they conferred on Henry the dominion over Ireland. Adrian defines his right in terms which are inconsistent with the language of John of Salisbury, for he simply claims all Christian islands. ‘Omnes insulas’, he writes to the King, ‘quibus sol justitiæ Christi illuxit, et quæ documenta fidei christianæ cœperunt, ad jus B. Petri et sacrosanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ (quod tua et nobilitas recognoscit) non est dubium pertinere’.

“Alexander III. yet more pertinently casts aside the authority of the Donation, for while Constantine is very naturally made in that instrument to restrict his gifts within the boundaries of the Empire—‘Populum imperio nostro subjacentem’, Alexander distinctly admits that Ireland did not belong to the Empire, but affirms that the Church possesses peculiar rights over islands which she has not in continental states: ‘De regno illo quod Romani principes, orbis triumphatores suis temporibus inaccessum, sicut accepimus reliquerint. Romana Ecclesia aliud jus habet in insula quam in terra magna et continua’.

"The Popes strove to bring the remoter portions of Christendom within the orbit of the system which they governed by attaching them as satellites to greater powers, or as direct dependants upon themselves. As the area of mediæval civilization spread, assisted by the Empire and by the Frankish chivalry which was set in motion by the Crusaders, the West Slavonians, Scandinavia, England, Ireland, Portugal, and several provinces of the Eastern Empire were thus successively brought under the influence of other races, which already formed part of the '*res publica Christiana*' in politics as well as in religion. There were other cases, such as Hungary, Poland, and Dalmatia, where the Popes entered without any mediator into direct relations with the kings. Nevertheless, Ireland remains the one solitary instance in which the Holy See invoked a right which was purely imaginary to justify the subjection of an independent Christian country to a monarch who had neither rights to enforce nor wrongs to avenge.

"The man who made these ideas (the absolute power of the Popes to remove and depose Princes) prevail in the policy of the Church, was Adrian's Chancellor, Cardinal Roland, an old professor of law, who preferred the absolute doctrines of the school of Bologna to the feudal ideas of the preceding period. He was the chief of those who relied on the Normans for security, and regarded the imperial claims as a system of usurpation. '*Ex parte illius Rolandi quondam cancellarii per conspirationem et conjurationem contra Ecclesiam Dei et imperium Willelmo Siculo adstricti*', says his rival Victor IV. Adrian's first impulse on all occasions was to follow the advice of this consummate statesman.

"Roland was with Adrian at Benevento when John of

Salisbury obtained the Bull, and it was doubtless his work. It was dictated by the policy which he was the first to carry into practice, and which was more fully acted upon when, as Alexander III., he succeeded Adrian on the Papal throne. The Bull of Adrian was inoperative, and Adrian himself showed no interest in the execution of the enterprise it encouraged. But Alexander had evidently taken pains to master the question fully; his later Bull is full of the grounds and considerations which induce him to grant it; he recites the information he has obtained, he quotes his authorities; he writes to the Irish princes requiring them to submit, and to the Irish prelates praising their submission. He does not cite the Bull of his predecessors to support and justify his own, for he was now amply informed, and he was conscious that he himself was mainly responsible for Adrian's act. That act holds indeed a high place in history as a sign of the changing times, for it is founded on principles not before recognised in the Church, but it had little practical significance. John of Salisbury claims to have obtained it; but when he fell shortly after into disgrace, in all his letters defending himself against the displeasure of the king, he never thought of pleading the service he had performed in obtaining the gift of Ireland".

Those, however, who regard the Bull to be authentic, can adduce the weighty authority of Lingard in support of their view. He states that within a few months after Henry's coronation, he dispatched John of Salisbury to assure His Holiness that his sole object in invading the island, which he regarded as the property of the Holy See, was to provide instruction for an ignorant people, and to extirpate vice from the Lord's vineyard: and then to so-

licit the sanction of the Pope for that project, without which he could not presume to undertake it. He says the Pontiff expressed the satisfaction with which he assented to the king's request, and exhorted him to bear always in mind the conditions upon which that assent had been grounded.

Dr. Lanigan also, though he acknowledges that many historians regard "Adrian's Bull" as a forgery, is himself certain it is a real and authentic document. Gratianus Lucius and M'Geoghegan regard the Bull as spurious. It is not to be found in the "Bullarium Romanum", which is a very significant circumstance; but, in justice to the advocates of the authenticity of the Bull, it must be said that Baronius asserts he found a copy of it in the Vatican library. Giraldus Cambrensis, Usher, and Matthew of Paris give their testimony in favour of the authenticity of the Bull. An allusion to the grant of Ireland to Henry is made in a letter to that king by Pope Alexander III., in the year 1172. It is also referred to by Pope John XXII., in a brief addressed to King Edward II., in the year 1319.

A treatise on this Bull of Adrian IV. has been recently published by Most Reverend Monsignor Moran, Bishop of Ossory, bearing the impress of his Lordship's intimate knowledge of Irish ecclesiastical history, his deep research, critical acumen, and profound erudition. His Lordship enunciates that the Bull, even as accepted by some historians, is by no means a definition "ex cathedra", nor does it propose a dogma to the universal Church for the belief of the faithful, but that it is merely commendatory for the reformation of evil manners, and for the promotion of religion and virtue and the interests of the holy Church, and for the extension of the kingdom of Christ. But his Lordship, in the most cogent train of

argument, arraigns even the very authenticity of the accepted document. It is an undoubtedly ascertained fact, that Papal Bulls, to which at all times, but more especially in mediæval ages, such momentous importance was attached, were frequently forged. To such a systematic extent were those audacious forgeries perpetrated, that not long since a matrix for multiplying the seal for Papal Bulls was found amidst the ruins of one of the Anglo-Norman monasteries founded by the house of De Courcy. It is by no means improbable that the De Lacies, Strongbows, and others were adepts at those disreputable stratagems to advance their projects, and were not at all fastidious in employing them. It is not merely now that the authenticity of the Bull is for the first time doubted. The Irish people doubted its authenticity from the earliest period of its promulgation. In many ancient manuscripts it is endorsed "Datum Romæ", though at the time it professes to have been issued it is quite certain that Pope Adrian was at Beneventum. The Bull of Adrian bears date the latter days of the year 1155. Pope Adrian died in 1159. The English invasion commenced in 1169. Henry II. landed in 1172. The promulgation of this Bull, if authentic, would have undoubtedly added the most powerful sanction and an overwhelming moral influence to the promotion of the king's ambitious projects. Yet it is most worthy of consideration, that though the Bull is dated seventeen years previously, the king never once appealed to it for authority, or even mentioned its existence. It was never produced or proclaimed till three years after the invasion, and till twenty years after the date of the Bull, and till sixteen years after the death of the Pope. The king met the bishops at Cashel in the year 1172, and though

Adrian's Bull, if it existed, should have pleaded the most powerful apology to the Irish prelates for his invasion and assumption of the sovereignty of Ireland, Henry never even indirectly alluded to it, but observed regarding it the most mysterious silence. These are historical facts which must ever excite grave suspicions of the authenticity of this Bull. No light or argument can be adduced to guide us through these clouds of doubt to the conclusion that the Bull is authentic, except the statements of Giraldus Cambrensis, and those indeed afford but a very weak foundation for the credence. The authenticity of the Bull, and its object, which he asserts was for the promotion of religious discipline, and not for territorial conquest, are very especially treated of by Lynch, in his "Cambrensis Eversus". After a due consideration of the arguments adduced by contending historians on this much vexed question, I consider the weight of argument is entirely on the side of those who doubt or deny the authenticity of the Bull.



The Mandatum.



HE next ceremony was that of the washing of the feet of the thirteen priests. The Holy Father was conveyed from the Loggia, with the usual procession, and borne in the "sedia gestatoria", again entered the Basilica.

There was a terrific rush of the vast multitude to witness the ceremony of the Pope washing the feet of the pilgrims, which took place in the transept of the Church of St. Peter's, which was splendidly draped and festooned

for the occasion. A very large space of the vast area of the church was enclosed by draped barriers, within which none were allowed to enter unless in full dress. On the left was erected a long massive bench, ascended by many steps, intended for the pilgrims, covered all over with rich tapestry—opposite were erected boxes for the ambassadors—over them were the boxes for the royal personages and their immediate relatives, all festooned and decorated. At the extreme end was the very lofty Papal throne, with overhanging canopy, festoonings in crimson velvet, coats of arms and escutcheons. At either side of the enclosure were boxes exclusively for ladies, and the centre space was occupied by gentlemen in full dress. Amongst the many royal personages present, the youthful and portly figure of the Grand Duke Constantine appeared very prominent and “facile princeps”. He wore a very light, sky-blue uniform, with silver epaulettes, silver embroidery, and pendent ornaments, which with the sky-blue ground, formed a beautiful contrast. He wore a broad silk sash across his breast. Her Royal Highness Princess Olga was on his left; she was in full dress in black silk. She wore no feathers in her hair, no lappets, diamonds, jewels, or other ornaments, but a black silk veil, suspended from her hair, fell behind with great simplicity and grace. Her lady-like placidity of expression, her easy gentleness of manner, and dignified deportment, invested her with the “air distingué”, and quite accorded with her Royal Highness’s exalted rank. Several ladies of honour and some officers in Russian uniforms stood behind them during the entire ceremony. Six of the noble guards, in their full dress uniforms, stood three at either side of the steps of the Pope’s throne, one above the other, with their drawn swords

held across their breasts. The pilgrims, thirteen in number, entered from under the arch that leads to the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. They were led in procession by some officers of the noble guard round the enclosure, and then to their seats on the elevated bench. They wore long, loose cassocks of white cloth, tied round their waists with a silk cincture, a long cowl hanging behind, and a white mantle over their breasts and shoulders, very tall white caps, white stockings, and white shoes. After a long interval the Holy Father entered from under the same archway. He wore a red cope and white mitre, and was accompanied by very many Cardinals, cross-bearers, many ecclesiastical dignitaries, and other officials. He ascended the throne, and the Deacon, with acolytes at either side, chaunted the Gospel from the twenty-first chapter of St. John, after which the Papal choir sang the versicle "*Mandatum Novum*". His Holiness then took off his cope, girded himself round with a silk band, and, preceded by his many exalted attendants, and one bearing a silver salver with many napkins, proceeded towards the pilgrims. At the foot of each stood a vase of water. The stockings were cut, so that the subdeacon could turn them up and expose their feet without the awkward process of pulling off their stockings. The Holy Father knelt. An esquire poured water out of the silver vase on the foot, which was received underneath in a silver basin. The Pope rubbed the foot, dried it, and kissed it. The Deacon presented the pilgrim a napkin and a bouquet of flowers. He was followed by the treasurer, bearing a richly-embroidered purse of scarlet velvet, out of which he took a medal of silver and another of gold, which he successively presented to each. The Pope re-ascended the throne, and the concluding orations

were chaunted. The pilgrim priests are usually called "the Apostles". Tears of devotion trickled down the Holy Father's cheeks during the ceremony, and elicited religious sensations and edification from all present. The right of selecting pilgrims for presentation at this ceremony is regarded as a great privilege—the privilege was long enjoyed by persons of the highest distinction—the right of presenting one each was conceded to the ambassadors of Austria, of Spain, Portugal, France, Venice, to the Protector of Poland, to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, to the Captain of the Swiss Guards, and in the good old days of Catholic England, the British Ambassador enjoyed that privilege.

The antiquity of the ceremony of the washing the feet is so remote, that we can fix upon no period as that of its introduction, later than the days of the Apostles themselves. In those times, more especially in eastern countries, stockings were seldom used, and sandals alone were worn on the bare feet; and as travellers generally journeyed on foot, the washing of the feet was a great refreshment and luxury. As a manifestation of respect and welcome, the feet of guests were frequently washed by the host before he entertained them at dinner, and it was regarded in Christian times as an act of condescension, of humility, and virtue. St. Paul regarded it as one of the qualifications requisite for the piety of a holy widow, as appears in the fifth chapter, tenth verse of his first epistle to Timothy, where he asks if she have "washed the saints' feet". Pope Zachary writes to the Bishop of Mayence, St. Boniface, in the year 742, regarding the ceremony of the washing the feet.

Those whose feet were washed by the Pope on this day were all priests, and were thirteen in number. Why the

number should be—not twelve, to represent the number of the Apostles—but thirteen, it may be interesting to inquire, but not so easy to determine. Some say the thirteenth represents the man, at whose house the Last Supper was given, and that our Blessed Lord washed his feet with those of His Apostles. It is again asserted, that the thirteenth commemorates the anointing of our Lord's feet by St. Mary Magdalen. Others will have it that the thirteenth represents St. Paul, others, St. Matthias. Another reason is given. St. Gregory the Great every day entertained twelve poor people at dinner. God was so pleased at this holy practice of hospitality that He sent an angel on one occasion to honour the feast; and to commemorate this singular manifestation of honour, that the habit of entertaining, and washing the feet of thirteen was since perpetuated. St. Gregory's house stood on Monte Celio, over which a noble church is now erected in his honour, in one of the chapels of which there is a fine painting, representing the angel seated with the twelve poor people at dinner, and St. Gregory serving them, and on it is inscribed the following verse:—

*“Bissenos hic Gregorius pascebat egenos,
Angelus et decimus tertius accubuit”.*

On the threshold of this church an inscription records that from this identical spot, in the year 596, St. Augustin and his companions were commissioned by Pope Gregory to go forth on their mission for the conversion of England, to announce to the Britons the tidings of salvation, to preach the gospel truths, and unfold to them their charter title-deeds to everlasting inheritances.



The Cœna.



IMMEDIATELY after the "lavanda" or washing of the feet, the Pope entertains and serves the thirteen pilgrim priests at a grand banquet in commemoration of our Lord's last supper with his disciples.

The guards now formed a double line, from where we were, across the entire church, to the opposite side, so as to secure a free passage from the transept to the small door that leads to the cupola, through which all were to pass to the "cœna", where the pilgrims were to be entertained and waited on at table, by the Pope himself. There was a great rush to witness this ceremony—and many were the wry faces, and mournful looks, at finding that all egress was cut off by the lines of soldiery, and that they could not now pass in, to secure places in the hall above, where the entertainment was to be given. The pilgrims passed in procession through the guards—then all the "corps diplomatique"—then the Princess Olga and the Grand Duke Constantine, and their suite—and several other noble and distinguished characters. I with difficulty got into the hall prepared for the "cœna"—it is immediately over, and of the same size as, the great vestibule, and I was astonished at its vast dimensions, as I had never seen it before—it was all splendidly draped and festooned, and looked extremely pretty. It was already thronged to excess by crowds who were anxious to secure favourable positions. The arrangements for the accommodation of the ladies and royal families were similar to those in the transept below. About the centre stood the table for the pilgrims—it was covered with a white cloth, to which was attached hand-

some festooning, that hung all around—the cloth was strewed all over with flowers and rose leaves. Thirteen statues of the apostles, and St. John the Baptist—very tall—of exquisite workmanship—all made of lacquered bronze, stood as ornaments arranged along the table. The lamb represented as a victim, about to be immolated on a pile of wood, all composed of bronze, and of very large dimensions, stood in the centre. Before each statue was placed a bouquet of flowers, in superb porcelain vases. The remainder of the table was laid out with vases containing fruits of every variety, and of the choicest description—and with birds, and ships, and gondolas, and castles, and many other charming ornaments, all made of pastry. The crowd was excessive, and the crush most alarming. I made great exertions to get near the table, and, in my efforts, I was waved about on the undulating crowd as a surge on the ocean. I feared I should have been crushed to death. I was desirous to get out, but, on looking back at the dense mass of human beings, I feared there was no returning. After many fruitless efforts, I at length succeeded in getting back again to the lower end of the hall—I got a distant glimpse of all. The pilgrims were seated—and the Pope entered through a narrow passage—he was dressed in a white soutan and a scarlet mosette, trimmed with ermine, and a white silk cap on his head. The Pope said grace. He girded himself with an apron, and then poured out water, with which each pilgrim washed his hands. A reader, seated in a pulpit, as is usual in religious communities, then commenced to read aloud a spiritual lecture. The dishes arrived—they were first handed by the attendants to the chamberlains—and the chamberlains knelt, as they presented each dish to the Holy Father; the Pope then laid

them before the pilgrims. When they had partaken of each, he removed it, and laid another before them, and so on through a great variety of courses. He replenished their glasses again and again with wine and water as often as they quaffed their beverage. On receiving the first dish from the hands of the Pope, each pilgrim rose, and bowed to the Holy Father; he continued sitting during the remainder of the time. They all seemed quite composed—and ate very heartily. The repast occupied about three quarters of an hour—and the Pope shed most abundant tears of devotion during the entire ceremony; he then retired, escorted by the noble guards and followed by his suite. Then was there another tremendous rush towards the table, to get a flower or some other little memorial of so interesting a scene. A large basket was then brought to each pilgrim, into which he put all that remained of his portion of the banquet—eatables of every description were put in promiscuously, and heaped one above another—grapes, and oranges, and biscuits, and fish, salads, and apricots, and vegetables, and flowers, and pastry, and sweets in endless variety. Each pilgrim gave his well stored basket to an attendant, who bore it away. Those dainties afford an interesting feast to their several friends, who regale themselves on them in the evening. The pilgrims were then escorted by the Swiss guards to an apartment, where they changed their dresses and retired. In the morning they had all made a visit in procession to the shrines of the apostles.


On this day the Pope entertains thirteen priests at dinner in one of his own state chambers. On this festival all the cardinals are invited to a grand dinner entertainment in the Vatican.

In all ancient monasteries, the ceremony of the washing

of the feet was exactly observed, and in convents of religious ladies, the Reverend Mother Abbess washed the feet of all the nuns of her convent.



The Quattro Capi: Tiber: Ghetto: Forum.

FTER the forenoon ceremonies in the Vatican on Holy Thursday, I wandered towards home by a route that lay through narrow streets, amidst congested masses of nodding houses, up hill and down hill, through curving, sinuous crevasses, wending along by hall ways, under arches and gloomy covered galleries, through the complicated mazes and arteries of this Eternal City. I passed over to the left side of the Tiber by the bridge Ponte di Quattro Capi, so called from a four-headed figure of Janus which anciently stood near it. This bridge was originally called Pons Fabricius, having been built by the then Curator Viarum of Ancient Rome named Fabricius, and in the year 60 before the birth of Christ. It is associated with the memories of classic times, and is mentioned in the satires of Horace as being the spot where Damasippus was about to throw himself into the Tiber, and was deterred from the rash act by the admonitions of Stertinius. I leant for a time over the parapets of this ancient bridge, looking down on the current of the yellow waters of Old Father Tiber still flowing on to the sea, as the ceaseless stream of time flows on to the ocean of eternity. I contemplated the momentous events that occurred on these banks—events upon which hinged the destinies of the empires of the world. Into those waters plunged the brave Horatius,

the keeper of the gate. They were crossed by triumphant armies, generals, and emperors, and were often crimsoned by the tide of life flowing from gashes opened by charging battalions who pierced each other's vitals with their naked steel. On these banks Peter and the Vicars of Christ presented to Christendom the Magna Charta of the most ennobling privileges, and unfolded to the children of grace their title deeds to their everlasting inheritances! I thought that perhaps many precious relics of ancient Rome still lay hidden beneath those waters. It occurred to me that as the Popes have been so successful in recovering so many treasures of chronology, archæology, and prized works of ancient art by excavating the foundations of old houses and palaces, and former classic sites, that many more such treasures must be buried beneath the bed of the Tiber. How deeply interesting would be the work of fishing up those buried prizes! An enterprise to effect this project has been recently organized, and just now the finest river fishing in the world is about to begin. The Tiber is to be dragged for its hidden antiquities. A society has been formed at Rome for this purpose, in conjunction with the engineering company established for the embankment of the Tiber. Signor Castellani, Prince Odescalchi, the Marquis Vitelleschi, Mr. Story, the eminent American sculptor, and the historian Mommson, are some of those who have taken the matter up. In a letter to Castellani, the historian gives unreserved encouragement to the undertaking, and speaks of the "noble enterprise, which cannot fail to awaken the highest interest, and to deserve the loudest applause of the archæologists of all countries, as well as of those who know our present civilization to be grafted on old Roman culture, so that what is always the church's capital is in a certain sense the capital of the whole

world". Herr Mommsen has no doubt that the search will lead to the discovery of great artistic and archæological treasures, "especially in bronzes". The works of the society will be carried on, we may say, hand in hand with those of the engineers engaged to protect the city of Rome against the periodical ravages of the river. One noble feature of the project is, that the work is to be done "for love". Whatever objects may be reclaimed are to form a National Roman Museum: and the members renounce beforehand every thought of dividends, spoil, or personal return for their money and co-operation. The enterprise is independent of the Government, and entirely patriotic; yet the aid of foreign archæologists will not be declined, if offered upon the same basis of frank enthusiasm for learning and ancient art. Now, then, for the "seven-branched candlestick", the "head of Tolus", or whatever else may turn up! Sport royal may be anticipated—for twenty-five centuries have ground-baited those fishing deeps.

Passing over this bridge of Quattro Capi, I entered the region called the Pescheria, and soon after reached the locality inhabited by the Jews, the Ghetto. Many Hebrew captives were sent to Rome by Pompey, and their descendants fixed their residence there during the old Empire, and obtained protection and many privileges during the reigns of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. They multiplied, and Josephus states they once numbered a population of 8,000 souls. They became turbulent; their residence in the city was at first confined to the limits of the Trastevere. Subsequently Pope Paul IV. obliged them to reside within the quarter of Rome called the Ghetto. It was surrounded by walls, and was entered by gates, which were locked up on them every night.

The streets within are narrow and the locality is squalid, and yet, though containing a population of 3,600 within a very contracted area, is still remarkable for its singular salubrity, attributable, as is supposed, to the density of the population being a security against the prevalence of the malaria, the scourge of Rome. Some few are rich, but the great majority are paupers. Pope Nicholas III. and Gregory XIII. obliged them to send a representative body of some hundreds to attend six times a year in the church of St. Angelo, in Pescheria, to hear explanatory lectures on the Old Testament, especially on the prophecies relating to the Messiah, in expectation of converting them to the belief in Christ and Christianity. The fruit, alas! has been small indeed! Pope Pius IX. abolished the Ghetto as an exclusive residence for the Jews, allowing them at pleasure to fix their dwellings in any other part of the city. Their numbers now in Rome very closely approximate 4,000.

In Palestine the Jews have long been reduced to a very small proportion of their former numbers. They are now most numerous in the northern part of Africa, between Morocco and Egypt, where, especially in the Barbary States, they form the chief element of the population, and in that strip of Europe which extends from the Lower Danube to the Baltic. In the latter region there are about 4,000,000 Jews, most of whom are of the middle class, among the Slavonic nationalities; while in the whole of Western Europe there are not 100,000 of them. In consequence of European migrations, descendants of these Jews have settled in America and Australia, where they are already multiplying in the large commercial towns in the same manner as in Europe, and much more rapidly than the Christian population. The Jewish settlers in

Northern Africa are also increasing so much that they constantly spread farther to the south. Timbuctoo has, since 1858, been inhabited by a Jewish colony of traders. The other Jews in Africa are the Falaschas or Abyssinian black Jews, and a few European Jews at the Cape of Good Hope. There are numerous Jewish colonies in Yemen and Nedschran, in Western Arabia. It has long been known that there are Jews in Persia and the countries on the Euphrates; in the Turcoman countries they inhabit the four fortresses of Scherisebs, Kitab, Schamatan, and Urta Kurgan, and thirty small villages—residing in a separate quarter, but treated on an equal footing with the other inhabitants, though they have to pay higher taxes. There are also Jews in China, and in Cochin China there are both white and black Jews. The white Jews have a tradition, according to which in the year 70 A.D. their ancestors were 10,000 Jews who settled at Cranganore, on the coast of Malabar, after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. The Jews remained at Cranganore until 1565, when they were driven into the interior by the Portuguese. The black settlers are supposed to be native proselytes, and have a special synagogue of their own.

Finally, I reached the Campo Vaccino, the cattle market or Smithfield of Rome. Though ignoble the modern use and name, it occupies a site of no less historic celebrity than that of the classic ground of the ancient Roman Forum. It was comprised within the space between the Palatine and Capitoline, but its precise boundaries form a subject of much discussion and angry controversies between the conflicting theories of historians and antiquarians. It is supposed to have extended from the Capitol and the Arch of Septimius Severus towards the Arch of Titus, opposite the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina on

the one side, and on the other, opposite the three columns in front of San Maria Liberatrice, and that it was bounded by the ancient Comitium and the Via Sacra. No spot of ground on the habitable globe has been subjected to such searching scrutiny, or has challenged a sharper passage of arguments in the conflicts of the learned in endeavouring to determine the precise line of boundary of this Roman Forum. Recently, however, a discovery has just been made upon the Forum, which will not only interest all archæological students, but also all classical scholars in the world. It is the remains of the pedestal of the colossal equestrian bronze statue of Domitian, which, according to Statius, was situated in the middle of the Forum, and the discovery of which has always been looked forward to as the solution of the many difficulties and contending theories connected with its topography. In form it is a parallelogram, the length of which is parallel to the Via Sacra, and distant about forty feet from it. Its direction, therefore, is towards the Arch of Titus, and corresponds exactly with the position assigned by Statius to the statue of Domitian. It is near to that spring which bubbles upon the Via Sacra in front of the Basilica Julia; and as regards the length of the Forum, it stands very nearly midway between the Rostra Veteres and that lofty platform of a small temple discovered at the beginning of the year by Signor Rosa, and believed to be the temple of the Deified Julius. The pedestal measures 4·60 metres in width and about 7·20 in length; but, as far as has been ascertained, it would seem to have been something longer. From the discovery of this pedestal, no further doubt can remain either as to the direction in which the Forum lay, or as to the names which have been given by the Italian, English, or German archæologists to the buildings which

surround it. Behind the pedestal stand the remains of the Temples of Vespasian and of Concord, and immediately in front of it the platform on which once stood the Temple of the Deified Julius. On the right side are the remains of a gigantic Basilica, the Basilica Julia ; and on the left there can be no doubt that the continuation of the excavations will, at a more or less equal distance, reveal the remains of the Basilica Æmilia. Finally, the face of a statue occupying this pedestal, being turned a little to the right, would look directly towards the Imperial Palace and the Temple of Vesta, the remains of which are now covered by the Church of Sta. Maria Liberatrice.

Education in Rome and in England.



DURING my ramble through the city, I passed very many educational establishments, colleges, and schools, all under the direction of the teaching religious orders and confraternities. Their numbers and results afford the most conclusive reply to those who assert that the Catholic Church is opposed to education and scientific progress. The Church has ever zealously patronized and cherished secular and religious education, natural and divine. She has ever stimulated youth to aspire to the highest attainment of both, but never separately, always concomitantly. She regards religion as a guide, indispensable to the safety and utility of scientific education ; and that without the light of her guidance, science may blindly tend to the destruction of the scholar, and eventuate in the most baneful disasters to society. The Acts of the Vatican Council

again emphatically enunciated these principles, as may be learned from the following extract from those Acts. The following remarkable passage is quoted from the acts of the Council: "The Catholic Church perpetually and unanimously has also held and holds that there is a twofold knowledge—natural and divine. And not only can faith and reason never be at variance, but they afford each other mutual assistance; for right reason demonstrates the foundation of faith, and, illumined by its light, cultivates the science of things divine, while faith frees and guards reason from errors, and furnishes it with manifold knowledge. So far, therefore, is the Church from opposing the cultivation of human arts and sciences, that she many ways helps and promotes it; for she is neither ignorant of, nor despises the benefits to human life which result from them, but confesses that as they come from God, the Lord of sciences, so, if they be rightly treated, they lead to God by the help of His grace. Nor does the Church forbid that each of these sciences, within its own sphere, should make use of its own principles and its own method; but while recognizing this just liberty, she is sedulously on her guard, lest, by opposing the divine teaching, they assume the patronage of error, and lest, going beyond their own boundary, they invade and trouble the domain of faith". Secular learning has been cultivated by the children of Holy Church in every age, and to their zeal is the world indebted for the preservation of all the treasures of historic, artistic, scientific, and classic literature which it possesses. Even her ecclesiastics have ever been the most prominent pioneers in penetrating unknown regions of, and making new discoveries in, literature, in astronomy, and in all the arts and sciences. In modern times Cardinal Wiseman seemed to have been born in the

centre of a circle of every branch of polite literature, of art, taste, and science, and to have taken up each alternately, and displayed and developed them all to admiring multitudes. Cardinal Maï drew from oblivion treasures of classic lore. Cardinal Mezzofanti was the greatest linguist that ever lived. Pope Benedict XIV. was the most learned personage of his age. The Royal Society of London so highly appreciated the acquirements in astronomical science of Boscovic, a Jesuit, that they selected him as one of the best qualified professors in the world to travel to a distant land to take observations, and report on the transit of Venus across the Sun. Father Shiner was pre-eminent in his knowledge of the sense of vision and in optics. Father Secchi is universally admitted to be one of the first professors of Europe in the science of astronomy: and Father Monyal in abstract mathematics: and Father Mercenne in other literary and scientific branches of secular education. It was also a Catholic priest who, after a vast amount of labour, fixed the precise dates of every eclipse of the sun and moon which occurred to a very remote date of antiquity. Another discovered and elucidated the very abstruse laws which govern the formation of crystals. His learning commanded the respect of even the infidels of the first French revolution. Pope Gregory the Great reformed the calendar. Father Calvius distinguished himself in the same department of science. Even in our own country and in our own days, Very Reverend Dr. Callan, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Maynooth College, elicited the acknowledgments and admiration of the science professors of the world for the discoveries he made in the mysterious agent or fluid of electricity or magnetism, and invented a battery which they wished to designate as the Callan battery, but which

his modesty named, and which has now acquired universal celebrity as, the Maynooth battery. Copernicus was the Newton of his age, and through his writings, experiments, and his discoveries on our planetary system, may be justly regarded as Newton's preceptor. The Prussians, ambitious to enumerate this great genius amongst their celebrities, assert he was a native of Germany. Their arguments are quite inconclusive. I have no doubt of his having been a native of Poland. The name is derived not from the German, but from the Slavic. Melancthon, the "Preceptor Germaniæ", was a contemporary of Copernicus, and in a letter of his lately found in the library of Wolfenbüttel, in alluding to the great astrologer, he styles him "Sarmaticus", which in those days signified a Pole. He thus expresses himself in reference to the discoverer of the Copernican system: "Ut ille astrologus Sarmaticus qui terram movet, et solem figit". "As the Polish astrologer who makes the earth to move, and the sun to stop". Priests and monks have in every age attained celebrity as musical composers and painters—amongst them Abbé Vogler; and the pencil of the Blessed Angelico was amongst those of the most charming of artists. Cardinal Ximenes was preëminent amongst the most distinguished literary characters of the world at the close of the fifteenth century. The library of the Propaganda in Rome contains 45,000 volumes, and the college is constantly circulating literary productions of the deepest research and of the most erudite character through its publishing agent, Don Pietro Marietti of Turin; and which, even for paper, typography, and binding, are unrivalled in the world, and won the prizes in the London and Dublin exhibitions as the most successful specimens. This college once possessed twenty-five founts of valuable and very rare type, in

twenty-five different languages, all of which were wantonly destroyed during the revolution of 1798, by the representatives of those who now accuse the Church of being opposed to secular literature.

Every ingenious effort has been strained to the utmost tension, by the adversaries of the Papal Government in these countries, to prove its deficiency in educational requirements. All their attempts to establish the charge have proved abortive. All England rang with denunciations against the intolerance of the members of the Papal Government, because they refused to transfer the guardianship of a Christian child to its Jewish parents, who were determined to teach it to renounce Christianity, and to deny Christ, and thus deprive it of the glorious inheritances to which it became entitled on being numbered amongst the children of grace. If, however, England provoke a comparison between the moral and educational condition of the poor children of these realms and of Rome, it will prove not unfavourable to the Papal Government and its religious educational corporations.

To convey some idea of the number and efficiency of those corporations of religious men and women who labour gratuitously, and of the aid rendered to government education and religion by those disinterested and powerful auxiliaries, I shall enumerate some out of the very many of those establishments in Rome. "Scientific instruction for males is given in the Roman University, which in the present year counts 1,094 students; in the Lyceum of the Pontifical Roman Seminary, 703 students; in the Roman College, 1,249 students; in the Urban College de Propaganda Fide, 226 students; in the Roman Gymnasium of Philosophy at Santa Maria della Pace, 90 students; in the College of St. Thomas, at Santa Maria

sopra Minerva, 97 students ; and in the Technical Institute for Surveying and Measurement, 68 students. Elementary instruction for males is given in two of the colleges of the Fathers of the Scuole Pie, in two of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine, in six managed by the Christian Brothers, in the school of the Brothers of Mercy, in that of the Brothers of the Conception, in another of the Vatican Seminary, in seven parochial schools, in two Pontifical schools, in other two schools of the Subsidy Commission, in the school of St. Vincent de Paul, in that of the clerks of the Vatican Basilica, in one of Prince Massimi, in the night schools established in several parishes, and frequented by 2,000 youths ; in four infant asylums, in other secular colleges, boarding schools, and institutes of charity, counting 691 pupils ; and finally, in the regionary schools, which muster 3,806 of an attendance. The establishments for the education of females are no fewer. There are the ten schools of the pious work-mistresses, the two of the pious mistresses of Venerini, four of the Sisters of Providence, five of the Daughters of Charity. Then the School of Brignoline, that of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, two of the Sisters of St. Joseph, five of the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood, two of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart, two of the Daughters of Providence, of the Sisters of St. Dorothy, of the religious of the Sacred Heart, the School of the Sisters of Charity, of the Ursulines, of the Philippines, of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, of the Daughters of Maria nill 'Orto, of the Daughters of St. Andrew's Cross, of the Augustinian Oblates, and the Marian Sisters ; besides three Pontifical schools, two of the Subsidy Commission, the parochial regionary schools in all the parishes, frequented by 2,282 young girls, without speaking of those

that are educated in the different conservatories, boarding schools, and institutes of charity, in which the pupils amount to 2,494. So that in Rome we have the following total of public instruction: Scientific instruction imparted gratuitously to 3,527 males. Elementary education imparted to 6,105 males gratuitously, and 3,806 non-gratuitously, both together making a total of 9,911 boys receiving elementary instruction, and a total of 13,438 in course of education. With regard to females, 8,188 are educated gratuitously, and 2,765 otherwise, making a total of 10,953 young girls. To conclude, the population of the schools of Rome for the year 1867 is 24,391, of whom 17,820 are educated gratuitously, and but 6,571 pay for their education".

In the immense establishment of the Hospital of San Michele, a great number of poor children are entirely provided for, instructed in the knowledge of machinery, in all descriptions of manufactures, in the arts and sciences, in drawing, painting, architecture, music, and statuary, and all gratuitously. A cardinal resides in and presides over the institution. It was long presided over by the distinguished patron of every art and science, his Eminence Cardinal Tosti. The admirable system, internal organization, and general efficiency of those charitable institutions are mainly attributable to the staffs of religious monks and nuns who bind themselves by vow, and who gratuitously devote their lives to their service, and who, by thus working for God, for their neighbour, and their own eternal salvation, are prompted by supernatural motives which convert every irksome duty into a labour of love.

There are those who assert that this profuse liberality in charitably supplying every want of the destitute children, enervates the spirit of industry, promotes idleness and

a supine indolence, and is vitally opposed to the philosophic principles of political economists. It requires, however no very peering eye, or microscopic scrutiny of the mind of the destitute child under the political economy of the Pope's states, to display to the students of humanity in the abstract, and to social types in the concrete, an analysis which will prove most favourable when contrasted with that phenomenon observable only in this country of inordinate wealth and abject destitution, the pauper child of Britain. There are "enfants trouves", "nobody's children", "beggar urchins", "castaway little ones", and "foundlings" in France, America, Spain, Russia, and other countries; but nowhere are they better provided for than in Rome, and though in those other realms, too, they are objects of state solicitude, in no region were they so recklessly abandoned, until very lately, as the pauper child of England. Though no person could tell the circumstances of the unknown parents, the little innocent parish child was necessarily branded with the mark of infamy and illegitimacy. He was often named after the dog that scented him out, or the rushes or hawthorn under which he was found. As he grew up, his person displayed more forcibly the most utter neglect. His face was squalid, his hair clotted with filth and grizzled with rust, and, like the land in the spring time under the plough, his brow was early furrowed by the plough-share of harrowing misery which penetrated the very sub-soil—the pointed iron seemed to have entered into his very soul! The little innocent shrank from the gaze of society, as the culprit shrinks from the glance of a stern judge. His glassy, sunken eyes stealthily peered from under his eyebrows like the eyes of a ferret glistening in the mouth of a burrow. His wizened countenance, his bloodless,

blanched cheek, like a bit of sodden cream cheese, as cold and as clammy too, too plainly indicated the want of nutrition, and that the crimson tide of life had stagnated in his veins, and seemed to have been frosted and grown white with gelidity. His coarse garments, supplied from the parish, though very scantily cut, were too large, hung loosely, and his emaciated figure was lost and seemed to have gone astray in the flowing folds of the drapery. He tottered rather than walked, for his spider legs were bending, being too weak to support even the lightness of his attenuated frame. The only conversation of which he ever formed the subject was the grumbling dissatisfaction of the tax payers on being required to subscribe for his cradle or his coffin. At being kicked or cuffed he felt no surprise ; he regarded that as the portion of his inheritance, and never shed a tear but on the occasion of hearing some compassionate citizen, as he passed, expressing his sympathy by exclaiming, "poor child !" Knowing nothing more of his parentage than that he was the child of somebody, and belonged to nobody, destitute of a patron, and without a home ; a species of excrescence to be cauterized, whose contact was avoided by every body, his opening reason was bewildered with hopeless amazement at who were his father and mother, at where he came from, where he belonged to, or how he came into this world, in which he felt he was a nuisance, an incubus, a vermin which every one wished to be rid of, but which they knew not how to exterminate. The resting-place he ambitioned was the little churchyard in the midst of the fields which seemed so retired : shaded by the cypress and gracefully pending branches of the willow, the child envied the quietude of those who reposed beneath the green surface of the graves browsed over by the gentle sheep and lambs.

He was badly clad, half starved, and received the worst of treatment, got no education, his moral culture was totally neglected. As to the first impress, or early lessons of virtue, his soul was a blank page, and his natural tendencies to evil meeting no obstruction, was a gravitative attraction to draw him down to the lowest depths of vice. If the case of the boy in those dens of misery, the Union Workhouse, were deplorable, that of the little girl was entirely desperate and hopeless. Her virtue was soon wrecked, and at an early age she became a mother under circumstances not edifying. In maturer years she was a turbulent lawless virago and thief, who was arrested, spent her night in the police office, was presented in the morning before the magistrate, who consigned her again and again to the cells of the public prison, from which she always returned the same incorrigible culprit. Sometimes those friendless little ones, both boys and girls, to exonerate the parish rates of the burden of their scanty maintenance, were apprenticed out, and then the evidences recorded in books of parliamentary commissions of inquiry, testify that the condition of the little niggers in the worst state of the West Indian slave islands, was bliss itself when contrasted with their miserable existence. Those records tell of shocking scenes of brutality, and withering stories of direful woes, which harrow every feeling of humanity. It was from those forlorn, unprotected children, inheriting all the cruelties and "all the ills which flesh is heir to" that the notorious Elizabeth Brownrigge selected her victims—and from them Esther Hibner recruited the vacant ranks of the little tambour workers, as they were thinned by being lashed, worked, and starved to death, and for which she paid the penalty of her life by having been hanged at the common place of execution. Little

girls were sometimes bound apprentices to braziers, bolt makers, and nailers. The reports of parliamentary commissioners record that many children were reduced to skeletons and filled early graves, from the excessive labour to which they were subjected in factories. Children of both sexes were consigned to mines, where on all fours like beasts of burden, covered with scanty shreds of garments, scarce sufficient to supply the demands of modesty, were harnessed to the lorries to drag out the coals from the low crevasses of those darksome labyrinths. They dwelt for months together in those subterranean regions, without once seeing the light of the sun, and grew up to maturity without having ever heard of the tidings of redemption, of their title-deeds to a blessed immortality, and of their everlasting inheritance, or without ever having heard of the name of the God that created them, except to blaspheme Him. Little girls were got rid of by being sent out as servants-of-all-work, and the indication of a heartless mistress's displeasure which they often received, was a battering with a poker, or a stroke of a scrubbing brush or a churn staff, which felled the little innocent victim to the ground. Some little boys were enlisted into the navy, or were apprenticed as cabin boys in colliers, or in the mercantile marine. For the slightest offence to a petty officer, or forgetfulness of duty, they were obliged to bend forward and hold a ring bolt on the deck, whilst a savage boatswain or boatswain's mate inflicted a dozen of welts with a cane upon his person, which raised livid ridges, which required months to obliterate. Others were tied on the butt end of a gun, and there lashed in a manner most degrading and sanguinary. Some were cast into irons, some subjected to the punishment of "picketing", "keelhauling", and "mastheading", "rope ending", and "spread eagling", at the whim of a splenetic

lieutenant of the watch. Some had their bodies beaten into a sodden bluish pulp with a rope's end, to oblige them to overcome their timidity to ascend the lofty shrouds, and mount on tiny footing to the giddy altitudes of the top gallant mast, beneath the flying pennants. On board a man of war, an officer of the watch, at the dead hour of night and in the coldest climates, entered the compartment in which the little midshipmen, sons of the noblest families in Britain, were asleep in their suspended hammocks, and, with knife in hand, cried out, "out or down, show a leg", which if they did not instantly obey, and start up and prepare to enter on the midnight watch, he cut the cords at the head side, and down they fell with such violence that sometimes the skull was fractured. Little boys who were apprenticed to chimney sweeps, were forced up the chimneys by roasting their bare feet with torches of burning straw. To escape the flames and the pains, they forced themselves up narrow flues, where they became so immovably jammed, that they could be extricated only by breaking open the walls, through the holes of which they pulled out the lacerated corpse, but not before the spirit had flitted away on the wings of freedom from the tormentors of this world, to the land of bliss, where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest".

Though cruelties such as these were unquestionably inflicted on helpless little ones in these realms, justice requires, I should say, that a more humane policy has guided the jurisprudence of our legislators in latter years, and that those barbarities are now almost entirely extinct, and that the condition of children in our workhouses is much ameliorated, and the governors are animated with a more sensitive sense of their responsibilities as their

legal guardians. But the consciousness that those cruelties were inflicted until recent times in Britain, should silence Englishmen in their censures on the system of education and treatment of poor children under the paternal government of Rome. Even yet, alas! cruelties still more disastrous than those are inflicted on the consciences and religious education of poor Catholic children in these realms.

Those evils were great; but they bore no proportion to the disasters which resulted to little Catholic children in English workhouses, and other educational establishments, by denying their clergy that necessary control and liberty to impart religious instruction, and by the petty persecutions to which children were subjected, and the allurements by which they were tempted, and which often eventuated in the loss of the precious treasure of their faith. The workhouses of England even still exemplify this sad truth. In Ireland the former prohibition under the severest penalties against all Catholic teaching—the subsequent establishment of the Protestant “parochial schools” for elementary instruction—“the Schools of Erasmus Smith”—the “Catechetical and Bible Schools”, the “Charter Schools” of the reign of George II., the schools established by “the Society for the suppression of Vice”, the schools of the London Hibernian Society”, and the schools of “the Kildare Street Society”, all commanding affluent pecuniary resources—and the exclusive character of university education, are all mournful records of the proselytizing spirit and cruelty of the war waged even in Catholic Ireland against the rights of conscience and the rights of faith. After the lengthened period during which those educational institutions, exclusively Protestant denominational and proselytising have

been established in Catholic Ireland, and endowed from the revenues of Catholic foundations, bequests, and estates, and from the common taxes of all creeds in the empire, Catholics are now denied a charter and an endowment for a Catholic University, because their education there is to be denominational. That is to say, whilst revenues which had been exclusively Catholic donations, were diverted for years to the education of Protestants, who are only 23 per cent. of the population, are now denied to the representatives of the pious donors who compose 77 per cent. of the population. Whilst the state could, they gave Catholic revenues to Protestants: when required to give Catholics a portion of their own just rights, the cry is, "concurrent endowment is dead". Trinity College receives £75,000 a year; the Catholic University nothing. Another reason alleged for the denial of a charter and endowment to the Catholic University is the anomaly that would arise of three universities in the one city. Yet, two are given to the 23 per cent. of the population, and not one to the 77 per cent. If there were to be but one, the equity of jurisprudence should suggest that one should be for the education of the vast majority, and not for the small minority of the population: the more cogently can this be urged when we know that in Scotland, where there is almost a uniformity of creed, there were till lately two universities in the town of Aberdeen, and there are still four in Scotland, though the population is little more than one-half the population of Ireland, where the Catholics are denied even one university. Queen Elizabeth founded one university in Dublin in the year 1591 for the education of the 23 per cent., and its college is the richest in the world. Queen Victoria founded another for the 23 per cent. in the year 1850. The Pope founded another for

the 77 per cent.—the state refuses to endow or recognize it. Thus, whilst it is regarded as no anomaly to have two universities for a small minority, it is regarded as a great anomaly to have a third for the vast majority of the population of Ireland !

It is consolatory to turn from such appalling scenes of youthful misery to the healthy condition of destitute children under the government of the Popes, where such cruelties never did, or ever could possibly occur, but where from time immemorial they were trained by the most efficient staffs of the religious orders, by the monks and nuns, to be not paupers, but were rescued from all the contaminating and debasing influences of such vicious systems, and were taught to be useful citizens, good Christians, and aspirants to the most exalted positions, and to become eminent in literature, science, and art. It is still more consolatory to reflect that all this philanthropy, this Christian solicitude and educational training, is made subservient and auxiliary to impressing their souls with the ennobling principles of religion, of their immortality, the greatness of their hopes, their eternal destinies, and to teach them to secure their everlasting inheritances, in comparison with which corporal sustenance, health, liberty, or life itself, are insignificant, and weigh as lightly as the down of a feather poised with an ingot of gold ! What doth it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?

The solicitude of those teachers for their pupils ceased not with the term of the school days of the child. Those religious, like the nuns and monks and Christian brothers, and pious confraternities who preside over the schools of our own country, after qualifying their scholars by imparting secular knowledge, seasoned with religious instruc-

tion, obtained for them suitable situations in professional or mercantile offices. They exercised a surveillance over their after career, inspired by more than paternal solicitude. The convent was the place to which the child ever resorted for advice; it was a beacon to guide her in the hour of darkness; if she ever unhappily erred, it was the land-mark to guide her back from her wanderings to the path she lost. When surrounded by difficulties and temptations, amidst the inundating tide of vice, the convent was the ark to which she fled for safety, and in which she mounted buoyantly over the swelling flood, and towards which the bird ever returned with the branch, till the waters again subsided, and till the dove could fly away in security, and eventually land on the mountain of God.

The modern system of our statesmen in eliminating religion from our universities and schools, and proclaiming the divorce of education from religion, has inundated Europe with the most baneful social disasters, and is plunging England into the most stupefied repose and lethargy of religious indifference, if not into the depths of total infidelity. To unchristianize education is the highest treason of a Christian realm. This is true, not merely in reference to primary and intermediate education, but even still more so in reference to university education. If religion be eliminated there can in reality be no "*scholium generale*", or university properly so called. If there be a Supreme Being, and that nothing is taught of that Supreme Being in that university, it cannot be called a "*scholium universale*", as Dr. Newman well expresses in his work on University education:—"If then, in an institution which professes all knowledge, nothing is taught, nothing is professed of the Supreme Being, it is fair to infer that every individual of all those who advocate that

institution—supposing him consistent—distinctly holds that nothing is known for certain about the Supreme Being; nothing so as to have any claim to be regarded as an accession to the stock of general knowledge existing in the world. In a word, strong as may appear the assertion, such an institution cannot be what it professes—if there be a God; but by the very force of the terms, it is very plain that God and such a university cannot coexist”. What God and His Church have united let no man separate. There can be no divorce from the indissoluble union of Church and State—school and Church—education and priest. In proportion as the child increases in wisdom and age, he must increase in grace. The Christian child has a right to be instructed in faith and morality. This instruction is a prerogative beyond the jurisdiction of the civil power. The civil power is entitled to govern in the secular concerns of the state. The jurisdiction and prerogatives of that power belong to the natural order. Education belongs to the supernatural order. The civil power may instruct, but it cannot educate; instruction is not education. Education necessarily requires that the Christian child acquire a knowledge of its eternal destinies, of all the doctrines and dogmas of Christianity, and of the means to secure his everlasting inheritances. It is the duty and the right of the pastor to aid parents by the exercise of his ministry, in communicating this education to their children. He who deprives children of this doctrinal and dogmatic instruction, robs them of their most precious inheritances. A child is not a chattel to be disposed of by the civil power, or by natural law. If parents criminally omit their duty, and neglect to provide education for their children, and that thus they become vicious, immoral, thieves, disloyal, it

may be asked—has the Government no right to instruct them? In that case, some say it has, but solely on the principle of self-preservation, of protecting the natural order or social condition from the effects of their baneful influence, on the same principle by which the quarantine laws prohibit a diseased person from landing, or by which fire-arms are taken out of the hands of dangerous characters; beyond that, the education of children belongs exclusively to their parents, aided by the direction and ministry of the Holy Church. From that assertion I must dissent. Even though the education of children be neglected by their parents—even though they become juvenile criminals, the Church does not abandon her children in their wanderings from virtue, in their sin and guilt—even still she claims the exclusive right to educate them, and never even under these circumstances, does she commit their education to the state or secular power, which is solely established for civil purposes, and not for education.

The parents of the child have not the time nor perhaps the capabilities of discharging that important obligation. They send them to school, where they expect it will be imparted. The religious education of their children in the school then is the parent's right—it is the children's inheritance. The school is a state in the Christian commonwealth where they are entitled to these privileges. The school is a porch adjoining the sanctuary. It is a court of the temple. The Church erected it to form her own children to Christ. She cannot commit their formation to seculars. To do so would be to surrender her sacred commission. She cannot surrender her right to impart united secular and religious education in her schools. A Catholic nation is entitled, by human and divine right, to Catholic education, and to be aided therein by the state from its pecuniary resources,

and the violation of this right will involve a disruption of the social relations of the empire, embarrass conscience, and invade the domain of faith. Christian education is vital to faith, vital to the interests of God's faithful people, vital to peace, to law and order, and to all our social relations, vital to the loyalty of subjects, and to the stability of empires. Separate not secular from religious instruction. Fix no boundary lines, marking one time for secular and another for religious teaching. Religious education tolerates no such mechanical devices. The one is the salt that impregnates and seasons the other. Separate them, and what was to be saved loses its savour. Religion is the atmosphere in which, to be healthy, secular education must breathe. In support of this, I shall quote the memorable words of even the Protestant statesman, Guizot: "In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. I do not simply mean by this that religious instruction should hold its place in popular education, and that the practices of religion should enter into it; for a nation is not religiously educated by such petty and mechanical devices. It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour. It is a faith and a law which ought to be constantly felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our minds and our lives".





Charitable Institutions of Rome.

QUALLY efficiently have the ecclesiastical corporations, the various orders of religious men and women, the pious sodalities and confraternities founded under the patronage of the Papal government and by the endowments of the Pope himself, and the bountiful benevolence of private individuals, provided for the wants of all her classes of the destitute in Rome. In proportion to its population, Rome, under the Popes, expends in the support of charitable institutions, a larger amount than any other city in the world. The hospitals and asylums are endowed with an annuity not less than 840,000 scudi, or Roman crowns, and the hospitals accommodate 4,000 patients, and this in a city whose entire population does not exceed 215,000 inhabitants. The number of lunatic patients is 400. The number of pauper children carefully nursed, educated, and eventually provided for, is 3,000 annually. This number includes not merely those who are born in the city, but many who belong to Naples and various parts of Italy, and whose parents convey them to Rome, attracted by the superior advantages and extreme solicitude manifested in those institutions for destitute little ones. There are many societies for bestowing dowries on young women on the occasion of their marriage, and for this laudable purpose they expend 32,000 scudi, or £8,000 annually. The Pope, from his private purse, annually dispenses 40,000 scudi in charity.

All the schools, hospitals, and numerous charitable institutions are governed by the most perfect organizations; the sick, indigent, and ignorant nursed, relieved, and instructed with indefatigable zeal, tenderness and solicitude,

on a system not surpassed by any other city in Christendom. This is attributable to the efficiency of the staff of religious men and women who devote themselves by vow to works of charity, aided by the numerous confraternities of both sexes, superintended and visited by the Popes themselves in person, by dignitaries of the highest rank, by cardinals, princes, bishops, and noble ladies, all stimulated by the love of God and their neighbour, the urging principle of Christian philanthropy and charity "The charity of God urgeth us".

Hospitalities and an enlarged dispensation of alms in food and clothing are exercised in Rome, especially on this day, as well to propitiate the Divine clemency, by extending mercy to our fellow creatures, as to commemorate the Last Supper, at which our Lord entertained His disciples. The poor were everywhere congregated round the porches of the monasteries and convents, and the doors of private families, throughout the city. In Rome the number of charitable institutions is most numerous. In consequence, the applicants for relief, when distributed amongst all, amount for each institution but to a small number. It is regarded as an indispensable obligation by all to exercise hospitality to the poor. It would be regarded by the religious community themselves as an afflicting privation, and by others a discredit and source of disedification, should the porch of any religious house be deserted by recipients of their benevolence. Hence, poverty in Rome is a possession which enables the poor man to wield a highly prized patronage by favouring a convent with his demand for dinner. The convents canvass for that patronage. It recently happened at one of the convents in the city that the poor who had daily frequented it for dinner became dissatisfied, because for some

time they had not, between their soups and meat, got a course of macaroni! They held a meeting, and unanimously passed a resolution that they would desert the house and transfer their patronage by going for dinner in future to some other convent, if they did not get macaroni between their soup and meat. Next day, Sister Angelina came as usual to dispense dinner. They acquainted her with their demand and resolution. Sister Angelina, panic stricken, flew to acquaint Rev. Mother Benedicta, and breathed in her ears an apprehension of their determination to act as they said, and leave the door of their convent deserted by the poor! The Rev. Mother was electrified at the appalling intelligence, and cried out: "Dear Angelina! do go—hasten, hasten!—implore of them to remain with us—assure them that their demand shall in future be conceded!" Ever after they got their macaroni, and condescended to remain.

This usage, in the estimation of cold calculating political economists, may appear an abuse of charity; but it is an excusable crime in a kingdom, that every subject who requires his dinner knows where to find it, and obtain it, not only without humiliation, but with the consciousness that he confers a favour in asking it. It is indeed a more healthy social condition than that of the kingdom where the consumptive and sick, the poor, the widow, and the orphan, the young and the aged, the hoary and those who are bent with the weight of years, can find few to succour them otherwise than by violating their tender sensibilities and crushing their self-esteem, by submitting them to the humiliating system of workhouse relief, where happiness and misery have for them no alternations of distinctive lines, where for them joy and sorrow, light and shade, are all blended together in the same uniform, dark monochrome!

In the jurisprudence of modern economic legislators, the principle of providing for a nation's poor by encouraging, sanctioning, and aiding the voluntary contributions of charity, urged by the gospel precepts, is entirely ignored. The basis and justification of such legislation is now entirely grounded on economic science. They place no reliance on the science of the saints. The only science they study and adopt as their guide is the science of political economy. Through this human-philosophic aspect they view a nation's welfare. They measure a nation's welfare by a nation's wealth. They regard wealth as liberty, and poverty as slavery. But the acquisition of wealth is not sufficient for a nation's welfare: the wise distribution of wealth is equally indispensable. Modern political economy fails most egregiously in averting the ills which prey upon a nation's vitals from a deficiency of this requisite economic condition.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay".

Yet there are nations in which luxury and destitution, prince merchants and starving paupers, wealth and poverty, a luxuriant country and exhausting emigration, exist in close proximity, presenting in one view a palace and a cabin, a garden and a grave.

"And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave".

These are the abuses of wealth, even in Great Britain, where, according to the calculations of Professor Leslie, the annual profits of British capital amount to £120,000,000, and the working people number 10,000,000. The existence of these anomalies and abuses proves most

- forcibly the incompetency of political economists and all the ingenuity of economic science to avert the revolting spectacles they present to the poor man.

"If to the city sped,—what waits him there?
To see profusion which he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind:
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade".

It is true, to alleviate those evils a poor law has been established. In a kingdom where the sources of voluntary contribution have been suppressed, or are insufficient for the support of the destitute, a liberal poor law is, indeed, a wise institution, whether regarded in an economic, political, or moral aspect. Yet communists assert that the enactment of a poor law establishes the basis upon which they erect the structure of all their principles, as it takes by compulsion from those who have, to give to those who have not, and so far tends to equalise the possession of property.

"A time there was, ere England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man.
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth".

Those happy days for England were those of the monastic institutes. In those days no man could stand in any place in England, beyond the distance of a short walk from a monastery, where he had merely to ask, to command a right to hospitalities. The monasteries provided for the wants of all the poor of their respective districts. The relics of the

charitable institutions of Winchester, established by William of Wickham, are convincing proofs of this assertion. If another example be demanded, that of Glastonbury Abbey will bear ample testimony. Within its precincts was an hospital for the sick, a school for the gratuitous education of poor children, a college, a university for the "hautes etudes", a hotel for the gratuitous refreshment of the traveller, an hospice where so many as five hundred knights and their retainers were accommodated with board and lodging in one night. Every day at dinner hour the bells chimed merrily, and were recognized by all within hearing who wanted their dinner, as an invitation to come and partake of it. There were there no compulsory poor laws nor no wealth, and they teach us that neither is necessary for a nation's happiness and welfare.

"Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd".

Neither is it a true proposition that a nation's capital consists in its wealth or money. Money is not capital. The capital of a nation consists in the bone and sinew of its population; in their skill and labour; in coal, iron, water power, and machinery and motive power. It consists in its capabilities of producing marketable articles as well as the necessities of life and comfort. Money is not capital: it is the result or measure or mercantile value of capital.

It is amidst scenes of desolation such as these, where the day of life is destined for some to be clouded by poverty and affliction, that we discover the fertile soil and genial clime in which the plant of charity flourishes as the palm tree planted near the running waters. As the lamp burns more brightly in proportion as the day is darker, so the

foliage appears coloured in brighter tints, in proportion as the character of the surrounding landscape is more arid and desolate. The plants which decorate our cemeteries never appear clad in brighter verdure, or display flowers more brilliantly tinted in all the glowing dyes of the rainbow, than when planted over the darkness of the grave and in close proximity to death ; so charity never grows more luxuriantly, or bears more abundant fruits, than when planted in the garden of desolation, and watered by the tears of sorrow. Those devoted religious present a forcible example by which we should model our lives. They, by their vow of poverty, lightened themselves of the incumbrance of worldly goods, that they might be able to bear the destitution and afflictions of their neighbour. They recognize a family likeness in all those who are stamped with the marks of poverty and sorrow. They regard them as their brothers and their sisters. They embrace them, they hug them to their breasts. All Christians are not called to the monastic state, but all are called to the exercise of the corporal works of mercy. It is written, "to every one hath our Lord committed the care of his neighbour". Then, ye opulent and favoured ones of the world, imitate in some degree those devoted religious servants of God and of the poor. From your own porch as from their monastery gate, wave your hand in invitation to the forlorn children of want, saying, "Come, child of misfortune, come hither, I'll weep with thee tear for tear !" Ye who dwell in stately mansions, be mindful of those who crouch for shelter under tottering hovels, the cheerless tenements of destitution. Your sheets of plate glass, whilst their transparency reveals the beauties of the adjacent landscape, shield you from the winter's chill and the humidity

of the atmosphere : their fragments of glass are shattered, their window paneless, their scanty roofs perforated, and are penetrated by withering gusts and by frozen pellets, propelled by the artillery of winter's storms from floating armouries of hail. Ye whose boards are laden with the fat of the land, who regale yourselves on every delicious viand and delicacy of the season, and wash them down with sparkling, invigorating juices, pressed from amber-coloured grapes of the choicest vintage, matured in the sunny climes of Sicily, Spain, and Italy, remember those who have but a crust and cup of water to support existence. Open wide to them your larders, present them a nutritious meal, refresh them with a salutary draught extracted from the boiled essences of your juicy meats. Ye who are clothed in silks, purple, and fine linen, and in textures and laces rolled out from the looms of Brussels or Turkey, Persia or Cashmere, open out your well-filled wardrobes, dispense some garments to those who are shivering, whose skin is crisped by the sharp easterly gale as by a searing iron, and whose drapery consists of a few tattered shreds, that thus their "loins may bless you" for comfortable clothing. Ye who recline on soft couches, screened from winter's chilling blast by glowing folds of drapery dyed in the crimson tints of India, and who enjoy the soothing sweets of balmy sleep on beds of down, covered with cambric textures, blanched with the whiteness of the driven snow, and enveloped in the woolly produce of the fleece, be compassionate to those who have no couch upon which to stretch their weary limbs but the floor, and who, in the tenderness of youth, in the debility of sickness, and in the decrepitude of old age, are benumbed with cold under the frigid inclemency of the season for want of the warm bed covering. Melt their gelid

blood, and by nutrition and warmth propel their crimson tide of life with celerity and vigour through every artery, vein, and canal of their entire frame, even to the ultimate tissue. Ye who, in fond social and extended circles, surround the Christmas hearth, and who, amidst sparkling sallies of wit and hilarious jocularly, bask in the diffusive heat of your glowing fires, hush the merry laughter for a moment, and cast a compassionate thought on the shivering indigents, who, in a contracted circle, with closed knees, enclose the hobs, beneath which are grouped a few exhausted embers, whose sickly glow seems but a heartless mockery at their yearnings for the genial heat they seek to warm their torpid frames. They are silent, but the howling northern storm seems to express their piteous moanings. Oh ! may that keen blast which blows misery into those bleak abodes of the children of want, blow tenderness into the hearts of those who are blessed with plenty and every comfort ! Observe, that in proportion as the wind is colder and the frost bitter, in the same proportion the coals in your grates display a ruddier glow and a brighter blaze ; even so, let their greater destitution quicken the spark of charity in your hearts into a warmer and a brighter flame. Open your coal vaults, and bid the bituminous produce of the mines go and exhaust themselves to ashes in warming the limbs of the shivering victims of need. Thus shall you merit the benedictions of Heaven, the blessings of the poor, and merit forgiveness for your sins ; for " charity covereth a multitude of sins". Thus charity employs their afflictions as occasions to merit salutary graces, to heal our wounded souls, and distils sweetness from their woes to soothe our anguish, and administers a balm to heal their broken hearts, whose breath is redolent of a fragrance more odoriferous than that of the

balm of Gilead, and which ascends as aromatic incense in the sight of the Lord !

“ But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
And like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe”.

Look out on yonder landscape, clad in a snowy mantle, more spotless than the enamelled whiteness of the ermine's skin !—can anything be whiter? Yes, my soul—by penance and charity, “ though my sins were as red as scarlet, Christ can wash my soul white as snow”—nay, fairer than the lily and “ whiter than snow”—“ *super nivem dealbabor*”, I shall be washed whiter than snow!

The monks and nuns, with countenances beaming with a ray of heaven's benignity, were engaged at every porch in dispensing comforts to their beloved poor. They do all for Christ's sake. Their motto is—“ The charity of Christ urgeth us”. Were these holy religious so disposed as to seek their own predilections, they would no doubt desire to enjoy the spiritual delights of divine contemplation, plunging their souls in a soothing-bath of unction and devotion, hidden in the wounds of their crucified Love, in more sensible union with God. But they know that active charity is pleasing to Him, and that when they serve the poor they do not leave Jesus: that when they do it for one of these, they do it for Him. Nay, they fear if they deserted the poor, Jesus would desert them. They fancy they hear a whisper—

“ Do thy duty: that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !”

They go to the porch to the poor, and on their return

they find Jesus waiting for them, and sweeter than ever,
and again whispering—

“Hadst thou staid I must have fled!”

This sentiment is beautifully expressed in a poetical legend by Henry W. Longfellow. It was published in the *American Atlantic Monthly*, and copied into the *American Illustrated* newspaper, the *Cosmopolitan*, from which I extract it and present it to my readers.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled”;
This is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision—
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;

But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour,
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait,

Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best—
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through an iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sounds of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :

"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"



The Providence of God—Atomic Creation.



YESTERDAY the mighty dome of St. Peter's suggested reflections on the wonders of vision, and afterwards led me to contemplate the immensity of God manifested in the great orbs of our planetary system, and the clustered moles of the distant nebulae floating through the regions of infinite space. To-day I passed a pretty little speckled lizard on an old wall, basking in the sunshine, which taught me that the Omnipotence of the Almighty is equally apparent in small things as in great, and the solicitude of His divine providence not less impressively inculcated in observing insect and atomic creation. This led me on a new train of thought.

The might of the Omnipotent Fabricator is displayed not merely in those mighty orbs which at incalculable distances float through ether, and perform their intricate evolutions with unerring accuracy, but is equally manifested in those minute creations, discharging all their complicated constitutional functions, revealed to us through the wonders of the microscope. The magnifying powers of the microscope enable us to discern animalculae not more than the 10,000th part of an inch in length. Now, if these be half as broad as they are long, a cubic inch would afford sufficient space to contain four millions of millions of these creatures, possessing life and motion for certain, and probably a skeleton of bones, sinews, all the chemical operations of a stomach assimilation and circulation of blood as perfect as in our systems! "And God doth preserve them! why am I solicitous!—am not I of much

more value than they!" There can be no doubt that these almost invisible living atoms do not spring spontaneously into existence. But having been originally created by the Omnipotent they are preserved in existence by a regularly organized generative system, and are thus perpetuated from generation to generation. Natural philosophers also assert that solid bodies are composed of an accumulation of atoms attracted by, but separate from each other, and that the proximate atoms are distant from those nearest to them, as far in proportion to their size as the earth is from the sun.

Mr. Bradley, the celebrated botanist, states that in his observations with the microscope, he discovered an insect in vegetables and flowers, which, after minute examination, he found to be a thousand times smaller than the least visible grain of sand. But Mr. Lewenhoeck, a great naturalist, could, with the microscope, discover animalculæ which, in comparison with the former, were as atoms to great animals. The mite, of which we can form a conception, when contrasted with those living specs, is a huge monster. Yet more astonishing! and what distends the most penetrating capabilities of judgment and the most extensive excursion of fancy, is the assertion that the soft downy purple exterior of a ripe plum, or a crimson apricot, finer to our touch than the finest silk velvet, is composed of accumulated nations or worlds of myriads of infinitesimally small living atoms!

"Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds.
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows".

In all living atoms there is a vital principle which sets in motion all the multiplied subtle springs in their anatomo-

mical constitution—an articulation of bones and joints fitted together with exquisite nicety ; a heart to propel the crimson current through minute tubes, veins, and arteries ; muscles and sinews, extensors and contractors, and a net-work of nerves to exert motion and excite sensibility ; fluids which circulate through their frames ; and organs of different secretions, all blending in the ultimate tissue !

When I reflect upon these astounding wonders of atomic regions, then the astonishment at our planetary system and the floating orbs of the nebulae dwindle into common-place thought, and convince me that though the Omnipotent's might is mighty in mighty things, his might is mightiest in the mite and in the most minute things—truly, “*Maximus in Minimis*” !

The reflection is also forcible to convince me that if his providence be solicitous for those smallest and meanest births of nature, he is much more solicitous for me, made to his own image and likeness—He, the death of whose Son for love of me I am this week commemorating—for me whom he has destined for eternal glory. Yes ! he will hear my prayer—he will not allow a hair of my head to fall to the ground without his permission—he will guard me as the apple of his eye—he will, he will save me whom he calls not his servant, but his child !—“*Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith !*”





A Visit to the Most Holy.

URING the course of the afternoon, I drove over to the Vatican, to make a visit, and present my adorations to the Blessed Sacrament, reposing in the tabernacle, in the Paoline chapel, where the Omnipotent One, under the sacramental veil, condescendingly received all who came, and "refreshed those who were weary and heavily laden". The Paoline chapel is so styled from its having been built by Pope Paul III. in the year 1540. The Sistine chapel, which is now used as the Pope's private chapel, was built by Pope Sixtus IV., in the year 1773. Crowds of fervent adorers were ascending and descending the royal stairs; soldiers and monks, cardinals, pilgrims, Franciscans, cowed venerable long-bearded Capuchins, princes, diplomatists, judges, senators, priests, camerieri, conservatori and Roman prelates, and bishops, Spaniards, Greeks, Albanians, Americans, and Dalmatians, veiled ladies, glistening ambassadors and gallant knights of Malta, all draped in costumes, military, civilian, and ecclesiastical, in robes of glowing draperies, and dyed in every brilliant tinge, and all moving through each other in complicated mazes, like the gyrations of the gliding colours of a kaleidoscope. The scene was of the most animated and captivating character. The hearts of all were glowing with the flame of heavenly love. They seemed to me like the mysterious ascending and descending of the angels on Jacob's ladder, and the Paoline chapel, as it were, affording an opening to the Heavenly Jerusalem, through which they could rise above sublunary things and hold ecstasitic communion with the Deity Himself; a thin veil of bread alone screening his dazzling effulgence, and preventing

them from seeing him "face to face"! I ascended this royal stairs, between the colonnades of columns and pilasters, and entered the spacious and gorgeously decorated Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, with which the Paoline chapel immediately communicates through lofty and ponderous portals, which were now thrown open, the space being screened with pendent folds of crimson velvet drapery, which, drawn aside as each visitor passed, revealed the interior, a mere glimpse at which so vividly impressed every sensibility of my soul, and elicited such emotions of admiration and veneration, that no friction of passing years can ever obliterate their memory. The windows were blinded, and so thickly screened that all daylight was totally excluded. The walls all round were festooned with garlands of lights, surrounding various religious devices of lights. The candles being of wax, and each about four pounds in weight, diffused a soft, mellow, golden-glowing radiance, that illuminated with beaming effulgence this Paoline "chappelle ardente". The number of those massive wax lights must have amounted to something extraordinary. The marble altar, columns, and frieze, looked very grand, and the repository, though of very simple classic construction, was solid and massive, enamelled with gold and silver, and studded with sparkling gems, as became the tabernacle of God with men. There were no chairs, benches, seats, or other furniture in the chapel, and the mosaic marbles of the floor were displayed in all their ingenious, elaborate figures, and all their diversity of veins and colours. The seats, pews, and heavy benches, which usually encumber our churches, seem to me to detract considerably from the simplicity, lightness, and symmetry of their interior architectural beauty, and deprive the pavements of the floor the opportunity of contributing

their share to their interior decorations, as they do most effectively in Roman and continental churches. The walls all round the Paoline chapel were lined by a cordon of the Swiss guards, all in their state uniforms, as a guard of honour in waiting on the King of kings. Their tricoloured uniforms, knee breeches, and stockings of stripes of scarlet, yellow, and blue—their burnished helmets and pendent crimson plumes, which the men, being on duty, wore on their heads—their bright halberts and red tassels—the plaited chain kilts of the officers, and the burnished steel cuirasses of all, with their plaited ruffles or frills round their necks, such as were worn in the days of Mary Queen of Scots, all reflecting the golden gleamings of the mellow lights, presented the captivated eye with a picture worthy the pencil of Titian or Van Dyke! On the centre of the floor was kneeling a cardinal, wrapped in ecstatic recollection, his very lengthened scarlet silk train, fully extended, supported by three servants dressed in silk stockings and superbly laced liveries. His Eminence had just left the saloons of the Vicar, the visible head of the Church, to adore the invisible head, Christ himself! Farther in there, is one of the guard of nobles, in his embroidered scarlet tunic, his gold belt across his breast, and, not being on military duty, his cocked hat and ostrich plumes held in his hand, his long lacquered boots and bright spurs glittering in the flickering lights, his nerveless sabre prostrate on the marble pavements, and his head bent, expressive of submission, allegiance, and obedience to the commands of his commander, the Great Captain of our salvation! There is a young Spanish lady, draped in black silk, and with her black silk mantella, and her black lace veil over her head and face—see, she is prostrate before the Most Holy. Near her is a Roman Princess kneeling, with

a livery servant at a respectful distance behind. There yonder is an eastern in his brilliant costume, his turban in his hand, his scimitar laid before him. Nearer the altar are some members of the confraternities of the "Sacconi", concealed in habits and girdles, some of white colour, some of white and black, some of red, with conical hoods of the same colour thrown over their heads, with holes in them for their eyes, through which they can see every good work to be done, but which conceals from the world who the doers are. Their feet are bare, delicately fair and tender, indicating that they are of those who have been exempted from labour, and implying what may be their social position; perhaps, as often happens, those of a prince, or count of the Holy Roman empire; for members of the most distinguished families are enrolled amongst those confraternities of charity. Now enters a confraternity of young ladies, dressed in black silk and black silk veils, preceded by a cross bearer and two ladies bearing wax lights, one at either side, followed by a long train of those fervent daughters of Holy Church, coming as pilgrims two and two, with wands in their hands and bearing banners, to present their homages to their adorable spouse Jesus Christ. Outside on the marble steps which ascended to the porch, knelt a pilgrim with his staff and cockle shell, striking his breast like the humble publican, and not presuming to enter and kneel before the Searcher of hearts—and his dread well accorded with the sentiments of a lively faith in the presence of God in the Holy Eucharist, and reflected severely on those who are wanting in due reverence in presence of his august Majesty. When the Lord gave the law to Moses on Mount Sinai, the people were prohibited to approach even the foot of the mountain, terror and death emanated from the coun-

tenance of the God of Israel, thunder and lightning guarded every access. Here is the same august presence under the sacramental veil ; and shall we cease to venerate because God ceases to be terrible ? We should ever approach it with a holy fear, and receive Him with a holy fervour. The Blessed Eucharist is the hostage or pledge of future glory, and God will redeem it ! Ever partake of it as your viaticum, to support you on your journey—you have yet a great way to go. Loiter not or slumber not by the road ; but imitate Elias, who was awakened by the angel, who said to him, “ Arise and eat, for thou hast yet a long way to go : and he arose and eat, and walked in the strength of that food unto the mount of God, Horeb”—III. *Kings*, xix. 8. On each occasion partake of it with the same fervour as if it were to be the last time, according to the words of *Proverbs*, xxxiii. 12—When thou sit to eat with a prince, put a knife to thy throat—that is, eat as if thou wert that instant to die !

These figures, and many others, composing the congregation in the Paoline chapel, all seen under the golden radiance from the illuminations, presented a most mystic appearance, and a picture worthy of Jerolomo-della-notte, or of the pencil of Rembrandt, so celebrated for his striking contrasts of deep shades and high lights. I viewed this mysterious-looking glimpse, not from the interior, but during the momentary intervals when the crimson drapery was raised by the passing visitors, and through the open portals from the broad daylight, whilst standing in a distant part of the Royal hall, whence the vista was replete with interest and impressiveness.

The judicious disposition of light in churches is of the utmost importance for the production of grandeur of effect, for impressing the mind with awe, and eliciting sentiments

of veneration. It appears to me that this is most successfully attained by the contrasts between the exterior and interior lights. If you pass from the meridian brilliancy of a summer sun through the porch to the interior of a venerable cathedral, and find the light subdued, dusky, and sombre, the effect is grand, and the soul is harmonized to reverential and devotional sensibilities ; and in like manner if you enter from the profound darkness of the midnight hour to a church brilliantly illuminated, the effect is similar.

The glimpse of those captivating scenes in the Paoline chapel, being only caught at intervals as each visitor in passing the portals raised the crimson drapery, they were only seen at uncertain intervals and in intermitting vistas, and for these very reasons the impressions of delight and ecstasy they imparted became more impressive than if they were exposed to view uninterruptedly for a continued time. When the eye is occasionally deprived of the enjoyment of a charming vision which it conveys to the mind, its yearning desire to view it again is the more sensitively excited—its appetite is as it were sharpened to drink in all its radiant beauties and regale itself to the full on the delicious treat. When, also, light is intermitting, as from the lurid flashes of lightning in a thunder storm, from clouds passing over the sun or moon, it more effectively produces sensations of interest, wonder, or fear, than if there were an uninterrupted period of continued light or darkness.

*“ Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis —”.*

*“ — A faint shadow of uncertain light,
Like as a lamp, whose life doth fade away
Or as the moon clothed with cloudy night
Doth show to him who walks in fear and great affright”.*

Second Evening of Tenebrae.



IN this evening of Holy Thursday I hastened over to assist again at the ceremonies in the Sistine. In passing through the city I observed everything was assuming a character of mourning, preparatory to the celebration of the mystery of the death of our Saviour on the morrow, Good Friday. The several military detachments marched with their muskets inverted—the drums were beaten, but not being braced, had a dead, unearthly sound. Before ascending the Royal Stairs, I paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the repository of St. Peter's. The repository was erected near the great basso-relievo of Attila threatened with the vengeance of St. Peter and St. Paul, executed by Algardi. The repository united great simplicity with solidity and grandeur. The Sistine was crowded to excess. Everything proceeded as in the ceremonies of last evening. The lamentations were taken from the II. and III. chapters of Jeremias the Prophet. The same breathless silence prevailed, and the same anxiety manifested to hear the Miserere. The music was equally affecting. The harmonious chorus of the full choir—the swelling notes and subdued modulations—the protracted extenuated dulcet solo, like a charming lute, stole away every feeling of our souls, and subdued them into compunction and sorrow. It was sung to music composed by Bai. On the termination of the ceremonies, the Pope, accompanied by his suite, and chamberlains, and domestic dignitaries, retired through the door opposite his throne, which leads directly to the inner chambers of the Vatican Palace. The densely packed congregation poured out in

one continuous flood through the portals that opened on the Royal hall, and thence down the Royal stairs, which were now lit up by many massive ormolu bracket lamps. The various state costumes, diplomatic, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, seemed interesting enough in the white light of day ; but seen at this hour, descending the steps of the Scala Regia, as they alternately passed under the brilliant light of each lamp, they looked even still more prepossessing and captivating. The mellow light, reflected from the crimson robes of the cardinals, the scarlet and blue of the military, the sparkling diamonds on the breasts of the ambassadors, toned down by the sombre coloured silk veils and draperies of the ladies, and again, gleaming with dazzling transitory brilliancy like flashes of lightning from the cuirasses and polished helmets of the general officers, enchanted the eye as a glance at some visionary spectacle. All seemed pensive and deeply impressed by the mournful ceremonies commemorative of the passion of our blessed Lord. I participated myself in, and felt subdued by, the same sentiments of melancholy sympathy, and fell into a meditative mood. The night was serene, the sky was cloudless, and the stars studded on the vast azure concave, twinkled brightly. I pondered on the astounding mystery of my creation, and, after having fallen, of my redemption through the ignominies of the passion of Him who is the mighty fabricator of all creation, and how His providence should still so solicitously protect so insignificant an atom.

Scenes such as these afford not merely a momentary pleasure and edification, but bequeath reminiscences which are ever a balm or soothing bath, to which in moments of calm quietude, intervening amidst the engrossing anxieties of secular cares, the soul may have recourse, and plunged into the recollections of splendour and pageantry and re-

ligion which memory shall reveal, may sink into forgetfulness of its agonizing trials, subdue its boisterous passions, and in the stillness of this harbour of refuge, smooth down to a glassy surface, every ripple agitated by the slightest zephyr of care! When in the autumn of my years, after travelling over the rugged pilgrimage of life, I sit down to rest, and look back through the shaded avenue of years through which I have journeyed, in the distance I fancy I catch a glimpse of this mellow moon-lit vista—of the vast gorgeous mosaic basilica—of military parade—gleaming helmets and tossing plumes—of knights and ladies—diplomatic envoys draped in scarlet and gold all studded with glittering diamonds—nobles and civilians—and lengthened lines of processions. I fancy I hear the notes subdued by distance from military bands, booming bells, harmonious choirs, and floating strains from silvery clarions. Memory floats away and reveals in the distance a dim view of the scenes of the Scala Regia, rising on steps, tier above tier, and in the perspective I see ascending cardinals in their crimson robes, senators and their pages—Franciscans in their bare feet and hempen girdles—generals in their embroidered uniforms, waving plumes and swinging sabres—pontiffs and noble guards—easterns in their glowing costumes—pilgrims with staffs and cockle shells—ladies draped in flowing silks and laces—and emperors and kings, princes and princesses, ambassadors representing every clime, with pendant decorations, glittering with diamonds of the purest water, and countless crowds from every country, noiselessly ascending, in quick succession, to the halls of that Vatican Palace, associated with all that is refining in the fine arts, all that is memorable in ancient or modern history, all that is famed by celebrity—it seems to me like a visionary glimpse at

the scene of some eastern story, the creation of some poetic imagination, illumined by the dreamy like beam of a midsummer's moon-light night ! After life's vicissitudes in the winter of my days, after many devious wanderings, o'er that dim sea, now through the memory of bygone years, my memory still loves to turn towards those scenes commemorative of the mysteries of my redemption, as the needle towards a star, indicative of all my hopes of a blessed immortality !

“ As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee”.

When I reflect that they are all congregated and displayed to commemorate the agonies of my dying Redeemer on the cross, where every wound streamed blood, and every drop was a torrent of balm to cure the distempers of a diseased world, and to restore us to the health of children of grace—and that they are presided over by the visible head of the Church—oh ! I fancy I can catch a glimpse of the invisible Head ! They all seem to me like the ultimate tissue of sublunary things, the blending of the invisible silken fibrous texture of material with spiritual things ! They look like diapered meads in the vicinity of those eternal gates that ope on the palace of eternity. I fancy I see the early flowers of that region of perennial springs and summers, that I hear the first notes of the dove that ever coos in those enchanting bowers—“ *Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra !* The voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land !”



Washing of the Papal Altar.



AFTER leaving the Sistine, I entered the Basilica of St. Peter's, to assist at the ceremony of washing the Papal altar. It takes place immediately after the termination of the *Tenebræ* chaunted by the canons of St. Peter's.

The presiding canon, with all the other members of the chapter, and accompanied by some other dignitaries and cardinals vested in black robes or in surplices and black stoles, proceeded from the choral chapel to the high altar of the Basilica.

A considerable space before the High Altar, was enclosed by a detachment of the Swiss Guards, and within this area the canons of the Basilica and several cardinals assembled. The altar exhibited the most melancholy contrast to its usual splendid appearance. Nothing could look more desolate. It was now dark night. All the hundred lamps which usually burn before the shrine were extinguished. The crucifix, bronze candlesticks, grand antependiums, and other brilliant ornaments were all removed. The only lights issued from four wax candles, one at each corner of the altar, stuck on four naked rods of iron. The vast edifice looked awful in the impenetrable gloom. Those lights seemed but to make "darkness visible", and their feeble rays, after exercising their utmost efforts, were soon exhausted in attempting to compete with the darkness which soon overwhelmed them. The altitudes of the dome were totally undiscernible through the mass of darkness which intervened. No picture, colour, mosaic, or statue—not even the arches or walls were at all discernible, and the boundless gloom

conveyed the idea of infinite space, and it was dangerous to leave the region of the lights, lest the wanderer should lose his way, like a benighted traveller in the trackless regions of some unexplored continent. Each of the canons and cardinals held a broom, made of curled shavings of boxwood. The president and his assistants ascended the platform, and took off the altar cloths, representing Our Lord being stripped of his garments, singing at the same time "they divided my garments amongst them, and upon my vesture they cast lots"—and then, "O God, my God, look upon me", "Why hast thou forsaken me?" is sung by the choir. Wine and water was then poured out on the altar, in memory of our Lord's bloody sweat in the garden, and of the water and blood that issued from his side on being pierced on the cross. Each canon ascended in succession, and swept the altar with the broom, and the wine and water was then gathered up in saturated sponges, and the altar was carefully wiped with napkins. The cardinals, the canons of St. Peter's, the priests, and the numerous assistants, then formed themselves into processional order in a very lengthened line, preceded by a cross-bearer and acolytes, but their candles were extinguished, and with heads bent in recollection, with noiseless step, without chaunt or psalm, at a very slow gait, in solemn silence, they moved on towards the great porch, and as they departed from the light of the feeble tapers, the figures became more indistinct, seemed fading away, till they were totally dissolved in the overwhelming darkness, which imparted to them a flitting, spirit phantom-like immateriality. Whilst lost to sight in diving through this unfathomable profundity of darkness, a lengthened interval of anxious, nervous solicitude as to what became of them prevailed, when at length they appeared emerging from obscurity

at the other side of the altar. The figures of the cross-bearer and acolytes became gradually more and more distinct on the vision ; then those who followed next, till the canons, cardinals, and all the officials thus in solemn gloom, after making the circuit of the altar, returned to their original places. The figures of that mysterious and noiseless procession, faintly seen emerging from those fathomless reservoirs of darkness, looked like the diver who has been long lost to sight in ocean's depths, and at length is dimly seen through the waters, gradually ascending to the surface ; or rather like the dead, who, at the death of nature's God, when the sun was darkened, burst open their tombs, and were seen as spectres walking silently through the streets of Jerusalem—the figures of the ministers we discerned seemed like the shadows of their shades !

The brilliant illuminations of the Basilica, the grand ceremonies in broad daylight, and the thrilling music, are no doubt powerfully effective in impressing the soul, and eliciting sentiments of devotion and veneration ; but I do believe that I was never so influenced by the passion or sentiment of the awful, the terrific, and the grand, as by this silent and mysterious procession. It was soul subduing—it was overpowering. I consider indistinctness and darkness are more effective in eliciting sentiments of the grand, than even brilliant light, perspicuity of vision, and perfect distinctness. Indistinctness generates a nervousness, and uncertainty, and a doubt as to what is to come, and this causes the mind to dread the very worst that can come upon us, and this doubt more painfully agitates the mind than if the very worst had actually come, and objects appearing in a faint light, and disappearing, and then appearing intermittingly, as in the procession

I have described, produce more exciting sensations, than if at once brilliantly illuminated or totally obscured. This is well exemplified by Milton, who employs all those ideas of indistinctness and uncertainty, in order the more powerfully to affect the mind, in his description of the king of horrors, Death—thus :

“The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
Distinguishable in number, joint, or limb,
Or substance, might be call'd that shadow seemed ;
For each seemed either ; black he stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies ; terrible as he—;
And shook a deadly dart. . What seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on”.

In olden days a very large, transparent cross of stained glass and jets of extraordinary beauty, and brilliantly illuminated, was on this evening suspended from the dome, and illuminated the lower portion of the nave of the Basilica. But as large assemblages congregated to admire its brilliant effect, and were thus attracted rather through mere curiosity than devotion, and established a promenade through the church, and behaved with unbecoming levity during the evening, this custom was entirely abolished by Pope Leo XII.

The vast congregation then assembled before one of the great pillars which sustain the dome, to witness the exposition of the relics. Eight great wax candles were now lit on the marble balcony, over the statue of St. Veronica, and the relics of the cross—one of the nails that pierced our Saviour's hands, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica—were exposed in solemn silence, the canon bringing out each separately, and walking to the centre, and then to each end of the balcony, and blessing the people, who

were all kneeling in the dark below. The relic cases of glass and gold looked very brilliant by the candle light.

After leaving St. Peter's, I next drove by Ponte Sisto, to Santa Trinita de' Pellegrini. This house has been established for receiving all those who make pilgrimages to Rome to visit the shrines of the Apostles. They are here gratuitously lodged and supported during their stay. Both male and female pilgrims are received, but accommodated in distinct portions of the establishment. Its management is superintended by a confraternity of men and women, who reckon amongst their numbers many cardinals, princes, and princesses, and some of the most influential and distinguished characters in the city, who sometimes serve the pilgrims with their own hands. We entered through a large square court-yard, in which very many carriages were drawn up—and we then passed on through spacious halls to the refectories, which were of amazing length, and the tables all laid out for supper. Round the walls of the refectory are inscribed the names of the benefactors, and the sums they contributed. Some are dated so far back as three centuries since. I saw one person's name mentioned as having contributed 2,800 crowns. We visited the chapel—here were assembled about 200 pilgrims with their staffs—many of them were poor, simple, virtuous-looking peasants—others were of a superior class of society—some were very aged and infirm. Noblemen sometimes make pilgrimages to Rome from various parts of Italy, and live here on the charity of the establishment, till they satisfy their devotion at the shrines. We here met an Irish Protestant clergyman, whose curiosity appeared greatly excited by this interesting establishment. We next entered a large hall to witness the ceremony of the washing of the feet of the pil-

grims, which takes place here every evening during holy week. This hall is very spacious, with high seats all round the walls, on which about sixty pilgrims sat a time. The centre of the hall was densely crowded by visitors. At the feet of each pilgrim was a vase of water—before each knelt a member of the confraternity, all dressed in red dresses, with white cinctures. On the signal being given by a loud clapper, two cardinals entered with lights borne before them. After reading aloud some prayers, all commenced reciting the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary, during which every member of the confraternity washed the feet of the pilgrim above him for about five minutes, and then wiped them with a napkin. The two cardinals, Polidori and Brignole, Don Miguel of Portugal and his aid-de-camp, and several Roman princes, washed the feet of one pilgrim each. Don Miguel was a middle-aged man, of rather low stature—round features—high forehead—and dark complexion—and wore long flowing beard from his chin. The princesses, and other distinguished ladies, wash the feet of the female pilgrims in like manner in another part of the establishment, to which none but female visitors are admitted. All the pilgrims were then conducted to the refectory, where they were waited on at supper by the members of the confraternity. We passed through the kitchen where their excellent supper had been cooked. At that time there were about four hundred pilgrims in the establishment. There was a poor Irishman there this year from the county Cavan, who made a pilgrimage to Rome. He felt so happy at Santa Trinita de' Pellegrini, that he was most unwilling to leave it, being ambitious to spend his entire life there. This, however, is not permitted, as it would counteract the objects of the institution.

Rome the School of Christian Art in Painting.



THE Sistine and Paoline chapels, and those apartments and halls of the Vatican which we have so frequently visited during Holy Week, are memorable, not only as being the principal seat of the solemn ceremonies commemorative of the passion of Christ, but also in the history of the art of painting, as being the identical place where the ancient and modern schools of painting met—where the ancient school terminated, and where the modern school originated.

Rome is the school of Christian art. Rome is the genial clime where it originated, progressed, and arrived at maturity, and religion is the mistress and genius that directed its studies, cheered its efforts, and presided solicitously over its studio. Thither the aspirants to perfection in this Christian art of painting have congregated in every age from the most remote regions of Christendom—and no matter how gifted in natural talent—no matter how extensive their practice and experience, or how refined their taste, they never regarded their education as completed till they had graduated within the portals of that temple of art. In Rome they were instructed by those old masters, whose lessons and examples are still living and perpetuated on her walls, and from whose teachings they acquired a perfect idea of true taste, of boldness and originality of design, accuracy of outline, beauty of grouping and disposition, harmony and durability of colouring, dignity and sublimity of conception in their entire pictorial subject. Rome ! within that sacred asylum

of art religion invited its votaries—cherished and developed their artistic talent—cheered them in their moments of failure and despondency—stimulated them to renewed exertions—urged them to perseverance—and, when crowned with success, rewarded their labour, perpetuated their names, and immortalized their fame!

Art thus generated, fostered, and educated by religion, like a grateful child, animated with a spirit of filial piety towards its fond parent, to whom it generously acknowledges itself indebted for its existence, its education, and its accomplishments, has ever devoted all its energies to support its holy mother—to promote her interests—to beautify and decorate her sanctuary. Yes! from religion has Christian art learned all it knows!—to religion has Christian art consecrated its most successful efforts!—generous gratitude! happy reciprocity! In no other school could it have learned what it knows and exemplifies. Where did the soul of the Christian artist learn to grow big—to expand its capacity—and become in some degree commensurate with the nobility and sublimity of his design? Was it amidst the terrene, contracted, and vulgar ways of men? No; it was by habitually expanding itself to its utmost tension in endeavouring to grasp at some feeble conception of the incomprehensible mysteries revealed by religion, and which it attempted to pourtray in some pictorial effort. It was by attempting to realize in painting some feeble idea of the Deity, in whose sight the whole world is but an imperceptible speck—whole oceans but as a drop from a reed—immeasurable space but as the limits of the horizon—the distances of the fixed stars but as the measure of His span! It was religion that burst asunder the narrow limits of the skies, and threw open to his astonished conception the beatified

inhabitants and the glorious regions of our eternal inheritances. His mind grew big in attempting to conceive some idea of these supernatural visions, and in endeavouring to realize them by transferring them to the canvas.

Where did the Christian artist learn to clothe his figures with those flowing folds of graceful drapery which elicit such universal admiration? His taste was formed from his artistic eye having been habituated from his infancy to the majestic and ample folds of the ecclesiastical habiliments of the ministers and attendants of the sanctuary—the easy dalmatic—the cope suspended from the breast, falling in volumes from the shoulders, and with the humeral veil forming the most beautiful festoons, decorated and all glittering with gorgeous embroidery—the mitre imparting a Gothic pointed termination to the figure—the cappa of purple colour, fringed with ermine, enveloping the entire person of the dignitary, and with its lengthened train supported by an angelic youth draped in sable cassock and snow-white cotta or surplice. Religion was likewise the school wherein the Christian artist was taught the science of grouping, perspective, and landscape painting, when she directed her pupils to study the models she presented them, in the picturesque effect of religious processions through monastic grounds, with their canopies of silk, or of cloth of silver or gold, supported by gilded poles—the vari-coloured banners floating buoyantly in the breeze—the varied and vivid tints of the clerical costumes and sparkling embroidery, all as I have witnessed them myself amidst the sub-Appenine mounts and vales of Subiaco, all seen through a transparent atmosphere, under the brilliant rays of an Italian sun—or the lengthened line winding its coils through a romantic ravine of some Alpine scenery, each turn revealing charm-

ing vistas worthy the pencil of a Poussin, a Salvator Rosa, or a Claude Lorraine.

“Meet nurse for an artistic child !”

But above all, it was religion that instructed the Christian painter in the sublime art of portraying on the canvas every attribute and ennobling feature of the soul. She elevated the art to become as it were a species of new creation, enabling the artist to depict in visible material substances religious objects under forms, groupings, disposition of scenery and costumes, which previously had merely existed in the conception and design of the artist's genius. Religion inspired it with the conception of creating heads, invested not merely with natural dignity and every feature of manly beauty, but actually imparting to the raw material life and thought and every sentiment and passion of the spirit and soul that seems to reign within—at one time portraying contrite sorrow for sin, the merest glance at which melts our souls to pity and compunction. At another time investing it with a sweetness and placidity, an angelical purity, a delicate, sensitive modesty of expression, which actually restrains your curiosity, fearing you may offend and cause the modest picture to blush at being too inquisitively gazed upon. Then you gently tread before another, fearing to disturb the heavenly contemplation and communings of the soul with God—the flame of charity, the holy unction, and ecstatic fervour gleaming through every feature, seeming to indicate that the spirit has penetrated into the third heavens, and is examining into eternal secrets not given to the tongue of man to speak, and so far from appearing the work of human hands, seems like the reflection in some mirror of one of the cherubim or seraphim that surround the Lamb

that sitteth upon the throne! Who taught the Christian artist this supernatural science? It was religion! It was religion!

Still further to support the assertion I am enunciating, allow me to introduce an illustration, by asking you to contrast the capabilities of an artist of faith and fervour with the capabilities of a painter devoid of piety or of religion, or perhaps of faith, attempting as a mere mechanist to pourtray the direful agony of our blessed Lord in the garden, after accepting the bitter chalice of His passion, and prostrate beneath the accumulated weight of the sins of mankind—or attempting to delineate the crucifixion, the consummation of the atoning sacrifice, in which the great debt has been fully paid to the Omnipotent Avenger—or representing Him in His last expiring pang, commending His spirit into the hands of His heavenly Father, every wound streaming blood, each drop a torrent of mercy, distilling balm to heal the festering sores of a distempered world. Contrast the capabilities of such a man to paint such a subject with the capabilities of the religious and pious artist, the blessed Angelico, who, whilst engaged in painting his works representing the various stages of the passion and death of our blessed Redeemer, carefully purified his soul from sin by frequently approaching the sacraments, and before entering his studio, fervently invoked the Holy Ghost for a spark of heavenly inspiration, and spent lengthened periods in meditation on the love of God—on the “Word made flesh”, and crucified for the iniquities of men, and commenced his work every day with a heart glowing with fervour. He saw in his picture the unspeakable mysteries of Calvary—moistened his colours with the streams of devotional tears that trickled down his cheeks—and when

about to represent the sacred blood of Christ, recognized in the red colour on his palette an emblem of that crimson tide of life that flowed superabundantly from those divine arteries, teeming with mercy. When this holy artist was about to lay on the touch on the canvas, overwhelmed with devotional feelings, he fell away from his easel, the pencil that held the crimson tint dropping from his nerveless fingers as he swooned away into a heavenly ecstasy! —when he recovered, and came back to earth again, and resumed, he communicated to his work the ardent piety of his soul, and he made the canvas glow with devotion, and the holy unction that oozed from his touch, dyed his colours, and imparted to the features a supernatural appearance, an expression of celestial sanctity, a ray of the Divinity itself! Contrast the capabilities of the two painters, and from the contrast learn to estimate the influence of religion on the perfection of the fine arts, and cease to express surprise at the incomparable superiority of the works of the old religious masters above the mere mechanical attempts of modern artists in these days of decayed faith and fervour and piety! The one glows with the fire of heaven, whilst the other is cold, inanimate, material, and spiritless! Tell me not, then, that Christian art is a mere handicraft or skilful manipulation of the pigments with which it depicts its subjects, irrespective of faith and religion. Christian art has ever been inseparably associated with religion, and most of the works of merit and originality it has produced have emanated from it. Religion has ennobled all its designs, imparted supernatural sublimity to all its conceptions, consecrated its theme, disposed its scenery, its groupings, its costumes; subdued, harmonized, and softened all its tones. It looked and tasted of Jesus, and therefore it was sweet and harmonious and beautiful!

Now judge of the additional solemnity imparted to the ceremonies by the Christian arts in Rome, where you are surrounded by such vivid representations, visibly associated as it were with the very places, personages, and mysteries which they commemorate; and if Rome be the temple of the fine arts, the Sistine chapel is the very sanctuary of this temple. It was erected in the year 1473 by Sixtus IV., and from him is called the Sistine chapel, and is the private chapel of the Popes. Within this Sistine chapel met the two extremes of the two most famous schools of painting—the termination of the one and the commencement of the other, the old and the new, the antiquated and the obsolete, one represented by Cimabue, and the new and reformed one by Buonarotti, Perugino, and other masters, Giotto belonging to both, and being the link between them. For many centuries the purity, and simplicity, and devotional character of the primitive school of painting had been considerably deteriorated by Byzantine masters, who travelled into Italy, and taught their disciples to copy after the dissolute and inaccurate outline, the gaudy colouring and other monstrosities of the early Egyptian and Grecian style. Cimabue commenced the reformation. Giovanni Cimabue, whose family was sometimes called Gualtieri, was born at Florence in the year 1240. Several who have written the history of the art of painting, and amongst them Vasari, attribute to Cimabue the exalted title of the “Father of Modern Painting”. This seems to insinuate that to him should be ascribed the regeneration of the art, which previously had been totally extinct. Though undoubtedly he exercised a most powerful influence in the restoration of the art in Italy, Vasari’s assertion seems to me to ascribe to Cimabue more than justice entitles him to. Art had fallen to a very low

grade in Italy and in Western Europe, in the tenth and eleventh centuries ; but it was by no means totally extinct, and in the East it always preserved its vitality, though not a very flourishing existence. In the East the style was that of the Byzantine, both in form and colouring. The figures are stiff, the limbs emaciated, and the expression spiritless. The colours are vivid, and there was much gilding, and but little relief, depth, or perspective. They were usually painted in distemper, moistened with the yoke of eggs, constituting a species of fresco, as the art of painting in oil was not discovered for some centuries later. When Constantinople was taken by the crusaders in 1204, many of those Byzantine artists followed the fortunes of the conquerors, and returned with the soldiers of the cross into Italy, and there taught the art in the eastern style, even before the birth of Cimabue. Some of their works are still extant, and some of their names recorded : for instance those of Giunta, Nicola Pisano, Maestro Bartolomeo. There are even those who profess their ability to trace an unbroken chain of pictorial works, and a succession of artists, from a period so early as the fourth century down to the age of Cimabue. The germ was still planted in the soil, but vegetation was latent under the desolating chill of a lengthened winter. Cimabue was the first vivifying ray of the springtime sun rising above the horizon, whose genial heat fostered and cherished it, and circulated vitality through every fibre, till it floriated with blossoms, and bore an abundant harvest of luxuriant fruits of pictorial works of art. Though Cimabue, however, may have been indebted to them for some knowledge, and though he may not be absolutely regarded as the regenerator of the art of painting, his gigantic genius so transcendantly excelled that of all his cotemporaries, that to his

individual exertions may be justly attributed the elevation of art from her prostrate condition. He drew her forth from the chaos and obscurity in which she had been enveloped—elevated her as a brilliant model for future generations—and in the person of Giotto, educated a pupil whose athletic vigour burst asunder the trammels of the Byzantine style, by which she had been fettered—presented improved modern art, developed in the full proportions of her maturity, and proclaimed her emancipation : and thus is Cimabue eminently entitled to the celebrity he has acquired, and his age regarded as the great era in the history of pictorial art. It is the threshold, across which she passed from bondage to liberty. Cimabue having attained the most exalted honour and unbounded celebrity, died in his native city at the age of sixty years, whilst he was engaged in decorating the Duomo of Pisa, and his obsequies were celebrated with the greatest solemnity, after which his remains were interred in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. Giotto, that gigantic genius and prodigy of artistic skill in the fourteenth century, irrespective of the teachings and control of his master Cimabue, completely emancipated Christian art—elevated her above all meanness and grovelling—purified her from all corruptions—and exalted her to her pristine purity, simplicity, and majesty. Giotto was the son of a shepherd, who, even in childhood years, was employed by his father in herding the flocks. On one occasion when Cimabue, then of mature age, was riding through the valley of Vespignano, situate about fifteen miles from Florence, his attention was attracted by observing the little boy drawing something on the fragment of a slate, with a pointed stone for his pencil. He approached, and found he was etching the figure of one of the sheep which were browsing around. Cimabue

was astonished at the accuracy of outline, decision of touch, and expression of the rude sketch. The keen eye of the great artist at once discovered the latent mine of artistic talent which lay beneath the rude appearance of the rustic youth, then but twelve years of age. This incident occurred in the summer of 1289, when Cimabue invited the boy to accompany him, and promised to support him and instruct him in the art of painting. With the consent of his father he cheerfully acceded to the proposal. This story is told by Lorenzo Ghiberti, the great sculptor, who was born in the year 1378, and by Vasari, and is alluded to by Rogers, in his *Italy*.

"Let us wander thro' the fields
Where Cimabue found the shepherd boy
Tracing his idle fancies on the ground".

That the little boy might obtain a knowledge of the polite literature necessary for an accomplished artist, he placed him under the tuition of Brunetto Latini, and this very man was also the preceptor of the great Dante. Giotto reached the age of twenty-six years, and a high degree of artistic skill and celebrity as an eminent painter, when Ciambue died. Pope Boniface VIII., who was the last Pope of the thirteenth century, having heard of the works he executed, and of his marvellous attainments, dispatched a messenger to invite him to Rome. On being introduced to Giotto, the messenger desired to have some specimen of his talent, as a proof to present the Pope that he had found the great artist whom he sought. To supply this proof, Giotto took out a sheet of paper, and with one flourish of his pencil, described a circle so perfect, that it could not be exceeded even with the aid of a compass, and in the language of the historian "it was a miracle to see". With this circumstance originated the

Italian proverb employed to express admiration, or a judgment of the perfection of any work of art: "Più rondo che l' O di Giotto!" "It is rounder than the O of Giotto!" At the order of his patron, Pope Boniface, he painted a representation of the jubilee of the year 1300, which, with many other wonderful creations of his pencil, are still extant in the Lateran, at Assisi, Milan, Padua, and Naples, but more especially in the Campo Santo of Pisa. Giotto and Dante were cotemporaries and intimate friends. Giotto accompanied the suite of Pope Clement V. to Avignon, where he painted the portraits of Petrarch and Laura. He united in his person the highest attainments and accomplishments. He was a man of sparkling vivacity and wit, he was a painter, a poet, an engineer, and an architect. It was he who designed the Campanile of Florence, with all its details in tracery, mouldings, and sculpture—a structure so elaborate and exquisite, that Charles V. said it should be kept under glass! Amongst the most celebrated of Giotto's pupils were Cavallini, Andrea Orcagna, Simone Memmi, and Taddeo Gaddi. Thus had Christian art progressed for a thousand years, from its infancy in the catacombs to its maturity and the climax of its celebrity under Giotto. The style of art employed by the Christians in the early ages of the Church was chiefly of an emblematical character. Thus the figure of the serpent was employed to represent sin and the evil tempter. The ship was taken to represent the bark of holy Church conveying the faithful through the stormy seas of this world, and of this life of strife, to the blessed port of heaven. The fish represented Christ and baptism. The cross represented and recalled to their minds the sufferings of our Saviour, and the glorious memories of our redemption.

Giotto died in the year 1336, as Vasari says, "no less a good Christian than an excellent painter". His obsequies were celebrated with great solemnity, and thirty years after the death of his master Ciambue, he was interred in close proximity to his remains, in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence. Lorenzo de Medici erected a marble monument to his remains.

Then came the great Masaccio, who died in 1445, the majesty of Christian art being still further supported by Leonardo da Vinci, who was born two years after Masaccio's death, a genius who excelled in every art and every science, and in an eminent degree. His eye and his ear were educated to the highest grade of refinement and exquisite taste, and his grasp was the most extensive. He was a sculptor, a poet, an anatomist, an architect, an engineer, a chemist, a mechanist, a musician, and a painter. He seemed to have been born in the centre of every art, and science, and beauty, and as they were suspended within his grasp in a circle around him, he sometimes seized on one, and having satisfied himself with it, laid it aside, and then seized on another, and a third, that he might satiate his genius on every artistic delicacy. At this period, Bartolomeo della Porta presents himself, an artist who was a member of a religious order, and was remarkable for the clever gradations of his colouring, his effect in foreshortening, the graceful folds and masses imparted to his drapery, making every garment not a veil to conceal, but a vehicle to present to view the limb it invests. Then approaches the great Michael Angelo Buonarrotti—the giant of art, sublime in conception, grand in form, and broad in manner; he who, even in the one chapel of the Sistine, unveils the origin, progress, and dispensations and last judgment of God on man; he who displayed the

human frame in every attitude into which nature and motion vary it, and depicted on canvas every passion that agitates the human heart. At this time also came the immortal Raphael, whose sweetness, modesty, grace, vigour, and pathos, exercise an invincible sway over all our sympathies, and by his expressiveness in telling his story to the eye, must ever remain unrivalled. Raphael died at the age of thirty-seven, and within that short period of life, he left after him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures, and five hundred and seventy-six drawings, sketches, and studies. He transmitted many of his artistic excellencies in the education of his eminent disciple, Guilio Romano. Neither can I omit to name the enchanting Antonio Læti, better known as Correggio, the great master of chiaro-oscuro, remarkable in an eminent degree for the art of harmony in colouring, by which every work he executed, from the smallest miniatures to the broad decorations of vast buildings and domes, possessed such a unison and subordination of parts, as to constitute a perfect whole. He blended light and shade; but how or where the one commenced or the other terminated, no eye can discern—like the vivid brilliancy of the prominent centre of a globe, gliding by a kind of dreamy insensibility through an endless series of demi-tints, into the richest and most sombre shades of the horizon. Christian art soon after attained the climax of its glory under the tutelage of such masters, and after the important invention of the use of oils in mixing the colours, and which invention is attributed to John Van Eyck, who flourished in Brussels in the year 1410.

In the Sistine chapel the two great schools met, the ancient one terminating, and the recent one originating, or rather reviving, from the tomb of corruption in which it

had been so long buried. The wonderful productions of art, which have imparted such celebrity to the Sistine chapel, consist of various scenes in the life of Moses on the left hand side of the chapel, and of the life of Christ on the right, the two representatives of the new and old dispensations. The wall at the extreme end of the Sistine chapel was originally decorated with representations of the birth of Christ, and of Moses, and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and were works of great merit, but eventually removed to give space for Michael Angelo's sublime, terrific, stupendous triumph of art, the last judgment. It is sixty feet high and thirty feet broad. It is the most successful and effective effort of art that has ever been produced by the hands of man, and must ever remain unrivalled. The roof or ceiling of the chapel represents scenes from the history of the creation of the world—the creation, the fall, and the expulsion of our first parents, and also twelve figures of prophets and sybils in every conceivable attitude, and personifying all that is graceful, dignified, and majestic. These wonderful pictorial works were executed by order, and under the patronage of Sixtus IV., Julius II., Clement VII., and Paul III., and the artists employed were Luca Signorelli, Sandro Botticelli, Cosmo Rosselli, Domenico Ghirlandazio, Francesco Salviati, Pietro Perugino, and Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

During the fifteenth century also came the great artist Lorenzo Ghiberti. He appeared in an age distinguished for the wonderful impulse given to all the arts and sciences, for the most energetic mental activity, philosophical inquiry, the restoration of classical learning, the discovery of the new material of oil in painting, and for those two discoveries which revolutionized the social system, and which have ever since, and ever shall, mark

eras the most memorable and momentous in the world's history—the discovery of the art of printing, and the discovery of the new world of America. After Ghiberti succeeded Benozzo Gonzoli, Andrea Castragno, Luca Signorelli, Domenico Ghirlandazio, Andrea Montegna, Il Francia, and the Bellini.

When art has thus consecrated the most successful efforts of her genius, in creating around you such vivid representations of the life, and of the mysteries of the passion and death of our blessed Lord, as everywhere present themselves before you in Rome, you will feel as though you were associated with the persons and spectators, and with the very reality, and you will be readily convinced of the influence thereby exercised through the senses, in attuning all the sympathies of the soul to harmonize with the momentous events and stupendous mysteries which effected the redemption of mankind, and which the Church commemorates during Holy Week. Indeed, they touch a chord in unison with which every religious fibre of the heart vibrates.

Behold then, the wisdom of the Church in instituting her ceremonies, and in employing the efforts of that art which she nurtured and educated, as an auxiliary to promote her holy interests—to produce religious impressions on the soul, and to elicit from the soul sentiments of sorrow, compunction, gratitude, and adoring love. When the Son of God consummated the sacrifice, and died the bleeding victim for our sins, that sacrifice was made, not amidst verdant meads, and enchanting sylvan glades, and rippling fountains, in the stillness and peaceful attitude of nature, in the genial heat and brilliant rays of a summer's sun! No! it was on the barren and rugged mount of Calvary!—a tempestuous storm convulsed all nature—the veil of

the Temple was rent to pieces—the flinty rocks were riven asunder—the dead started from their graves, and in their winding sheets walked about in the very streets of Jerusalem, in the daylight, in the very sight of affrighted, shivering, living men. The sun, that radiant orb, veiled its light, and a gloomy darkness enveloped the whole world. And why all these miracles, and why all these writhing convulsions of nature? They were intended by the Omnipotent as external means to affect the senses; and unless our hearts are more insensible than the very dead in their graves, who heard His voice—the very veil that exposed the Sanctuary—or the very rocks as hard as flint that were riven to pieces—those convulsive revolutions were intended to elicit profound sentiments of terror, compunction, and devotion in the soul, and oblige the most insensible to strike their breasts, and acknowledge at last that the God of nature was dying! This proves most convincingly the doctrine I have propounded, and the efficacy of sensible representations, both by the aids of art or ceremonies, in harmonising the soul to the sad and saving mysteries which Rome and we are commemorating by these ceremonies of Holy Week!

Good Friday.



GOOD FRIDAY!—awake, my soul, to the astounding mysteries commemorated to-day!—the fountain of existence has ceased to flow!—eternal life has expired—infinite wisdom has died “as a fool dieth!” The Son of the King has had His royal person mangled—they took from Him His crown, and pressed one of thorns on His temples—

they drove a sharp spear into His side—His hands and feet were cleft with rough nails, and fixed to the cross. All nature is convulsed with horror, and every fibre of humanity vibrates! And He died not only for His loyal subjects, but for a band of rebels caught in their treason, with arms in their hands, and you and I are suspected to have been compromised. Awake! awake! at the universal dismay! The very tenants of the grave, who have long slept the sleep of death, have started up to know what is the matter!—the earth has shivered and quaked with fear—and the sun, unable to look on at the revolting indignities cast on Him, who once said, "Let there be light", has hid his face, and draped the world in mourning!

An air of desolation and melancholy pervaded the entire city. "How doth the city sit solitary, and the mistress of the Gentiles is become as a widow!" All traffic had ceased—the public establishments were all closed—the banners on the flag-staffs were struck. The dragoons, in place of carrying their drawn swords erect as usual, carried them suspended from the right arm, from the leathern loop of the hilts, with the points downwards—the infantry carried their rifles reversed, in token of mourning—and the rumbling drums, being unbraced, had a flat, unearthly sound. Continuous trains of people moved on as on the previous day to the Sistine chapel. The chapel wore an aspect of the greatest desolation. All the carpets—the rich tapestry of the cardinals' benches—the drapery of the canopy over the Pope's throne and of the chair, as well as all the ornaments and the antependium of the altar, were removed. The guard of nobles, like the other military, held their drawn swords with points inverted. The cardinals exchanged their crimson stockings and collars for

others of a purple colour, and the bishops their purple for black; all, even the Pope, laid aside their rings, as significant of a spirit of penance and humiliation.

On this day commemorative of the death of our Lord, there is no consecration of the Blessed Eucharist, nor is the Holy Sacrifice offered. At the Mass, which is called that of the "presanctified", the priest receives the sacred Host, which is preserved in the repository, and which had been consecrated on the previous day. It is a solemn function, which represents the passion of Jesus Christ. The tracts and lessons which are read are the predictions of Christ's coming, and the types of our redemption by His immolation on the cross, all of which are most expressive and impressive. During the function, the history of the passion, as recorded by St. John, is read, to prove the verification of the law and the prophets. In the orations which follow, all manner of persons are included in the public liturgy, even schismatics, heretics, and Jews, and pagans, as Christ to-day shed His blood even for those who drew it. The Pope entered as usual, and took his seat on the bare throne; but no homages were made to his Holiness, nor were the usual mutual salutations observed between the cardinals. The priest and ministers wore black vestments. They approached the altar without lights or incense, and, amidst profound silence, prostrated themselves to the ground for a considerable time, during which the acolytes covered the bare altar with a white linen cloth. They then ascended the altar, and the ceremonies commenced by the reader and priest reading a lesson from the prophecy of Osee. The other prophecies were then read by the priest, and occupied a very lengthened time. The gospel and the orations were then chaunted.

A sermon was preached in Latin by one of the minor conventuals. The prayers of this Mass of Good Friday were most pathetically chaunted, soliciting the mercy of God for the visible head of the Church, the Pope—for bishops, priests, deacons, and all the clergy, confessors, virgins, widows, and all the faithful—temporal sovereigns, catechumens—for the removal of disease, sickness, and famine, the liberation of captives, the safe return of travellers, the health of the sick, and the safety of sea voyagers—for the conversion of heretics and sinners, and for the return of the Jews to the society of God's people. Before the other prayers, the deacon invites the congregation to bend the knee in genuflection; but before the oration for the Jews, he makes an exception, to signify the Church's horror at the impiety of that perverse generation, who bent the knee in derisive mockery before the King of kings. The last oration, chaunted by the celebrant, supplicates that all pagans may obtain heavenly aid to abandon their idols, and worship the true and living God, and His adorable Son Jesus Christ, in spirit and in truth, who was on this day immolated for the salvation of the world.

After chaunting all the orations, the celebrant took off the chasuble, and with the deacons proceeded to the epistle side of the altar. The cross, covered with the veil, was taken down, and, gradually ascending, he uncovered the top of the crucifix, then the hands and feet, and ultimately the entire crucifix, and exposed it to the congregation, singing three times, "Ecce lignum crucis in quo salus mundi pependit!" "Behold the wood of the cross on which hung the salvation of the world", to which the choir replied genuflecting, "Venite adoremus!" "Come let us adore". He then laid it on a cushion at

the foot of the altar. He took off his shoes, and after three profound genuflections, kissed it. The Pope's cope, mitre, and shoes were then removed, and after three profound genuflections, he kissed the crucifix, the emblem of Him the crucified one, of whom he is the visible representative. A knight attended the Pope, and carried a superb crimson purse, embroidered with gold, filled with money, and cast it into a silver basin, as commemorative of the sale of Christ by Judas' treason for thirty pieces of silver. The cardinals and generals of religious orders advanced two and two in like manner, without their shoes, made their adorations, each casting a handful of silver crowns into the silver dish. After the ceremonies, this money becomes the perquisite of the sacristan. In olden times all the faithful adored, walking in bare feet. This ceremony is called the adoration—but the adoration is referred not to the graven crucifix, but to the adorable Lord Jesus Christ, of whom this is but a commemorative emblem.

During the adoration of the cross, the "improperia", or the reproaches, representing our Lord reproaching the Jews for their ingratitude, are sung alternately by the chanters, commencing with the verses, "Popule meus quid feci tibi!" "My people, what have I done to thee?" "Agios", a word which occurs in this liturgy of Good Friday, is a Greek term, which signifies "holy". Thus the Church invokes "Agios O Theos, Agios ischyros, Agios athanatos, elyson imas"—that is, "Sanctus Deus, sanctus fortis, sanctus immortalis, miserere nobis"; and not as in the usual grammatical phraseology in the vocative case, "Sancte Deus, sancte fortis, sancte immortalis"; and the reason is, because in the Attic dialect, which was esteemed as the most elegant by the Greeks, the nominative and the

vocative cases were identical. When these verses were completed, the "Crux fidelis", and the "Dulce lignum", were sung, and were alternately repeated after each verse of the "Pange lingua gloriosi".

"O faithful cross ! O noblest tree !
 In all our woods there 's none like thee !
 No earthly groves, no shady bowers .
 Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.
 Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood
 That bears a weight so sweet, so good".



Blood upon the Land!

"Our hands did not shed this blood".



E learn from the twenty-first chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, that, according to the enactments of the olden law, when the corpse of a murdered man was found in the land, the distance was measured to the nearest city, and the ancients assembled the people, and that a victim was slain in a rough and stony valley, and that each was summoned to come up to the corpse and prove he was not guilty of the murder, and as the test of his innocence that he was solemnly to proclaim aloud, "My hands did not shed this blood, nor did my eyes see it"; and he was then to wash his hands over the bleeding victim. Terrible ordeal—searching test—appalling contrivance to discover the perpetrator of the secret murder ! No doubt, it was often most successful in discovering the murderer and bringing him to justice, either by his own public confession of his guilt, or by the manifest symptoms of trepida-

tion and terror which the qualling assassin manifested in his countenance and entire deportment. The innocent themselves were unable to conceal their terror—but the guilty, what heart so steeled as under this test not to manifest its guilt!

Figure to yourself the solemnity and awful character of the scene which that ordinance of the old law presented on such occasions. The people summoned from the entire district around—awe-stricken at the appalling crime which had crimsoned their land with the blood of a murdered man—terrified at the sight of the mutilated remains—all forming a vast circle—the ancients seated on an elevated platform—the corpse stretched out at full length—uncovered, and the wounds which caused his death exposed to the entire multitude!—the ancients breaking the solemn silence by calling on each individually by name to come out and expose himself to the scrutinizing eyes of all whilst he proclaimed, “My hands did not shed this blood, nor did my eyes see it!” Observe the symptoms of terror manifested on this trying occasion, even by the most innocent—observe their nervous convulsions—the trembling limbs—the quivering lips—the blanched countenance—the pallid cheeks—or hectic blush—the palpitating heart—the tottering frame—as each one advanced to the dead man, and laid the palm of his fevered hand on the cold and clammy skin of the corpse, and with faltering accents half muttered, “My hands did not shed this blood, nor did my eyes see it!”

If the good and the innocent should naturally manifest such symptoms of terror on so trying an ordeal—the guilty, oh, the guilty!—what would be their terror and consternation! What heart so steeled, so hardened in crime, as to have the hardihood, if he were the guilty murderer, to

step forward in the centre of the circle, and before the multitude and the gaze of the venerable ancients, to look steadily at the gaping, gory wounds and the still glassy eye, and touch the cold skin of his murdered victim, and say, "My hands have not shed this blood, nor did my eyes see it"! Would he not rather be induced to seek relief from the convulsive pangs of remorse with which his heart was bursting, by exclaiming aloud with a great cry, "Peccavi, peccavi!—I am the murderer! I am the wicked murderer—it was my hands that shed this blood—oh! it was I who gave the fatal stab, and cut the wound through which flowed the crimson tide of life, upon which his soul ebbed out—I have nothing to say why death and execution should not be inflicted on me—my hands are dyed too deeply to wash out the stains of his blood—wreak your vengeance on me—I am the murderer—it was I drew his blood—his blood be upon me and upon my children!" No scene, indeed, could be conceived more efficacious to impress the murderer with a just sense of the frightful character of his crime—no scene better calculated to reduce him to fear, to salutary remorse, to contrition, to repentance, to expiation, and public confession of his guilt, than this one which was adopted in the old law, and which is recorded in the book of Deuteronomy.

The corpse of a murdered man is found in our land—who is guilty of the crime?—who is the murderer? Let us adopt the expedient resorted to in the old law to discover the guilty murderer. First, then, let us measure, as of old, who are the nearest people to the corpse—who are they?—are we that people? Ah! what nation has its God approaching to it as our God is to us? Then the murderer is amongst us! The victim is slain in the rough and stony valley of this world. Let us regard the priests

of the Church as the ancients of the old law, and that seated on the altar, they summon us to form an extended circle round the corpse, and that the dead body is stretched at full length in the centre. How did He come by His death? Ah! how cruelly! Raise up the right hand—it is stiff and rigid, and the fingers are contracted, and the shoulder joint is dislocated. Open out the fingers—oh! see the large hole that is dug in the palm through the very sinews and small bones, the most sensitive parts of the body. Turn the back of the hand—see! the wound has passed through and through. It must have been inflicted by a rough iron nail, driven through by repeated blows of a ponderous hammer. The left hand, and both the insteps of the feet, are bored through in a similar manner. He must have been nailed to a cross. See how wide the wounds are, which perhaps was caused by the whole weight of the body having been suspended from the nails. They dug His hands and feet, they numbered all His bones! What could have caused that rosy hue, and the innumerable little spots of blood oozing out of every pore, and covering His entire fair and tender skin? It looks as if it were a bloody sweat, caused probably by His excessive bodily and mental anguish. O God! what convulsive pangs must have caused that bloody sweat! See the wreath of thorns on His head—how long and sharp they are—some of them broken in the flesh—others buried deep in the skull and brow—some of them protruding through the eyebrows and piercing the eye-balls. That thorny crown must have been beaten down into the head by blows from sticks and clubs. What a beautiful and heavenly expression seems beaming from His countenance! He must have been some high born, exalted personage. He seems about thirty-three years of age! See His eyes and His

face all livid with marks. His murderers must have struck Him and thumped Him with their clenched fists—and look at the phlegm dried on His cheeks—they spat in His face, I suppose, and did not wipe off the spittle. See the liquid flowing from His mouth—what can it be?—it looks like a mixture of vinegar and gall! O Lord! how they must have tormented Him!—see the gash in His side! Turn over the body on its face. O God! O God! what a spectacle! See that back! furrowed and torn! lacerated! the ribs and shoulder blades laid bare! They must have been cow-hide thongs, and not less than five thousand lashes from brawny arms could have produced so terrible an effect! See the pieces of red wool adhering to the red flesh: it looks as if they threw some purple garment over His shoulders whilst the wounds were fresh, allowed them to dry up, and then forcibly tore away the garment again. Ah! it was an appalling murder! Whose body is it? It turns out to be the body of Christ, who was the son of a man and woman named Mary and Joseph! Was He a stranger? Did He do any injury to any one? Ah! no, He was our brother—going about doing good to every one—and He came unto His own, who murdered Him! Let us find out the guilty wretch, and wreak vengeance on him for so flagitious a crime! Who murdered Him? Shall I call upon each one of you severally and by name to come forward, walk up close to the corpse, lay your open hand upon the cold skin of that sacred flesh—and if you be innocent, do not falter, but say out loud and distinctly, “My hands did not shed this blood, nor did my eyes see it!” Come forward, each one and all.

O God! O God! I am unable to go through that bitter ordeal! I cannot assert that my hands did not shed this blood—let me rather seek relief from the agonies of re-

morse and affliction that rend asunder my sorrowing soul. Peccavi, peccavi, quid faciam tibi, O custos hominum! O God! I am the guilty, ungrateful, sinful wretch who have committed this appalling crime—'t is I who have killed Jesus Christ—not my enemy, but my Creator, my benefactor, my loving Redeemer! Oh! see what I have done: from the sole of His foot to the crown of His head there is no soundness in Him!—wounds and bruises, and swelling sores!—'t was I inflicted the fatal blow—when I indulged in that sinful excess—then I cast the spittle in His face—then I pressed the thorns into His temples—then I tore His flesh with lashes—then I hammered the nails into the hands and feet of my Jesus, whose body lies there on this altar! Oh! see what I have done! Oh! I am sorry! why do I not dissolve into one torrent of tears of affliction and compunction? Evermore I shall proclaim by my words and by my works that "I am one of this man's disciples!" To-day all things acknowledge the sovereignty of Jesus Christ. His cross is triumphant in heaven and in hell. It is triumphant over the pride of the Jews—over the incredulity of the Gentiles—over the savage barbarity of His executioners—and over the obdurate heart of the dying thief! All nature and all creatures claim Him as their King; and shall our hearts alone be closed, and obdurately exclaim, "We will not have this One to reign over us"? The dead hear His voice to-day, and come forth from their tombs; and shall we lie buried in the abyss of our crimes, whilst His powerful voice calls forth from His exalted elevation on the cross, and echoes through the inmost recesses of our hearts, commanding us, "Arise, you who sleep the sleep of death: come forth from the tombs and the darkness of your crimes: Jesus Christ crucified shall vivify and enlighten

you". The rocks are rent asunder : and shall our hearts continue more insensible and harder than the flinty rocks? The veil of the Temple is rent asunder : and shall we, by refusing to reveal our sins in the tribunal of confession, refuse to tear asunder the impenetrable veil which has so long concealed all our hidden transgressions? Oh, tear it asunder, and expose your conscience in all its hidden deformity to your spiritual physician to heal and save you! O Jesus! as to-day you address us in the pathetic language of thy sufferings and thy blood, penetrate our hearts with accents so interesting and affecting—pour on us one drop of thy blood, and we shall be purified—cast upon us one look of clemency, as thou didst upon the penitent thief, and we shall pass from the bondage of sin to the happy liberty of the children of grace, and be with you one day in Paradise !

When the ceremony of the adoration of the cross was nearly terminated, the candles were lighted, and the cross was again placed in its usual position on the altar, and the ministers, clergy, nobles, and cardinals were formed in processional order before the Pope, and all went to the Paoline chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament reposed, whence all, with the Pope bearing the Most Holy, amidst lines of the Guard of Nobles, the Swiss Guards, and military of the line saluting, again returned to the Sistine Chapel. During the procession, the "Vexilla regis" was sung.

" Behold the royal ensigns fly,
Bearing the cross's mystery :
Where life itself did death endure,
And by that death did life procure".

Whilst the Pope was in the Paoline chapel, either side of the door was guarded by the porters of the "De virga

Rubea", "the red rod", who are officials who stand at the doors of halls or churches in which the Pope is present. They guard the Papal cross, and prepare the place for the Papal vestments. They wear purple cassocks and purple cloaks, and carry short staffs covered with crimson velvet, mounted with silver ornaments and rings. The holy Father is also accompanied by mace-bearers. The mace-bearers wear a dress of black silk, covered with a purple cloak, and they are the representatives of a body of twenty-five men, organized by the Emperor Constantine as a body guard for Pope Sylvester.

The Pope having entered the Sistine chapel under a gorgeous canopy borne by bearers in grand costumes, the Blessed Sacrament was laid on the altar and incensed. Wine and water were put into the chalice, and an offering was made by the celebrant. He elevated the Host for the adoration of the people. He divided it into three parts, and reverently received it, and then the wine in the chalice. He then retired, and vespers were chaunted.

The pillar at which our Lord was scourged is preserved, and is on this day exhibited at the church of St. Praxedes. It was conveyed from Jerusalem to Rome by Cardinal Colonna in the year 1223, during the pontificate of Pope Honorius III.

The "Scala Santa", or holy stairs, is on this day a place of most especial resort for the pious votaries of the passion of our blessed Lord. It is situate on the north side of the Basilica of St. John of Lateran, and is contained beneath a fine portico, erected by Sixtus V., and which was preserved from destruction during the fire which destroyed the old Lateran Palace, originally erected by Pope Leo III. The holy stairs consists of twenty-eight marble steps, and is the identical stairs of Pilate's house, upon

which our Saviour descended when He left the judgment seat on His dolorous way to be scourged in the Pretorium or court yard. The crowds of holy penitents all ascended on their knees, manifesting the most fervent sentiments of fervour and compunction and tender piety. The multitudes of holy pilgrims who thus ascended the Scala Santa for centuries were so great, that the marble steps were nearly worn out by their knees, and to protect their precious remains, they were covered with a case of perforated wood by Pope Clement XII., through which they may be seen, yet preserved from further injury. On my visit, I found them thronged by devout visitors from various countries of every grade and profession—soldiers, monks, princes, and peasants, all ambitious to enjoy the enviable happiness of ascending the stairs trodden on by the blessed feet, and sprinkled with the precious blood of Jesus Christ. The wooden cases, since their first introduction, have been worn out, and have been three times renewed. At either side of the Scala Santa are two parallel staircases, by which visitors walk down. At the summit of the Scala Santa there is a small chapel which is called “Sancta Sanctorum”. It contains some very precious relics and some highly interesting works of mosaic art, representing Christ with one hand presenting the keys to St. Peter, and with the other a standard to Constantine, and a portrait of an exact likeness of the youthful Jesus at the age of twelve years, painted by St. Luke. This chapel is entered through a door of bronze, the very one through which Christ was led to be exposed to the multitude at the “Ecce homo”. It is kissed with veneration, and though of massive bronze, a great indenture is worn in it by the lips of countless crowds of the faithful. No females are allowed to enter the “Sancta Sanctorum”.

The Pope on this evening made a pilgrimage to the shrines of the Apostles. He entered the Basilica from the Vatican Palace, through the bronze gates near the Blessed Sacrament chapel. The nave was lined with detachments of the Grenadier Guards, and the holy Father was accompanied by a lengthened suite of chaplains, chamberlains, monsignori, princes, and cardinals, all escorted by the Guard of Nobles and Swiss Guards. The Russian princesses, with their suite, accompanied the procession. The Basilica was much crowded. The holy relics were exposed from the balcony over the statue of St. Veronica as on last evening. The Pope seemed absorbed in heavenly contemplation, and was as motionless in his attitude of prayer as Canova's marble statue of Pius VI. kneeling before the confessional. The Pope and all the members of this pilgrimage returned in processional order through the guards and gates as they entered.

*"Quærens me sedisti lassus :
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus".*

*"Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain :
Let not those agonies be vain".*



The Bridge of San. Angelo.

STATUES OF THE ANGELS.



N this evening of Good Friday I walked over to assist for the last time in Rome at the solemn ceremonies of the tenebræ, deeply impressed with the august functions of the forenoon in the Vatican, commemorative of the

mysteries of our redemption. I fell into a meditative mood as I wandered through the narrow winding streets of this ancient city, which were still, and wore a mournful aspect. I reflected that opposition to the truth is the characteristic of the world. Christ is the great testimony of the truth against the world. "For this I came into the world, to give testimony to the truth"—*St. John*, xviii. 37. Calvary is the school of Christ. The cross is the chair of truth. Seated on it, the Great Master is "the way and the truth". Dying on it, He is "the life". Rising from it, He is the foundation of all our hopes. He speaks in the impressive language of His sufferings and His blood. I invite you to an examination of some of the maxims He has inculcated. The lessons I shall read are ancient. The mode of conveying them is novel. There is near the castle a bridge which crosses the Tiber. It is called the Bridge of San. Angelo. It leads to the Vatican, the residence of the Vicar of the Crucified One. On it are erected ten sculptured figures of angels. Each holds one of the instruments of Christ's passion. He presents it to the passer by. The angels are silent. They teach truth. Their language is expressive. There is energy in silence. I propose that we visit this bridge—that we pause and make a reflection before each angel. May we profit by it! If we be of the truth, we will hear Christ's voice. "He that is of the truth heareth my voice"—*John*, viii. 37. Another very conclusive proof of the efficient aid of art as an auxiliary to religion in impressing the soul with sentiments of compunction, piety, zeal, and divine love, may be deduced from the ten angels erected on either side of the ballustrades of this bridge of San. Angelo. They stand in every variety of graceful attitude and affecting expression of

countenance, holding in their hands, and presenting to the view of the passer-by, the different instruments of the passion of our Lord. They are of colossal size, sculptured in white marble from the chisels of Bernini and his pupils. The angel bearing the cross was executed by the great sculptor himself. They were erected immediately after the parapet of the bridge was constructed, in the year 1688, by order of Pope Clement IX. They are most productive of religious effect, and their position admirably designed on this bridge, which is the principal passage to the Vatican, the palace of the Pontiff, who is the vicar of Him who by those instruments of His passion won the conquest of the world over sin and death and the grave, led captivity captive, and burst open "the eternal gates" to introduce his followers into their inheritances. Those sculptured angels, each holding one of the instruments of Our Blessed Lord's passion, and thus silently standing at either side of the battlements of that bridge of San. Angelo, whilst the waters of the yellow Tiber flowed rapidly beneath, emblematic of the fleeting rapidity of passing time, and amidst the unceasing din of the wagons of commerce and rolling equipages, seemed to address me more expressively than even the most erudite volume or most eloquent preacher's sermon. They proclaimed the august mysteries of salvation, the memory of which I should allow no amount of engrossing secular solicitudes or no length of years to obliterate, and amidst all to preserve the vivid recollection of the sole object of my creation—the salvation of my soul, and the cost which my Blessed Saviour paid to purchase it, and the pains and sorrows He endured to apply His merits and enable me to effect it. They all seemed to invite me to delay a little while on the bridge, and ponder on those astound-

ing mysteries. All those Angels seemed to unite in this invitation, calling out: "O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et vidite, si est dolor sicut dolor meus!" "Oh! all you who pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow"—*Lamen.*, i. 12. I accepted of their endearing invitation, and as this is Good Friday, perhaps it may not be unacceptable to present my readers with the sentiments suggested by a pause and reflection before each one. I shall do so in the following pages, and shall call our passage between those lines of angels across the Bridge of San. Angelo,

THE WAY OF THE DOLOROUS ANGELS.

Recordare pie Jesu,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

The Way of the Dolorous Angels.



T the entrance to the Bridge of St. Angelo are erected the two statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. They were erected in the year 1530 by Clement VII. There they stand, the two Princes of the Apostles, between whom we are to pass on entering that avenue of sculptured angels, bearing emblematic carvings of the instruments of the Passion of our blessed Lord! As they were both frail, and yet secured the victory, they encourage us to fight—"not as one beating the air"—and to "run, not as in an uncertainty, but with a secure hope of winning the prize". Peter, and even Judas, were associated in the

Apostleship: how different their ultimate destinies! They were both cedars of Lebanon, planted in the garden of the Church. One denied his Divine Master, the other betrayed Him. The two trees were cut down: the one withered, and was cast into the fire—the other was planted again—its roots were nourished with the tears of penance—it again bore abundant fruits. Courage then, drooping soul!—penance, the merits of Christ's passion, the cheering hope of a blessed immortality, shall be the staff upon which I shall lean on my pilgrimage through life! If I suffer with them, I shall surely reign with them! Though cut down, I shall be planted again. I shall yet bear abundant fruit of virtue!

"Rescissa vegetior assurgit".

Statue of St. Peter.

"CONVERSUS DOMINUS RESPEXIT PETRUM, ET RECORDATUS EST PETRUS VERBI DOMINI, ET EGRESSUS FORAS FLEVIT AMARE."

Luc. xxii. 61. 62.

"And the Lord turning looked on Peter: and Peter remembered the word of the Lord: and going out wept bitterly".



OW much has been effected for Peter by one compassionate look of Jesus! How much has been effected by one look from Jesus silently censuring the delinquent! How great the conversion effected in Peter by his catching merely one glimpse of Jesus in sufferings!—"et egressus foras flevit amare"! "And going out he wept bitterly". Behold the salutary fruit of a truly peniten-

tial spirit! He went out and wept bitterly! He abandoned his former associates, his former resorts, and all dangerous occasions, and devoted himself so continuously to penitential exercises, and to such a spirit of charity and compunction, that his eyes became red as glaring coals of fire, and two furrows were worn in his cheeks from the unceasing streamlets of tears which trickled from those fountains. O Jesus, "feed me, too, with the food of tears, and grant me drink of tears in measure"! "Oh, who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to my eyes", that not merely when the cock crows, but that day and night, I too, like Peter, may bewail my denial of Christ! O Jesus, cast one compassionate look on me too, that I may be converted, and go out and weep bitterly!

Ah Christian! see Jesus thy Saviour, this instant silently glances on thy soul laden with sin! The angels on the bridge are showing you the whip, the thorns, the nails, the cross, by which he was tortured for love of you! Seize the opportunity instantly! If Peter had not seized the first opportunity, Jesus might not have cast on him a second look of compassion. Then, my soul, now is the time! See His glance full of affection and solicitude!—now is the time! Cry out "*nunc cœpi*"—*Ps.*, lxxvi. 11. O heart of adamant, will not a mere glimpse and these instruments of His torture melt thy soul to compunction, to tears, and to divine charity? Hitherto the clouds of sin, as in some uncongenial arctic region, have screened from my soul the genial beamings of the sun of righteousness. The spirit of devotion is changed into gelidity. Charity is frozen; and on my soul, as on Alpine reeks, all is desolation, and covered over with the barren blanched glaring masses of the snowfalls of years of delinquency

and tepidity in God's service! But O Jesus! cast on me, as thou didst on Peter, one look of compassion, and my soul shall be melted as in a furnace of divine love, and shall be dissolved into torrents of fertilizing tears!

"When snows descend, and robe the fields
In winter's bright array,
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away!"

Statue of St. Paul.

"EGO ENIM STIGMATA DOMINI JESU IN CORPORE MEO PORTO".

Gal., vi. 17.

"For I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body".



AUL was a persecutor—but he cried, "Lord, what wilt thou that I should do?" He became a vessel of election! I too have been a rebel—if I present a penitential spirit, and a willing heart, God's grace is sufficient for me also! But St. Paul not only preached Christ crucified—he not only "gloried in the cross of Christ"—but he "bore the crucifixion of Christ in his flesh". Oh! this is the seal which stamps the soul with a likeness to Christ, and our actions with conformity to the example of Christ. "Pone me ut signaculum super cor tuum, ut signaculum super brachium tuum"—*Cant.*, viii. "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm". The spouse in the Canticles thereby instructs the bride in the love of resemblance; that there must not only be affection in the

heart, but execution in the will. Jesus Christ is the seal—my soul is the wax. Oh! this the die whose impression stamps the metal as genuine. The coin in the mint is then only negotiable when it is stamped with the image of the prince. That impression signifies that the metal is pure—that it has passed through the ordeal of the fire, of the crucible, under the anvil, and under the hammer, that it has so triumphantly sustained the tests of integrity, that it has proved to be unalloyed. Thus the stamp of Christ upon my soul proves it to be that genuine coin which is precious in heaven. Thus the soul of Paul was likened to Christ. He was likened to his crucifixion, therefore was he likened to his resurrection"! He loved in order to suffer well—He suffered in order to love well—and behold, he merited to learn secrets not given to ordinary mortals to understand—he was rapt up to the third heaven! My soul! be thou too softened in the crucible of divine charity, and stamp on thee the seal of Christ, "*super cor tuum, super brachium tuum*"—"on thine heart and on thine arm". Be likened to his crucifixion, and thou shalt soar above sublunary things like blessed Paul. As those carrier birds loosed in foreign climes, in their eagerness to reach their homes, rise high above the fogs of a lowly atmosphere, ascend above all obstructions of earth and flit up to a more transparent air, whence they may more clearly discern, and pursue without obstruction, their course to their happy destination, so, by mortification and disengagement, thou wilt obtain the liberty and light of children of grace, to wing your way to the home of your heavenly Jerusalem!

"The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

“So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft through virtue’s purer air
 To hold my course to Thee.
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings!”



The Angel with the Dice and purple Garment.

“TUNICA FILII MEI EST—BESTIA DEVORAVIT JOSEPH”.

Gen., xxxvii. 33.

“It is my son’s coat—a beast hath devoured Joseph”.



HIS angel holds the dice and the garment for which the soldiers cast lots. This is the garment which was purple in colour, and crimsoned in blood, which when clotted adhered to the mangled and excoriated flesh of my loving Saviour, and when rudely torn off, caused all his wounds to bleed afresh, and agonized him with an intensity of exquisite pain. Then Jesus himself was clothed only in the crimson garb of his blood, and with no other covering, was nailed to a cross, elevated on a hill in the noon-day glare, at the Pasch, when the true Lamb was immolated before a crowd from every nation under heaven, and thence

held out his hands all day long to me, "ad populum non credentem et contradicentem"—*Isai.*, lxxv. 2; *Rom.*, x. 21. —To a people that believeth not, and contradicteth me. "Tota die verecundia mea contra me est"—*Psal.*, xliii. 16. —"All the day long my shame is before me". O my soul! the angels veil their faces in veneration of him in heaven! Let confusion veil thy face at the humiliation you have caused his modesty. The very earth was darkened, veiling its face during his humiliation with a mourning crape of obscurity. "Confusio faciæ meæ cooperuit me"—*Psal.*, xliii. 16.—"The confusion of my face hath covered me" "Super vestem meam miserunt sortem".—*Psal.*, xxi. 17. —"Upon my vesture they cast lots". This is the garment which was torn off that it might be employed to hide my deficiencies, and cover my iniquities and spiritual nakedness, that, as Adam tore from me the garb of grace and glory of original innocence, the second Adam might clothe me with the garments of salvation and glory. "Odor vestimentorum tuorum super omnia aromata", —*Cant.*, iv. 2.—"The smell of thy garments is as the smell of frankincense". O Jesus, my beloved! let me pursue thee by that scent! "Trahe me post te, curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum"—*Cant.*, i. 3. "Draw me: we will run after thee to the odour of thy ointments!" "Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus"—*Cant.*, v. 10. "My beloved is white and ruddy"—that is, innocent and mortified. My soul, wear the uniform of thy beloved,—innocence for the future, mortification for the past—be "candidus and rubicundus", "white and ruddy".

O God! see whether this be "Thy son's coat"—*Gen.*, xxxvii. 32. "Tunica filii mei est, fera pessima comedit eum, bestia devoravit Joseph"—*Gen.* xxxvii. 33. "It is my son's coat, an evil wild beast hath eaten him: a beast hath

devoured Joseph !” My soul, what beast ? No other than thine own evil beastly passion—and it has now ran in to seek refuge in the darksome recess of thy heart. Have courage ! pursue him into his cavern—with the hand of innocence seize the growling monster by the neck—drag him out, and slay him with the sword of mortification ! O Jesus ! clothe me round about with the garments of sanctity and grace—give me the spirit and sword of mortification, that I may cast off all sensual gratification, that I may hear nothing, feel nothing, see nothing or taste nothing, but what savours of Jesus !

Nought else I feel, or hear, or see—
 All bonds of earth I sever—
 Thee, O God, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever !

The Angel with the Pillar.

“ SPONSUS SANGUINUM TU MIHI ES”—*Exod.*, iv. 25.
 “ A bloody spouse art thou to me”.



EE ! this Angel holds up the pillar, representing the one to which those beneficent hands which conferred on me so many munificent gifts, were bound with rough cords. When Jesus was thus bound up, they loosened the tie that fastened His garment, which, amidst the cheers of the rabble, fell to the ground, and laid bare and naked the tender back and shoulders, and the chaste and virgin flesh of Jesus. It blushed with modesty. O Cherubim

and Seraphim, where are you? In Heaven the Cherubim reverentially expand their wings round His person, and His feet and face are veiled with adoring Seraphim! The sensitive skin of our blessed Saviour twitches nervously in anticipation of the lashes which are to welt, scalp, and scarify it. See how it becomes livid, bursts, flies about, and bleeds on all sides! After receiving five thousand lashes He fell exhausted at the pillar, all crimsoned with blood. "A planta pedis usque ad verticem capitis non est in eo sanitas, sed vulnus, et livor, et plaga tumens"—*Isai.*, i. 6. "From the sole of the foot unto the top of the head, there is no soundness therein: wounds and bruises and swelling sores". "Sponsus sanguinum tu mihi es", "A bloody spouse thou art to me!" "Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus"—*Cant.*, v. 10. "My beloved is white and ruddy". White in His purity, ruddy in His blood. My soul, consider the agony of His sufferings—the object of His sufferings—the merit of His sufferings. The agony within and without—the agony of modesty within—the agony of whips without. The object of His suffering—to teach me to glory in suffering something for the name of Jesus. The merit of His sufferings—to have my love for Himself, and heaven for me!

O God!—"Erravi sicut ovis quæ periit". "I have gone astray like the sheep that is lost"—*Ps.* cxviii. I desire now to be inseparably attached to my Spouse for evermore. But Jesus, my self-love is so wily, I fear I shall escape from you—oh! do not let me go—there are my hands, I stretch them out to you—bind them inseparably with yours to the pillar—nail them with yours to the cross! To live without you is eternal death—to die with you is eternal life! My soul, choose to be a child of the

world, and live without Christ, or to be a child of God and die with Christ to the world. It was the weighty load of my sins which crushed Him to the earth at the base of the pillar. How grateful should I be for the gifts He purchased so dearly !

“He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne ;
There’s not a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan !”



The Angel with the Whip.

“ANIMA MEA DESIDERAVIT TE IN NOCTE”—*Isaias*, xxvi. 9.

“My soul hath desired thee in the night”.



WE see here an angel turning away his eyes, and sorrowfully presenting the whips—a bunch of leathern thongs studded with iron rowels ! My soul, do you recognize the instrument of thy sensuality ? Ah ! you might have chosen a lighter one, when it was the back of Jesus that was to be whipped ! See the very heavy and severe one you selected !—every lash of which opened many gashes, and with which you bared his shoulder-blade bones, by lacerating His flesh, which flew about in shreds ! Flesh so modest, so tender, so sensitive, my soul’s daily delicious refection ! “Omne delectamentum in se habentem”. “Having every sweetness in it !” Do you see it ? Now look up—“look upon the face of thy Christ !” “Aspice in faciem Christi tui”—*Ps.*, lxxiii. 10. Oh, no : let me

hide my eyes and blush with confusion! I fancied the angel whispered me—no, do not close your eyes or turn away—"look upon the face of thy Christ". If you do not now study His features, livid, blood-stained, and bespattered with unctuous phlegm and spittle in this dreary night of His sufferings, you will not recognize Him in the bright day of His glory. I will, I will look upon the face of my Christ! *Anima mea desideravit te in nocte*—my soul hath desired thee in the night! O Jesus! I am in darkness! "*Dies ille vertatur in tenebras*"—*Job*, 5. The day is turned into darkness. But, O Jesus! *fulgura coruscationem, et emitte sagittas tuas*"—*Ps.*, cxliii. 6. "Send forth lightning: shoot out thy arrows". Yes! shoot forth thy arrows: "*Confige timore tuo carnes meas*". "Pierce my flesh with thy fear", that in future I may fear not merely thy judgments, but thy punishments: that if the flesh should again allure me to sin, I may have a salutary dread that the scourge is prepared for my back. "*Ego in flagella paratus sum*"—*Ps.*, xxxvii. 18. "I am ready for scourges". Oh! say, let there be light, and there will be light! Too late have I known thee, O true Light! O Mary! I am the drachma which Christ lost in the dark, and which he now anxiously seeks. Like the woman mentioned in the gospel, by your prayers light the lamps that he may find me! "I am a worm, and no man", yet Jesus thinks me very precious. "*Quæram quem diligit anima mea*"—*Cant.*, iii. "I will seek him whom my soul loveth!" Oh, thou love of my soul! I yearn for you!—but how can I find you? "*Habitas in lucem inaccessibilem!*" "Thou dwellest in inaccessible light!" I am groping in the dark, and if your dwelling be inaccessible, how am I ever to reach you? Who will lead me through those darksome laby-

rinths that intervene between you and me? O Jesus! take me by the hand. I will be docile to thy inspirations. Lead me to your own dwelling of inaccessible light—do show me yourself. I shall seek you in desiring you—I shall find you in loving you. I shall love you in finding you. O my beloved! come to me yourself in thy mercy, and liberate me from my darksome prison, and strike off the chains that bind me here, and I shall be free, and shall see you in the daylight, as the angel of light and mercy visited Peter in his dark prison, touched his chains, and liberated him—set him free! Ah! set me free!

“Like him whose fetters dropp’d away
When light shone o’er his prison,
My spirit, touch’d by Mercy’s ray,
Hath from her chains arisen”.



The Angel with the Crown of Thorns.



“SICUT LILIUM INTER SPINAS, SIC AMICA MEA”—*Cant.* ii. 11.

“My beloved is like the lily among thorns”.



HE soldiers plating a crown of sharp thorns, placed it as a mock crown on the head and temples of Jesus. They beat it down with their heavy clubs. The thorns penetrated the head, and protruded through the eyebrows. It is believed that the points of seventy thorns penetrated the flesh. Each point opened a torrent of mercy for a degenerate world. The big drops of blood trickled down on all sides. “Egredere filia Sion, vide regem tuum in diademate”—*Cant.*, iii. 11.—“Go forth, daughter of Sion,

and see thy king in the diadem". See, my soul, what you have done! These sharp thorns are thy unholy desires, ambitious projects, desires of preferment. It was thy spirit of pride that platted that crown! "Væ coronæ superbis"—*Isai.*, xxviii. 1. "Woe to the crown of pride!" "Sicut lilium inter spinas, sic amica mea".—"My beloved is like the lily among thorns". When the wind blows the surrounding thorns, they pierce the tender leaves of the lily on all sides. The lily is too gentle to retaliate, but in return exudes from the wounds an odoriferous unction, which renders the air around the thorns redolent of its fragrance. Christ is that lily, "candidus et rubicundus"—fair and ruddy. I am that bush of thorns, and when agitated by the storms of my passions, I have wounded Christ by more than seventy piercing thorns! Aye, by seventy times seventy! Christ might have struck me dead. But no! the gentle lily emits drops of aromatical balm, redolent of sanctity, to soothe and heal the festering sores of my sinful soul. My beloved is like the lily among thorns!

"But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe".

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The Angel with the Cross.

"CONSUMMATUM EST"—*John*, xix. 30.

"It is consummated".



HIS Angel, so doleful, holds up the cross to view. Behold the cross, the altar erected between Heaven and earth, upon which the Victim of propitiation was immolated! Behold the wood of life, to which the hand-writing of sin and death which was against me was nailed, and cancelled! Behold the cross, upon which was attached the crimson seal to the magna charta which reinstated me in all my forfeited privileges, and entitles me to my everlasting inheritances! Behold the wooden door post, through which I am to pass to enter Heaven, sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, to protect me from the destroying angel! Behold the cross, the chair of truth, upon which the great Master stretched forth his hands all the day imploring me to walk in the way of perfection. "I have spread forth my arms all day to an unbelieving people, who walk not in a way that is good"—*Isai.*, ix. 2. Behold the cross upon which, bowing down his head, he gave up the ghost! Behold the cross upon which he exclaimed "consummatum est"—*John*, xix. 30. "It is consummated"!—and on which "inclinato capite tradidit spiritum", "bowing down His head, He gave up the ghost".

O Jesus, after all my prevarications, may I die the death of the just, and then cry "consummatum est"! "it is consummated"! "Then the winter has passed, the

rains have ceased, labour and grief shall no more come near me"—*"cursum consummavi, fidem servavi, in reliquo reposita est mihi corona justitiæ"*—II. *Tim.*, iv. 7. "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : as for the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice" !

O Jesus, I had been a child of wrath : through this instrument of justice make me a child of grace. Give me the kiss of peace—for here *"justitia et pax osculatæ sunt"*—*Ps.*, lxxxiv. 11. "Justice and peace have kissed". Sprinkle me with one drop of the blood of the Lamb, and I shall be secure against the destroying angel—cast on me one look of clemency, as thou didst on the penitent thief, and I shall be saved. Say to me, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise", and I shall be satisfied. *"Satiabor cum apparuerit gloria tua"* ! "I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear" ! I shall cling to the cross as my hope, and call for mercy—mercy, O Lord !—mercy !—'t is all I ask !

"Mercy good Lord, mercy I crave;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
Lord, let thy mercy come !"



The Angel with the Title I.N.R.I.

"OLEUM EFFUSUM NOMEN TUUM"—*Cant.*, i. 2.

"Thy name is as oil poured out".



SEE this interesting emblem of the relics of Calvary, which this Angel holds up. It is the title which Pilate affixed to the cross over the head of Jesus. "Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum"—*John*, xix. 19. "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the

Jews". The Jews objected to His being called King of the Jews. How often have I, too, objected to His being my King!—and cried out, "We will not have this one to reign over us"! O Jesus, I now proclaim you as my King, and proclaim your unbounded sway over all the motions of my heart! "Dicite in gentibus quia Dominus regnavit"—*Ps.*, xc. 10. "Say ye among the Gentiles the Lord hath reigned". I shall write that title on my heart, and shall allow no pusillanimity to weaken my good resolutions, or to obliterate those characters of loyalty: "Quod scripsi scripsi". "What I have written I have written"! His blood was the oil that cured our wounds. It was right then that the Holy name should be fixed on the cross upon which Jesus bled, for "oleum effusum nomen tuum". "Thy name is as oil poured out"! O Jesus, the oil distilled from that tree is nectar to my taste. "Fructus ejus dulcis gutturo meo"—*Cant.*, xi. 3. "His fruit was sweet to my palate"! "Sub umbra illius quem desideraveram sedi"—*Cant.*, ii. 3. "I sat down under the shadow of him whom I desired".

O Jesus! here, under the refreshing umbrage of the cross, with thy title fixed above, I shall seek the shade, and recline under the meridian withering heats of my trials and sorrows. Jesus, I am weak and tottering: give me thy arm, and lead me to that shady arbour, for thou art my support! This title shall be the beacon in my wanderings to guide me home! I am borne away by the tide, and sinking in the waters. "Save me, or I perish". I shall cling to the rock of the cross, for thou art my Saviour! I am the sheep that has gone astray—there is the fold. Ah! take me upon thy shoulders, and bring me home, for thou art my good Shepherd! I am deserted and friendless and afflicted—call me to thee—lay me on

thy breast, for thou art my Spouse!—here shall I abide!
 “Inter ubera mea commorabitur”—*Cant.*, i. 12. “He shall abide between my breasts!” “Hæc requies mea”.
 “This is my resting place”.

“O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee!”

The Angel with the lance.

“HAURIETIS AQUAM IN GAUDIO DE FONTIBUS SALVATORIS”.

Isaia, xii. 3.

“You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains”.



OW affecting the expression of this angel, holding with both hands the lance across his breast!
 “Unus militum lancea latus ejus aperuit”—*John*, xix. 34. “One of the soldiers with a lance opened His side, and immediately there came out blood and water”. By virtue of the blood of Christ we are washed from our sins—and as the children of Israel were refreshed in the desert by the water which flowed from the rock, so are we, during our pilgrimage through this world, refreshed by the water which issued from the side of Christ. “You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains”. By water we are regenerated into a new creature. In the Eucharist water is mixed with wine—and as from the side of sleeping Adam Eve was formed, so holy Church was formed from the side of Christ whilst He slept the sleep of death; and

through that Church you draw all the graces of the sacraments. "You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains".

O Jesus ! give me to drink of that water, after drinking which "I shall never thirst again". Let me ever dwell near the waters of this refreshing fountain. Let me "make here three tabernacles, for it is good for me to be here"—one in the wounds of thy feet, that I may ever follow thee in the path of perfection—one in the wounds of thy hands, that by my good works I may imitate the deeds of thy beneficent hands—and a third in the wounds of thy side, that with the wings of the dove I may rise high above all my trials and sorrows, and fly here and be at rest, and enjoy true liberty, and never again subject myself to the coils of the fowler. "Laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus". "The net is broken, and we are free !"

" And shall a soul thou bidst be free
Return to bondage?—Never !
Thee, O God ! and only thee,
I live for, now and ever !"

The Angel with the Nails.

" COLUMBA MEA IN FORAMINIBUS PETRÆ"—*Cant. xi. 14.*
" My dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock".



BSERVE this Angel holds some of the nails, and the hammer in his left hand, and between the fore finger and thumb of the right hand extends to my view another of those nails. See the iron rivet I selected to penetrate the

sensitive nerves and sinews of the delicate hands and feet of Christ! How rugged the sides!—how rough and blunt the point! See, it is bent!—bent by the fierce blows of the ponderous hammer with which I struck so forcibly, when I indulged my passions, and by which the whole cross vibrated whilst I riveted it to the hard wood! “Domine quid sunt plagæ istæ in medio manuum tuarum?” “Lord, what are these wounds in the midst of thy hands?” —“His plagatus sum in domo eorum qui diligebant me”. “With these I was wounded in the house of them that love me”—*Zac.*, xiii. 6. “Foderunt manus meas et pedes meos”—*Ps.*, xxi. 17. “They have dug my hands and feet”.

This is the iron wedge with which I cleft the hands of Christ! Christ is the rock, and “in these clefts my love dwelleth”—*Cant.*, xi. 14. “My dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock”. All in the world is danger for the dove. There the fowler spreads his nets. But to those clefts the dove flies, and dwelleth in security. “Quæram quem diligit anima mea”—*Cant.*, iii. 2. “I will seek him whom my soul loveth”. Christ, I desire to be with you, but I am weighed down, and cannot reach you! “Coarctor e duobus, desiderium habens esse cum Christo”—*Phil.*, i. 23. “I am straitened between two, having a desire to be with Christ”. “Quis dabit mihi pennas sicut columbæ, et volabo et requiescam”—*Ps.*, liv. 7. “Who will give me wings like the dove, and I will fly, and be at rest?” These wings are the two precepts of charity. Already I hear “the voice of my beloved”, the dove that dwelleth “in the cleft of the rocks”, on “the mountains of aromatical spices”: “the voice of the turtle is heard in our land”. Oh, here shall I rest in these wounds, and regale my soul on “the myrrh that droppeth from thy hands”!

"Donec aspi-ret dies et inclinentur umbræ, vadam et montem myrrhæ, et ad collem thuris"—*Cant.* iii. "I will get up to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense, until the day break, and the shadows have given place to light". Here, in this secure ark, amidst the gloom and storm of my trials and desolations, I shall anxiously expect the coming of my heavenly dove, bearing the olive branch of hope, till the waters will subside, and I shall at length land in safety on the Arrarat of a blessed eternity.

"Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?"



The Angel with the Sponge.



"ARUIT TANQUAM TESTA VIRTUS MEA"—*Ps.*, xxi. 16.

"My virtue is dried up like a potsherd".



HIS next Angel holds the sponge fixed to the end of a reed. It was saturated with vinegar and gall. The only vase, and the only draught to moisten the parched tongue of Jesus! "My tongue hath cleaved to my jaws"—*Ps.*, xxi. 16. After the scourging He has now been hanging for three hours from three nails—in what agony! He said: "Sitio"—"I thirst". "Spongiam aceto plenam hyssopo circumponentes ori ejus offerrunt"—*John*, xiii. 29. "And they, getting a sponge full of vinegar and hyssop, put it to his mouth".

I thirst! Ah Jesus, it was my heart, dry, "like earth without water"—it was the aridity of my virtue which caused that thirst. "*Aruit tanquam testa virtus mea*"—"my virtue is dried like a potsherd". O Jesus, give me a draught of that water springing up to eternal life, and I shall thirst no more. Refresh me with the "wine of compunction". Introduce me into your wine cellar—"in cellarem viniariam". "Feed me, O Lord, with the food of tears, and grant me drink of tears in measure". Regale my soul with one drop of those heavenly delights, with which you inebriate your favoured guests who feast on Calvary—"flumine voluptatis tuæ potasti eos". "Thou dost drench them with the torrent of delights".

"Sitio"—"I thirst". I created that thirst by the fastidious gratification of my palate—by indifference to the wants of the hungry and thirsty, when my own stomach was satiated—by being one of those "*quorum Deus venter est*", "whose God is their belly". Beware of the snares and punishments, the scandals and spiritual blindness, and weighty tribulations which are measured to such as those by the Prophet. "*In me psallebant qui bibant vinum: fiat mensa eorum coram ipsis in laqueum et in tribulationes, et in scandalum, obscrentur oculi eorum ne videant; et dorsum eorum semper incurva*"—*Ps.*, lxxviii. 23. "They that drank wine made me their song; let their table become as a snare before them, and a recompense, and a stumbling block; let their eyes be darkened, that they see not; and their back bend thou down always".

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins". May my abundant charity to the poor prove, and be the measure of my ardent and practical love for Christ, that after my previous indifference and lengthened sleep in sin, I may

yet awake in Heaven—and that, like Mary Magdalen, by loving much, much may be forgiven me !

“Thou that hast slept in error’s sleep,
Oh ! wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much, and be forgiven !”

The Angel with the Ladder.

“FASCICULUS MYRRHÆ DILECTUS MEUS MIHI”—*Cant.*, i. 12.

“A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me”.



ESUS has expired ! Unlike to the thieves who were crucified with him, the executioners broke not his bones—an emblem of the unfailing charity, patience, and fortitude of Christ. Neither shall God fail to support those who, under their weighty tribulations, repose their confidence in Him. “Custodit omnia ossa eorum : unum ex his non conteretur”—*Ps.*, xxxiii. 21. “The Lord keepeth all their bones, not one of them shall be broken”. The disciples bring the ladder, and the pious Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus ascend to draw out the nails from the hands and feet of my crucified Jesus ! Joseph and Nicodemus stand aside ! Unfortunately I have a stronger claim than you to discharge that office, for it was I drove them in : allow me the consolation of drawing them out. I shall ascend the ladder of the three grades of the spiritual life, the purgative, illuminative, and unitive way, by the steps of penance, sanctity, and love. I shall draw them out by my renunciation of sin and by

my spirit of disengagement. The practice of mortification, and an ardent devotion, shall be the myrrh and aromatical spices with which I shall anoint the body of Jesus, and then lay it between the arms and in the lap and bosom of Blessed Mary, and then shall I exemplify that text, "*Fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi : inter ubera mea commorabitur*"—*Cant.*, i. 12. "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me : he shall abide between my breasts". The fragrant balm distilled from his wounds shall be as an oozing unction to cure the sores of my sinful heart. "*Manus meæ stillaverunt myrrham*"—*ant.*., v. 5. "My hands dropped with myrrh". Thus shall His wounds be to me the sources of every heavenly blessing, and the foundations of eternal salvation. "By His bruises we are healed". So are the crosses He sends me the occasions and sources of merit. I shall equally thank Him then when He sends me adversity as when He sends me prosperity.

" Good when He gives, supremely good ;
 Nor less when He denies ;
 Ev'n crosses from His sovereign hand
 Are blessings in disguise".

AFTER PASSING THE ANGELS.

"If you be Roman soldiers, charge!—follow your banner, and your captain who leads you. Forward!" Thus a Roman captain addressed the men of an advanced guard of the battalions of cohorts who were invading Gaul in the days of ancient Rome. The little band had penetrated far into the interior of the country, and was unexpectedly surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The men became panic stricken,

were on the point of turning, and seeking safety in an inglorious flight. In this critical position the captain seized the banner, and stepping in front of the lines, cried out: "If you be Roman heroes, charge!—victory or death! If you be craven cowards, then turn your backs and fly home, and when you reach the Forum, proclaim to the Roman citizens that Roman soldiers deserted their captain in the hour of danger, allowed him to fight the battles of his country by himself, and left him with the sword in one hand and the Roman eagles in the other, to bleed and die alone upon the field! Forward!" These exciting words so stimulated the courage of the soldiers, that with a thrilling cheer they charged impetuously, and displayed such invincible heroism that the enemy's hordes were thrown into disorder, and decamped in a precipitate flight. The victorious band on its return to Rome was honoured with a triumphant entry into the city!

Christians! "Christ is constituted king in Sion, and captain in Israel". You are his "soldiers". He invades the strange land of the world, and your alienated hearts, over which he aspires to establish a sovereign reign! Behold the enemy by whom you are surrounded! The devil and all his works and pomps, riches, honours, pleasures, and concupiscences! Forward!—"confortetur cor vestrum, et viriliter agite!" "Be courageous, act manfully!" Are ye fearful, ye of little faith? Then "go behind me", turn and fly—desert Christ!—and proclaim that you left your captain to bleed and die alone upon the cross! See, he stands at the head of his little band, he wields the standard of the cross, and exclaims: "If any one will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me!—viriliter agite!—forward!"

Ah Jesus, "I shall follow thee whithersoever thou

goest"—"though all others should desert thee, I shall not desert thee". In thee only is salvation! To serve thee is to reign—to fight with thee is to conquer—to lose my life with thee is to find it! "Exeamus igitur ad eum extra castra improbrum portantes et tantam impositam habentes nubem testium per propositum nobis certamen aspicientes in auctorem fidei, et consummatorem Jesum qui proposito sibi gaudeo sustinuit crucem existimantes quod non sunt condignæ passiones hujus temporis, ad futuram gloriam quæ revelabitur in nobis"—*Heb.*, xii. 13; *Rom.* ii. 18. Let us go forth, therefore, to him without the camp bearing his reproach Let us run by patience to the fight proposed to us, looking on Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, having joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and now sitteth at the right hand of the throne of God. . . . Consider that the sufferings of this life bear no proportion to the glory which shall be revealed in us! O Jesus! I shall follow thee in the way of the cross—in the way of penance, poverty, sufferings, and humiliations! My soul! be confident in God, and diffident in yourself. Fervently supplicate for the grace of constancy and final perseverance, and beware of what may occur "before the cock crows thrice!"

Religion and Sculpture,



HE lines of sculptured angels through which we have passed, in crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, present but a solitary instance, and afford a very feeble exemplification indeed of the efficacy with which religion has employed

and utilized the art of sculpture for conveying her impressions to the soul. Every church, and the entire city, abound with the most expressive sentiments of religion, conveyed in breathing creations in marble, produced by the highest order of the genius of design, and manipulated by the chisels of the first masters of the school of Christian art in sculpture. To this patronage and utilization, and to this consecration of the art by religion, we are entirely to attribute its preservation for so many ages, from the days of ancient Rome and Greece, when it attained the climax of its perfection. Its very existence in our times is to be attributed to Christian Rome, to religion, and to the Popes. The Vatican museum alone is the wonder of the world, which contains invaluable treasures of art in sculpture, by which we trace its progressive stages in every age, and follow the mythological links connecting Egypt, Greece, and Italy, and ultimately the foundation of Christianity and the triumph of the cross in the ages of faith : besides monuments, and Etruscan and eastern antiquities and inscriptions, of which in the "Galleria lapidaria" alone there are as many as three thousand, replete with the most engrossing interest to the antiquary, to the philologist, and the religionist. To the erudition, zeal, and taste, and the patronage of the art of sculpture, manifested by the Popes in every age, is the world now indebted for the preservation of this priceless treasure, and without which, most certainly, history, science, and art would now mourn over the irreparable loss caused by its destruction.

Sculpture is an art in which figures are formed by subtracting from, or adding to, matter of any kind, such as clay, wax, wood, marble, or metals. Taken in its more general signification, it comprises inchasing, engraving,

modelling, plaster of Paris ornaments, and castings in bronze and other metals; but in its more restricted sense, it is taken to express carvings in wood, stone, or marble; and it is in this sense it presents itself to our consideration as especially associated with religious ceremonials. Sculpture is said to be in "relievo" when the figure is raised from a background or plane. If it be raised as high as life, it is called "alto relievo", or high relief. If but half the figure project, it is said to be in "demi relievo", or half relief. If it project but very little, as figures on frontispieces of architecture, it is then called "basso relievo", bass relief. Sculpture in basso relievo was intended for the decorations of spaces not sufficiently deep for entire statues. They were always surmounted by cornices; and as these were intended for the protection of the prominent portions of the figures, it is against all the rules of art that the bass reliefs should exceed the projection of the cornices. This style of sculpture very much restricts the liberty of the artist, and its judicious management requires great skill. Every attitude is not attainable, as, for instance, there cannot be a discretionary projection of a leg or arm, and all prominences must be subordinate to the projections of the cornice and entablatures. Mattielli and Mader acquired great celebrity in decorating churches in Italy in this style of sculpture. Sculpture is an art which, through the organ of vision, addresses the soul most eloquently, stimulates it to enthusiasm and heroic deeds, refines all its sensibilities, cultures the intellect, and conveys expressive lessons of morality, religion, and sanctity. It is, indeed, a singular triumph of art, which enables the sculptor from a block of marble, merely by the aid of a chisel and mallet, to liberate any figure he pleases, in any

form or costume. It encloses every figure : he has only to cut away the superfluous stone in which it is confined, and out walks the life-like figure ! The subject is first modelled in some soft material ; the marble is then cut away by mechanical measurements from this model. In the ancient ages of art, wax was employed as the material for modelling. Clay, however, was subsequently introduced, and the first of the ancients who employed it for his models was Dibutades of Sicyon. Clay is the material almost invariably used by modern sculptors. It is moistened to the consistency of putty, and is very well adapted for its purpose, but in one respect it is inferior to wax ; for if allowed to dry, the moist clay shrinks and contracts according to the mass of matter, and as this must necessarily vary the various portions of the figure, they lose their just proportions if not continuously and judiciously supplied with the proper degree of moisture to preserve a uniformity of expansion. A great characteristic in a superior sculptor is execution. This consists, not in the smoothness or polish of the marble, but in the freedom, decision, and expressiveness of the chisel that sculptured it, and which bear eloquent testimony to the master hand. The freedom and decision of the sculptor's stroke, displayed in the perfect works of the ancients, plainly indicate they were not such slaves to models and copies and mathematical measurements as are our modern sculptors ; but by what means they acquired that evident ease and confidence of stroke, is now totally unknown. They also sometimes worked their marbles from models immersed in troughs of water, and by means of the water level, and scales corresponding to those on the sides of the trough, they copied their models with great perfection. This system is now

never practised—indeed, it is even almost unknown to our modern artists.

The natural genius displayed by the Greeks in the art of sculpture seems very extraordinary. It was incomparably superior to every other nation, and appears to have been indigenous to the soil; for even when the Greek artists themselves desired to transplant a portion of it to other nations, it always deteriorated or totally withered. The rules of Polycletus were a code-guiding of art and taste, to which art in every clime and country bowed as the climax of perfection itself. Rome could never compete with the Greeks in the art of sculpture; and even in the very ancient dynasty of Egypt, sculpture was only in its infancy, when it attained maturity and perfection in Greece; and northern climes seemed most uncongenial to art, both in sculpture and painting. Some of the finest pictures of Corregio were cut from their frames, and hung up as blinds in the stables of Stockholm. The Laocoon is a noble, triumphant specimen of the climax of perfection attained by the school of ancient Grecian sculpture. The subject is boldly conceived, it is classic and tragic, and afforded a fine field for the exercise of genius, originality of design, and composition, and for the development of contour and expression; and all these opportunities have been seized and cleverly handled by the gifted artists. The anatomical features of the figures are most accurate, without being exaggerated. Young artists who have learned a little of anatomy, are fond of displaying their knowledge by extravagant manifestations of vein, sinew, and muscle. This is puerile. The limbs in these figures are modelled into great symmetry, accuracy of proportion, and beauty of form. The muscular portions of the

members are well rounded, and are gently attenuated in gracefully receding curving lines, towards the joints, which are small, and this is a type characteristic of true beauty of contour. Ancient Greek and Roman artists moulded all the physical proportions of the human frame into the most exquisite symmetry and beauty. The statues of Antinous, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Laocoon in the Vatican Museum, are wonderful examples of their charming manipulations. Neither are we to infer that these sculptured specimens of symmetry of contour are merely ideal, or that they are exaggerations of nature's perfections. A development of all the lines of the most perfect beauty of personal form was hereditary in the ancient Greeks, as it is now in the Circassians. The living forms of the youths of Greece could for beauty and symmetry be surpassed by no efforts of the most vivid imaginations in their highest flights of artistic taste. The Spartan youth was generated from a lengthened line of heroes. In infancy no nurse dare distort his limbs by binding them in swaddling clothes. After seven years of age he never lay on a soft couch. He was nurtured under a genial climate, and according to the most stringent regimen of diet. He was unceasingly exercised in the gymnasium, and in wrestling, rowing, running, swimming, and in athletic sports, which developed every feature, limb, and muscle in the greatest perfection; and he whose form most resembled the "god-like Diagoras", won a prize at the annual gathering at Elis. It is recorded by Quillet in his Callipædy, that the Greeks adopted means unknown to modern anatomists by which they rendered limbs perfectly symmetrical which had been naturally of malformation, and that without injury to the sight, they actually attempted to increase the beauty of children by changing

light coloured eyes into black ones. After the example of Alcibiades, all the youth of Athens refused to play on the flute, through fear of discomposing their features. Our modern artists have not the same opportunities as the Greek for selecting a living model for a Theseus or an Achilles. Bernini was of opinion that a sculptor required to create no ideal beauty; that nature was possessed of every perfection, and that the artist's skill consisted in discovering her perfections. The great Grecian artists who executed this wonderful work discovered the precise medium which beauty of contour prescribes between too great corpulency and too great meagreness in their figures. Pythagoras was most urgent in his cautions against corpulency. The line which nature draws between completeness and superfluity is very slender. It is insensible to some artists. It is frequently crossed on one side and on the other, both by sculptors and painters. Raphael discovered it very frequently, Rubens very seldom. The figures chiselled by Grecian sculptors are adjusted to this line with the precision of a hair's breadth. Of the Greek masters who excelled in this qualification, Parrhasius is regarded as preëminent. The figure of Agrippina at Dresden is a fine example of the accuracy with which this delicate line was preserved by the ancients. In Greece the sculptor's eyes were familiarized with the most perfect examples of the contour and symmetry of the human frame; and this advantage no doubt exercised a most favourable influence on his chisel in producing the most perfect specimens of art, which must ever remain unrivalled.

The next characteristic of superiority is beauty in the sculptor's works. What that quality beauty is, it is very difficult to define; but when we see it we can appreciat

it—and the artist who has genius can produce it. It may be said to consist in harmony in all the parts. The line of beauty is elliptical, but the curve so varies, that the algebraical or mathematical rules which regulate it can with difficulty be discovered with precision, but genius will produce it. Of all the arts, sculpture is that which presents the widest field and the greatest facilities for portraying beauty of form. The word-paintings of the orator or the poet may convey some impressions of the characteristics of beauty, but only successional and invisibly. Every perfection of beauty of form is displayed simultaneously on the contour of the human figure, and this precisely comprises the sculptor's province, and displays an endless variety of the most graceful curves. Some philosophers and æstheticians discover an analogy between beauty of form and beauty of sound, and assert they are governed by similar laws. This theory they proclaim to be exemplified by the complex groups of outline described by the human spine. The principle they urge is, that such curves are harmonious as subtend angles related to each other in the ratios of the harmonious notes of the musical scale. They say the outline of the male figure is clearly indicated by lines forming angles in the ratios of the notes of the major scale of C. When the proportions of the notes of the minor scale of C, C, are used, the contour proves to be that of the female, and not the male figure. The acoustic laws which regulate harmonious chords, and the sympathy which is established between certain notes, and their mutual affinity, are certainly very extraordinary, and do seem to bear a striking analogy to the scales, curves, and proportions which constitute beauty of contour in the human figure, and in its representation in sculp-

ture. The rules which regulate the proportions of every thing that is beautiful in nature are, I doubt not, subjected to certain determined laws. Nature's laws love this line of beauty. This theory is especially applicable to the lines which circumscribe the contour of the most perfect of God's earthly creatures—the human countenance and figure. The curve line is the line of beauty, and the most diversified and most beautiful of curves is the ellipse; and by this elliptical line all those vast bodies which constitute our planetary system and roll through ether, are guided in their orbits. In the entire contour of the human figure there will be found no straight line, nor circular line: every portion of the outline will be found to be a segment of ever diversified and graceful ellipses. The relative proportions of these curves, as well as the proportions of the various members of the human figure, are undoubtedly regulated by those laws—they harmonize, and are productive of the beautiful.

Another most significant characteristic of a great master in the art of sculpture is at once discernible in the calm composure, the stately tranquillity, and the majestic simplicity with which he clothes the deportment and every gesture of his figures. In this consists exalted dignity of expression. The vulgar eye, or those uneducated in true taste, may more enthusiastically admire the expressiveness of passion and violent gesture; but these are not the characteristics of dignity. The great object of the artist should be, to display the more noble and exalted attributes of the soul; and these are vividly reflected, not on the turbid, agitated, and convulsed surface of excited passion, but on the smooth, glassy, and transparent surface of tranquillity and composure. All the great works of the Greeks display this quietude of expres-

sion. Composure is the character that pervades them all. Youths in the schools of art, whose judgments were not as yet sufficiently matured, and were not well tutored in rules of correct taste, fell occasionally into the excesses of violent gesture and expression in their figures; but such as those were always condemned by the masters, and those extravagances were styled by the appellation, "Parenthysos", which signified that it resembled a celebrant of Bacchanalian orgies! Success in this characteristic of art is difficult; but it is worth labouring to attain, for it is perfection. The ancient masters themselves fully appreciated its difficulty of attainment, as we learn from Horace—

"ut sibi quivis

Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret—
Ausus idem".

Raphael's pictures are most expressive of tranquillity; for instance, Pope St. Leo I., represented warning the invading Hun Attila against entering Rome, overawes the savage warrior by his calm, dignified composure, and in this it forms a striking contrast with the representation of the same subject in basso relievo in the Vatican Basilica by Algardi, in which the angels appear stimulated by rage; with uplifted sabres, threatening to strike and slay the barbarian intruder. In one instance, the calm majesty of the Omnipotent clothes the figures with awe-inspiring dignity; in the other they are reduced to the humiliating character of the soldiers, with drawn swords, seeming to challenge them to a decisive action by a passage of arms.

Artists in sculpture should be careful not to commit this error into which many have fallen—that of mistaking a forcible expression of the passions, extraordinary emotion, oratorical excitement, or extravagant gesture, as triumphant proofs of exalted genius. They are false criterions

of merit. They are ignored in the school of the antique and classic style. They are never the emanations of the highest culture, but are the creations of a vitiated taste. Calmness and repose are ever the domain of the dignified and sublime. The expression of dignity is ever inseparable from tranquillity. Tranquillity is the middle state between pleasure and pain, and within its limits alone is found the seat of dignity, neither elated by the one nor depressed by the other. The most remarkable example with which my memory just now serves me, as illustrative of the accuracy of these observations, is that treasure of the antique, that most triumphant effort of Grecian art, the statue of the Laocoon in the Vatican Museum. No effort of the human mind can conceive an accumulation of mental agony and excruciating bodily suffering more revolting, and calculated to convulse the muscles and nerves, than that two enormous hideous serpents should creep out of the sea, encircle the bodies of the father and his two beautiful sons, crush them within their tortuous coils, gnawing through their very vitals, and emitting their baneful poison into the crimson tide of life. Nevertheless, the gigantic genius of the artists, guided by the classic taste of ancient Greece, introduce no extravagant gesture, no distorted writhings, no exaggerated expressions of agony. No; the noble father is represented as if endeavouring to subdue the expressions of excruciating pain, which are involuntarily escaping from the marble countenance, and, by a vigorous effort to preserve tranquillity and calm resignation, display a fortitude which elevates his soul above all his accumulated woes. No expression of suffering or vivid display of the passions could convey so exalted an idea of dignity; and by thus treating their subject, they afforded the most convincing proof

of their genius, and achieved that greatest triumph of art, which has crowned with immortal fame the three artists of Rhodes who executed it—Polydorus, Athenodorus, and Agesandra. Whilst gazing on that prodigy of art, we shudder at the mere idea of being subjected to such a climax of agonizing woe, and at the same time we almost envy the trying condition of the Laocoon, which afforded him an opportunity of manifesting such generous resignation, such dignity of deportment, such nobility and sublimity of soul !

“ Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending”. Vain
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links—the enormous asp
Inforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp”.

The Greek artists not only copied nature's works in perfection, but their chisels produced works almost superior to those of nature, copied from images of the imagination, and the original creations of genius, “brain born images”, as they are called by Proclus. In all her efforts at sculptural composition, art has also ever manifested a disposition to introduce allegory to aid in its development, and religion herself has sanctioned this introduction which so materially aids in its development. It may be objected that allegory partakes too much of poetry, or simile, or fable, or metaphor—that it is too fanciful or imaginative. But allegory is not poetry, neither is it simile, nor fable, nor metaphor ; and the Holy Scriptures themselves in many places sanction the use of allegory, as, for instance, in the history of

Sarah's miraculous and Hagar's natural conception, and in the birth and strife of their sons, we are presented with a lively similitude of the two covenants; and in the fourth chapter of the epistle to the Galatians it is expressly stated, *quæ per allegoriam dicta sunt*—"which things are said by an allegory". Allegory is nothing more than telling a real story under a transparent or moveable guise. When the temporary mist is dissipated by the brilliancy of the real object in the distance, the delight of the spectator after the momentary suspense is increased. To weave the allegorical veil of that precise texture that it shall not be too thick or too transparent, is very difficult. In the judicious employment of allegory the resemblance must not be too obvious, for in that case there is no anxious suspense of the mind, and the pleasing surprise is frustrated—the landscape is seen before the screen is withdrawn: neither should it be too obscure, as then the story is untold, and the allegory becomes an unintelligible enigma. It may again be said, that allegory is fanciful and imaginative—that it is so is certain, and without fancy and imagination there can be no artistic taste—they are the elements in which it survives—they are the parents that generate it—judgment is the preceptor that educates it. It is, indeed, highly imaginative, and the artist who has sufficient confidence in his own capabilities to leave the common beaten path, and attempts to climb the dizzy heights of allegory, must be prepared to pass a dangerous crevasse. He stands on the edge of a precipice from which many an artist has shrunk in dismay, and over which many have fallen and been consigned to oblivion, for either the failure of his allegorical design overwhelms him with humiliating discomfiture, or his successful conception immortalizes his name.

Allegory usually presupposes the introduction of supplementary figures, and the introduction of supplementary figures necessarily supposes a sculpturesque group—an appropriate composition—an expressive design. Design! here we leave the lowly, vulgar region of matter, and ascend to the high-born, exalted region of soul and thought. Design! here we get out of the petty province of mere mechanical efforts, elaboration, manipulation, and we cross the frontiers of the extensive empire of genius. Design is the highest artistic faculty the mind can exercise—if, indeed, it can be at all classified with art—it appears to me more sublime than art itself. Art seems to me as if it were merely its manipulator—its foreman operator. I consider design to be the nearest effort that man can make at creation. It is, in truth, a species of creation—to represent to the senses, clothed in matter, what had previously existed in the inventor's mind. Here are displayed the triumphs of thought—the vigorous ideas of expansive imaginative minds. Many an artist has attempted to explore this unknown region, and, having ventured beyond his limited resources, has lost his way. The great test of a sculptor's superiority is his capability of invention—something original even in little things or in single figures—not merely in design, but also in the system he adopts in the production of his subjects. This proves he possesses genius, and a mind of his own, and a style of his own, which progresses by practice towards perfection. A mere copyist has no style of his own—he is merely running about in the paths of others, and having no road of his own, no amount of practice will ever lead him to originality, or to a perfect style of beauty. He is weary in journey-

ing ; but not travelling in a direct line, he never reaches the goal.

The painter possesses many advantages over the sculptor, and much greater facility in giving effect to the production of his pencil, than is given to the sculptor by his chisel. The total absence of colour in sculpture deprives the artist of the painter's facilities in producing at will contrasts of light and shade and middle tints, foregrounds and distances, lakes, mountains, rocks, foliage, all the varieties of landscape scenery, and those brilliant and diversified tints which invest the painting with all the charms and enchanting beauties of nature. The sculptor's figure must stand detached, and is isolated, deprived of the aid of a background, with which the painter need never dispense, and which he prizes as a powerful auxiliary to effect. The painter can, with the utmost ease, introduce the accessories, or any number of figures he considers desirable to tell his story, whereas the sculptor can, only with difficulty, create a numerous group, and is usually restricted at most to two or three figures, and, circumscribed by those narrow limits, within this small compass must create all the expressiveness demanded of him. The painter, by merely manipulating different grades of colour with his pencil on a smooth plane surface, will produce such optical illusions as to represent foreshortenings, projections, or receding objects like reality, whilst the sculptor has to chisel every limb or object in the round. If a painter make an error, he can obliterate it, and amend the error in his next effort. If the sculptor cut but once too deeply into his marble, the fault is irreparable. The picture exhibits the surface to the observer's eye from one position only, whereas the eye can traverse round the sculptor's work, and scrutinize

it from every point and on every side, and all must harmonize to produce a perfect whole. The painter can create any artificial light he pleases or considers most effective to relieve his figures, by the mere mixture of his pigments, and can cast his shadows as he desires by the mere introduction of that light on the opposite side; but the sculptor's work is severely tested by the innumerable rays of the sun's true light, and which will cast no artificial or delusive shades to accommodate pretensions to excellence.

The sculptor's art is notwithstanding the most noble of all. There is a truthfulness, a reality, a substantiality, a sentimentality, and an expressiveness associated with it, which the delusiveness of pictorial art can never pretend to. Pigments yield to the destructive influences of the atmosphere—time fades and obliterates them; but the sculptor's work is durable, is perpetuated and transmitted to posterity, an indelible memorial of the personage it represents, or the event it records; and therefore this art has ever been dear to holy Church, which loves ancient traditions, whose cry has ever been "*nihil innovetur!*" and which proudly points to such indelible records as the indisputable arguments that she is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"



The Catacombs.



ALL the pious votaries of the passion of our Blessed Lord, who visit Rome to celebrate these solemn commemorations of the mysteries of redemption, evince at this season the liveliest interest in the Catacombs, and usually make a

descent into these subterranean abodes consecrated as the sanctuaries of the early Christians during ages of persecution. Here those fervent disciples of the cross were perfected in that science of the saints which they exemplified in their lives. "*Morientes pro Christi nomine, ut hæredes fierent in domo Domini*", dying for the name of Christ, that thus they might become heirs in the house of the Lord; and they sealed their faith with their blood, desiring "to be likened to his crucifixion, that they might be likened to his resurrection". The Catacombs were for them a refuge, a temple, a grave, and a shrine. Hither in those dire days of trial fled the Christian pastors and their faithful people, and here they sought refuge during the howling storm of persecution, and suffered in common for the same noble cause; and with the same exalted aspirations, they were animated with one heart and one soul, and united by the bond of the same faith, hope, and charity. It is when the horizon looks lowering, and when the sun is screened with the mourning drapery of sable clouds, and when the winter's blast moans most piteously and rages most fiercely, that the shepherd and his flock seek the same common shelter, and are most intimately united. It is among the most violent convulsions of the firmament, and when the thunder rumbles like volleys of artillery, and forked lightning darts its fiery arrows through the sable dome of the heavens, and showers of frozen pellets are propelled by the hurricane from floating armouries of hail, that the shepherd is most solicitous for his sheep, and the sheep, most conscious of their danger, are congregated in the cave under the rock, and stand more closely together, enveloped under the same covering of the pastor's cloak, the timid but confiding sheep exclaiming: "Who will grant that thou

mayest protect and hide me till thy wrath pass?"—*Job*, xiv.

The early persecutions of the Church are usually numbered as ten, and amongst the multitudes of the heroic servants of God who shed their blood for Christ during those disastrous days, the following thirty-three first Popes won the palm of martyrdom :

THE FIRST TEN PERSECUTIONS OF THE CHURCH, DURING WHICH THE FIRST THIRTY-THREE POPES SUFFERED MARTYRDOM FOR THE FAITH.

The first commenced under Nero, in the year of Christ 64, during which Peter and Linus were martyred.

The second persecution raged under Domitian, in the year 92, when Cletus was martyred.

The third commenced under Trajan and Adrian, in the year 100, during which the following Popes suffered :—Clement, Anacletus, Evaristus, Alexander, and Xystus.

The fourth, under M. Aurelius, Antoninus, and Commodus, in the year 163, when the palm was won by Telesphorus, Hyginus, Pius, Anicetus, Soter, and Eleutherius.

The fifth, under Severus, in the year 202, when the martyred Pontiffs were Victor, Zephyrinus, Callistus, Urban, Pontianus.

The sixth persecution commenced under Maximinus in the year 235, when Pope Anterus suffered.

The seventh, under Decius, in the year 250, when Fabian was martyred: it continued under Gallus and his son Volusianus, and in the year 254 Cornelius won the martyr's crown.

The eighth, under Valerian and his son Gallienus, in the year 257, during which the martyred Popes were Lucius, Stephen, Xystus II., and Dionysius.

The ninth, under Aurelianus, in the year 272, when the Pontiff champions for Christ were Felix and Eutychianus.

The tenth was the fiercest of all, under Diocletian and Maximianus, about the year 300. The Papal heroes then were Caius, Marcellinus, Marcellus, Eusebius, Melchiades. For some time subsequently, under the reign of Constantine the Great, who was converted to Christianity, the persecution was discontinued; but under his son Constantius, who became affected with the Arian heresy, and under Julian the Apostate, the nephew of Constantine, and under Valens, the persecution again broke out, though none of the Roman Pontiffs were favoured with death in defence of the faith; but after this era in the Church's history, the Arians, Vandals, Persians, Arabians, Huns, and other bitter enemies of the Holy Church afflicted the children of Christ, and inflicted severe sufferings on Popes Felix II., John, Silverius, and Martin.

The Catacombs are by some supposed to have been originally excavated to procure materials for building purposes. They are cut through strata of tufo, or other beds resembling sand-stone, and are generally about eight feet in height, and five feet in width. They are entered by several apertures: one of the principal is a short distance outside the walls, on the ancient Appian Way. Their extreme length has never been accurately ascertained, but many assert they extend to a distance of as many as twenty miles. The early Christians employed them as places of refuge during the ages of persecution, and adapted the more open spaces, where many galleries converged, as churches for religious ceremonies and worship; and in tiers of cells excavated in the sides they

deposited the bodies of the martyrs who shed their blood for Christ and holy Faith, and were usually decorated with an emblem of the cross, and a palm branch.

I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting the Catacombs in company with a party of friends, who, at this time, were ambitious to enjoy that edification. We entered from the crypt of the Basilica of St. Sebastian, some miles beyond the gates of the city, and though our party was accompanied by an experienced guide, who was a monk of the adjoining monastery, the awful gloom and the horror of possibly losing our way in the intricacies of those excavations, unnerved the stoutest heart amongst us. The opening of the cavity looked voracious as the throat of a yawning wolf—it seemed fathomless, and was brimfull, and teeming over with darkness. The ramifications of these labyrinths of Catacombs, their winding tissues of curves, and their serpentine mazes, diverging from this mysterious subterranean temple, seemed to me like the tissue of serpentine fibres diverging through the subsoil from the roots of some mighty tree, and through whose capillary tubes were circulated floods of the nutritious juices of tender piety, compunction, and holy unction—and resembled the roots springing from the seed of Christianity, the blood of martyrs, of that mighty tree of holy Church, which was first planted here, and spread its branches to the uttermost ends of the earth, and into which the birds of every clime came to nestle and seek refuge! Within the foliage of this tree the weary and the heavily laden are refreshed. Here the drooping find a staff to support them in their weary pilgrimage through life; the timid find the refreshing shade which they desired, to screen them under the exhausting heats of temptation. “*Sub umbra illius quem desideraveram*

sedî". "I sat down under his shadow whom I desired". *Cant.*, ii. The plants which decorate our cemeteries never appear clad in brighter verdure, or display flowers more brilliantly tinted in the glowing dyes of the rainbow, than when planted in close proximity to death. So the tree of religion never grows more luxuriantly, or displays more cheering blossoms of hopes or bears more abundant fruits of virtue, than when planted in the garden of desolation, and watered with the tears of sorrow; and the lamp hung upon its branches to guide the faithful never shone more brilliantly than when its lights appeared contrasted with the darkness of the Catacombs from which they radiated.

" Thus sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day".

We advanced with timidity, frequently looking back to be assured we had not lost the thread of light by which we might find the clue to return to life and light. When we emerged from those subterranean abodes of darkness, and scaled the sunny regions of the earth above, of mid-summer's Italian sun, we could see nothing in the glare, and groped about as owls flitting blindly about at mid-day, when scared from their deep crevasses by wanton boys climbing the ivy-clad ruins of some mouldering castle of olden days! Hither during those disastrous days the children of sorrow, and those who laboured and were heavily laden, fled for safety and for refreshment to the Holy Pontiff, the father of the faithful, in those subterranean regions of refuge. Here the Christians sought some alleviation of the torrent of affliction, which not only filled, but overflowed the utmost capacity of the most en-

during heart. For without God's aid, there is a limit to the soul's capacity to endure affliction. As the body can only sustain a limited amount of agony, so the soul is filled to the top with a certain amount of mental agony; beyond that measure it can contain no more, as a sponge which is thoroughly saturated cannot contain one additional drop, even though the waters of the ocean rolled over it. Here the heart-broken soul was relieved by copious streams of penitential or devotional tears, which streamed down the wrinkles of the cheeks, as torrents through the beds which they have furrowed out for themselves down the mountain's sides. Here in those darksome recesses, this "food of gushing tears" relieved and refreshed the weary soul as would a balmy bath. Oh! they were to it as a genial shower to the earth on a springtide midnight! Here the poor widow in her bereavement opened her eyes as sluices for streams from the deep well-spring of tears which had been accumulating within her soul, and which had been oozing in big drops after drops for lengthened years! There the fond father of the faithful, who bore "the solicitude of all", received all, consoled all, the saint and the sinner, those whose earliest and most cherished hopes were blasted, and those who were forlorn and deceived by the vanities of a false and deluding world. He welcomed all, he sympathized with all, and wept with the child of misfortune.

"If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself looked bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I 'll weep with thee tear for tear".

Here amidst the pious congregations of the early Christians, after stealthily entering under the guidance of secret information, sometimes stood the agent of a Nero or a Diocletian, an officer like Fulvius, or an executioner as Catulus, whose whip thirsted for the Christians' blood—here he stood to recognize and convict those children of light. But he became awe-stricken at the sacred aspect of the sight, and imagined he heard a voice like Moses', "Come not hither; take off the shoes from thy feet, for the ground upon which you stand is holy!" Innocence defied his malignity. Their very helplessness became their shield and impregnable fortress—the very passion of the savage heathen blushed with confusion—touched by God's grace, he prostrated himself before the very altar he came to eradicate—and he who intended to wield the axe, was often the first who subjected his neck to its stroke, for the love of Christ.

How wonderful the circumstances and events which were combined in this mysterious temple of the Christians! True light without the sun—the angels of life and death fraternizing to keep watch over these sacred precincts, and twining together the chaplet of cypress and laurel—the altar and the tomb—the victim, the king—the redeemed, a creeping clod—virtue perfected in infirmity—death without a sting, the grave without a victory—the desert of the world and the threshold of Heaven—the desolation of the one, and the gleaming rays of the other, mingling their lights and shades together, combining to form a light neither of earth nor of Heaven, neither of the sun nor of the moon, but seeming the union of the golden rays of the one and the silvery streams of the other, forming the morning rays of the orient on high, rising over the dark horizon of our night.



The Coliseum by Moonlight.

ON this day the confraternity of Calvary, and members of many other confraternities, called "Sacconi", from wearing a canvas sack with a hood, to conceal themselves during the exercise of their good works, and other pious votaries of the cross, go in lengthened processions to perform the stations of the cross, and hear a sermon at the Coliseum, the earliest garden of the Church in her spring time, in which "the blood of martyrs was sown as the seed of Christians". They sing psalms and hymns on their way, and amongst others they join in chorus in singing the simple sweet little Italian hymn, "Viva la croce, la croce". The stations of the cross are erected all round the interior of the structure, and a cross is erected in the centre, by kissing which with a penitential spirit, the well disposed may gain an indulgence of two hundred days. This vast amphitheatre was founded by Vespasian, in the year of our Lord 72, and was completed by Titus in the year 80, ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Many thousand Jews were employed in its erection during their captivity. The grand design was the conception of Gaudentius, who was a Christian architect. Though extensive the present ruin, it is supposed to comprise no more than one third of the original pile. The elevation of the walls is 157 feet, and the major axis is 620 feet in extent. It is built in four stories, two of the Corinthian order, one of the Doric, and one of the Ionic order. It was capable of accommodating nearly 100,000 spectators, who here assembled to witness the public sports, and the gladiatorial combats, and the

martyrdom of the early Christians, devoured by wild beasts, or otherwise tortured to death,—

“ Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday”.

Originally it was called the “ Flavian Amphitheatre”, but when it acquired the name of the “ Coliseum” it is not easy to discover. The earliest period at which it was so called that I know of, was that when Venerable Bede alludes to it in connexion with an old prophecy :

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
And when Rome falls, the world”.

The Coliseum at all times overwhelms the visitor with its imposing effect. It is, however, when visited in “ the blue midnight”, that its silent vastness and mysterious grandeur are fully appreciated. At that time it seems a place of weird beauty—a region inhabited by supernatural spirits and fitting phantoms. Its distant outlines are lost in dreamy-like indistinctness, and merge into the hues of some sombre cloud, and when the beams of the moon and the stars shine through its arches, fissures, and “ rents of ruin”, like vistas through the broken cloud, it appears as if its moles of masonry ceased to be material, and were lifted above the earth, and belonged to the etherial regions.

Whilst standing on the towering heights of the upper galleries, and looking to the right through “ the time-worn breach of the battlements”, the Via Sacra and the Roman Forum are revealed to my view, and give me a hazy glimpse of the Capitol in the distance, with the arch of Septimius Severus beneath, and in the lengthened intermediate line, between that and the triumphal arch of Constantine on the left, I see ranged at either side the

nodding ruins of the ancient Temple of Peace, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the three beautiful Corinthian columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, the Mamertine Prison, the Temple of Fortune, the Temple of Mars, the Comitium, the Meta Sudans, the Temple of Venus, the Lacus Curtius, and immediately opposite me the Palace of the Cæsars ; and to the left, on the Celian hill, the Church of San Gregorio, the site whence Gregory the Great commissioned St. Augustin and his associate missionaries to convey the Gospel truths to the inhabitants of Britain.

These remains of stupendous fabrics indicating the eras and successive periods of ancient, mediæval, and modern Rome, ages of paganism and Christianity, are like stationary petrified pulsations in the life of time. In surveying them we resemble him who, seated on a rock near the sea shore, observes the successive undulations of the waves, and takes nature's wrist in his hand to count the beatings of her ocean pulse. When these majestic piles, nodding with age, are viewed, as they sometimes are by the sentimental visitor, in the serene balmy atmosphere, in the stillness, the breathless quietude of an autumnal midnight, when the foreground and all their prominent architectural features are irradiated by mellow silvery streams of effulgence from the broadest disk of an Italian moon, and their impenetrable recesses are shrouded in gloomy mysterious shades, they seemed to me like barriers that impeded the flow of time, and reversed the stream, and that the mind, drifting away on the receding ebb, was wafted back to classic and heroic days that passed thousands of years ago—that it is carried beyond the confines of all the vulgar ways of men—has entered on an ideal existence, in which it is

associated with the historic events of early Rome, with Cæsar and Titus, with Constantine and the early ages and scenes of Christianity—that it is introduced to Cicero and to Peter, and the Senator Pudeus, and the great Roman celebrities. When I descend to the arena I tread the ground with gentleness and timidity, fearing to desecrate the holy earth by trampling on it, almost fancying that by the pressure my shoes might be crimsoned by the oozing blood of martyrs with which it was so copiously saturated. Here the holy Pontiff, St. Ignatius of Antioch, with hoary hairs, with feeble tottering limbs, and a back bent with the weight of years, was exposed, and torn to pieces by wild beasts in defence of the faith of Christ; and amidst the frantic shouts of thousands of spectators, and the howlings of yearning hungry lions, tigers, and panthers, raised his hands to God, and, in his own words, offering his bones to be ground to flour in the mill of their teeth as the good and ripe wheat of Christ! Here noble youths like Pancracius bled for holy faith, and on the flowing crimson tide of life were wafted safely into the haven of salvation. Here noble and tender virgins, for love of chastity and religion, were tortured to death, stimulated to constancy by the example of the beautiful and blessed Sicilian maiden St. Agatha. This amiable child—this dear little Christian heroine, Agatha, was torn from her guardians in Catania, and during the persecution of the Emperor Decius, was, by order of the pretor of Sicily, Quintianus, scourged, torn with hooks, broiled on burning coals, and had her breast cut off, rather than lose the treasure of faith and chastity. She prized the lily of purity which flourished in her soul, more than the vessel of the body which contained it. The heavenly sweetness that beamed from her countenance

captivated the hearts even of her savage executioners. The youthful noble lady Agatha was endowed with many personal attractions; but her mental endowments were still more prepossessing. She was highly educated in all the polite literature of the age, and in all those accomplishments, courteous amenities, blandishments, and refinements of taste, which constituted her the darling idol and graceful ornament of the courtly society and brilliant festivities of her father's palace. She was compassionate, affectionate, animated by a lively spirit of religion, a tender piety, and an ardent charity, and her many virtues diffused around her the sweet odours of sanctity and edification. She was mild, condescending, and yielding as the melting snow beneath the meridian sun. Her step was as gentle as the midsummer's midnight's falling dew. Her voice was as a bird's song. Her gait as flitting as the passing sunbeam. Every movement in her entire deportment was guided by grace. But Agatha was too religious to be vain. She spent some time each day in thinking on temporal and eternal, and in reflecting on the passion of Christ, and in endeavouring to copy in her life the example of that perfect original. She prized the unfading beauties of the soul, and the precious fruit and fragrant blossoms of virtue, rather than the frail vessel of clay in which they grew, or than the evanescent charms and transitory character of external blandishments and beauty. Agatha was wise—imitate her. Others have done so.

Frail sisters of Eve!—ye youthful and gay votaries of the world, clothed with personal graces, crowned with roses, and decked in all the ornaments of the toilette, who admire your beauty in the mirror which your vanity has placed before you—"be wise", and learn to prize the

virtue of the soul rather than the fair complexion of the countenance and the symmetry of the body—to value the graceful form, the brilliant colour, and sweet fragrance of the lily, rather than the vase which contains it. In the vase of clay, though rough and rude, which secures the nutritious moisture for the roots, the lily will flourish; whereas the vase, though of porcelain, china, or Sevres, is liable to break, and, if cracked, will allow the water to ooze out, and the lily to decay and wither. To the florist the one is valuable, and the other is worthless. So, sisters, that body is more prized by God in which the soul flourishes in virtue and is redolent of sanctity, than that “cistern”, no matter how beautiful, “which can hold no water”, and in which virtue languishes, because vain, secular, and frail. See!—a holy life imparts, even to the memory of the saints and to the martyrs’ relics, a certain virtue which goes out from even their mouldering remains, as from the remains of the prophet Elisens, which revived and resuscitated in the grave the dead body of the young man who touched them. The very fragrance of the lily has imparted an aroma to the vase. “Sancti tui flore-bunt sicut lilium”.

“Long, long be my heart with such memories fill’d !
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill’d :
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still”.

These ruins of the stupendous Coliseum, where the martyrs bled, and the surrounding relics of “almighty Rome”, in proximity with Peter’s towering dome, are all pages of a volume eloquently recording the triumph of the cross over the powers of darkness, and proving that God employs the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the strong and the wise. There in stately lines of

architecture stands the Vatican, whilst see opposite, the cypresses twine their roots through the imperial hearths of the palace of the Cæsars, and the owl, the tuneless bird of night, croaks through the levelled battlements and through the broken arches, where the trees wave in the blue midnight, and the ivy usurps the laurel's place; and the mouldering fabrics in the distance, what are they?

" —Temples, baths, or halls ?

Pronounce who can ; for all that learning reap'd
From her research, hath been, that these are walls,—
Behold the Imperial Mount ! 't is thus the mighty falls".

These were the sentiments and scenes which fancy pictured to my mind when, in younger days, I visited the Coliseum, and thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, and cast thy tender light.

I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night,
I stood within the Coliseum's wall
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome :
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin : from afar
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber : and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth :—
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,

A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

On arriving at the Vatican I found the congregated crowds unusually large. Congested masses filled the Scala Regia, the Royal and Ducal halls, and every access to the Sistine Chapel, which was thronged to repletion. The princes, knights, nobles, and diplomatic corps, were all present, and the Grand Duke Constantine, and his youthful sisters the royal princesses, were in the royal tribunes, all wearing draperies of the deepest mourning, and attended by their suite of general officers and ladies in waiting. The prayer of Jeremiah was sung in the most pathetic, melodious strains, which melted down every heart to the tenderest sentiments of sorrow and compunction, and after the termination of Tenebræ the music of the Miserere was surpassing fine, and was listened to by a motionless, electrified congregation, with throbbing hearts and bated breath. The congregation then repaired to the Basilica of St. Peter's, which was entirely lined with military, to witness the Pope's pilgrimage to the shrines, and assist at the exposition of the

relics. Amongst the relics exposed to the veneration of the prostrate multitudes, was a large portion of the true cross, enclosed in a gorgeous reliquary of glass and gold, The cross, with the two upon which the malefactors were crucified, were discovered by Saint Helena during the pontificate of St. Eusebius, who ascended St. Peter's Chair in the year 309, and was the thirty-second Pope in succession. . Of the three crosses discovered, that upon which Jesus Christ was crucified was identified by a miracle wrought by God through the instrumentality of Macarius, bishop of Jerusalem. The nails and inscription were recovered at the same time. St. Helena presented one portion of the cross to her son, the emperor Constantine; for the second she erected the church of Santa Croce in Jerusalem, near the church of Saint John of Lateran, in which it was long preserved in a gorgeous shrine. In the year 1620, Pope Urban VIII. enclosed a portion in a case of crystal and lapis lazuli, and committed it to the charge of the canons of St. Peter's, and that was it which was exposed on this evening. The Church commemorates the invention of the Holy Cross on the third of May. After the exposition of the relics, all retired in profound silence, with penitential hearts and tearful eyes. Outside, the moon, the glowing lamp of night, suspended from the azure concave dome of the firmament, was shedding her streams of silvery light around, and brilliantly illumined the bronze cross which surmounts the Egyptian obelisk in the centre of the piazza, on that side which faced the Vatican, where the Pope, the great Moses of the new dispensation, and his faithful people were congregated in prayer, whilst the opposite side, looking towards the world, was shrouded in the deepest shades. It recalled to my recollection the

night when, as we read in Exodus, Moses and God's people, pursued by Pharaoh and his army, encamped on the shores of the Red Sea, which they were about to cross, when the pillar of light stood behind the Israelites, whom it brilliantly illuminated, and was dark on the other side, totally benighting the Egyptians, and throwing them into confusion. O my God! when on the last dread day of assize, the debris of a mouldering world shall be reduced to ashes; when the whole universe shall be rolled up as a parchment scroll that has been read, and the Son of Man shall be borne on the clouds of Heaven, preceded by the Cross, whilst the wicked will wither away at the glance of the Lord, oh! grant that that cross may be to me a sign of hope and confidence, and amidst the gloomy terrors, may beam on me a ray of mercy and of love! "O Crux splendidior, cunctis astris!" "O Cross, more refulgent than the most brilliant star!"

"Come not, O Lord, in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire:
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

"Lord, Thou rememberest the night, when Thy nation
Stood fronting her foe by the red rolling stream:
O'er Egypt Thy pillar shed dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

"So when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us in Thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh, turn upon us the mild light of Thy love!"



Holy Saturday.



IN early Christian ages, Holy Saturday was devoted to the final examinations and instructions of the catechumens, and fervent prayer preparatory to the administration of the baptism and confirmation, which rarely terminated before midnight, and immediately after the first solemn mass of the glorious festival of the Resurrection was celebrated. It is therefore that all the ceremonies prescribed by the ritual for Holy Saturday refer first to the night, and then to the first dawning rays of the morning of Easter Day: for our present custom of celebrating these ceremonies early on Saturday morning, is a departure from the ancient discipline of the eight first centuries, when they were celebrated on Saturday night and Sunday morning. We may regard the present authorized usage of anticipating the recitation of the office and celebration of these ceremonies as an indulgence granted by the Church, to exempt the faithful, after the maceration of the penitential season of Lent, from the obligation of the midnight watching and prayer on the solemn vigil of the Resurrection. The first ceremony is that of producing new light, as all the former lights are extinguished after the Tenebræ. In some ancient churches, indeed, three concealed lamps were kept burning, emblematical of the three days Our Lord lay in the sepulchre—and the new light was produced from them, as significant of His resurrection. In other churches it was produced from a burning glass, emblematical of the Sun of Justice, “orient on high”; and in others it was struck from a flint, as light from the

"rock". I. Cor., x. 4. Pope Zachary, in the year 750, alludes to the latter custom prevailing in Rome; and a century later, Pope Leo IV. corroborates this statement. The new fire and the five grains of incense are then blessed. In the Sistine chapel this ceremony takes place at the vestry door: in parochial churches it is performed at the porch.

The procession now advances to the church, and the deacon, wearing a white dalmatic, maniple, and stole, carries a long cane, with three candles issuing from the one socket, to represent the mystery of the Trinity, the Triune God. The cardinal celebrant awaits the procession, which comes preceded by mace-bearers, from the Paoline Chapel. When the deacon arrives at the railings, one of the candles is lit, the deacon singing "Lumen Christi!" "the light of Christ!" All kneel, and the choir sings "Deo gratias", thanking God that the light which Christ revealed to us in this world of darkness, enables us now to see more clearly the profound mysteries of salvation, which the patriarchs and prophets saw so obscurely. This exclamation is thrice repeated, and the three candles are lit as the deacon approaches the altar. The light of the triple candle also signifies that our faith in the blessed Trinity is derived from Christ, now risen from the dead. The Paschal candle represents the body of Christ. The five grains of incense represent the aromatic spices with which His five wounds were embalmed in the sepulchre. It is at first unlighted, to represent Christ still dead, and is afterwards lighted to represent Him arisen to life again, and the subsequent lighting of the lamps and the candles on the altar from the same light, imply that He is the resurrection and the life, by virtue of which all the members of holy Church arise to the life of grace and a

blessed immortality, through and with their divine head.

At this time the catechumens of old received their final instructions, and therefore that custom still prevails of reading the twelve lessons from the Old Testament called the Prophecies, to strengthen their resolution by forcibly showing them how plainly the predictions and ancient types were verified by the mysteries of Christ's passion, death, and resurrection. All the faithful united in prayer for them, and therefore an oration is said after each prophecy. This day was most appropriately chosen for the solemn administration of baptism, as the mystery of Christ being truly dead in the sepulchre, and coming out truly alive, is a lively figure of the sinner buried in the baptismal water as in a mystical grave, and His coming out of it resuscitated, alive, and arisen to the life of the children of light, of grace, and of Christ.

Bellarmino, alluding to "*Dominica in albis*", in his treatise de Baptismo, lib. i. cap. 27, states that it was usual for the neophytes, who were clothed in white on Holy Saturday, when they were baptized, to wear those garments till the Sunday after Easter, and on that day they divested themselves of their white garments, and resumed their ordinary clothes, and that from this usage it derived its title of "*Dominica in albis*". St. Augustine, however, intimates that the neophytes wore their white garments during the octave of eight days from Holy Saturday till the Saturday following, which, was therefore called "*Sabbatum in albis*", and no longer, and that the next day derived its name from being the Sunday next following "*Sabbatum in albis*".

In early ages the neophytes were baptized on Holy Saturday only, but in later times they were baptized on

the Saturday before Pentecost also. The following Saturday, however, was never called *Sabbatum in albis*, probably because the colour of the vestments of the Church during that octave were red, in commemoration of the fire of the Holy Spirit. The Saturday before Easter Sunday obtained the appellation "holy", from the circumstance of the neophytes being sanctified, made holy on that day. The ceremony of blessing the Paschal candle, which originated in the catacombs, was afterwards confined exclusively to the great basilicas. The introduction of the ceremony of blessing the Paschal candle on Holy Saturday, is by many historians attributed to Pope Zozimus, who was elevated to the chair of Peter in the year 417. I have no doubt, however, that the usage prevailed in the preceding century, for a Christian poet named Prudentius, who lived nearly a hundred years before the pontificate of Zozimus, made the Paschal candle the subject of one of his poems. It was emblematic of the resurrection of Christ, who was, as it were for a moment, extinguished by His Passion; but by rising from the dead was lit again by a new and brilliant light. The wax represents the body of Christ, the wick His soul, and the flame His divinity. The five grains inserted in the wax represent His five wounds, and they are composed of eastern aromatic incense, to typify the myrrh and spices with which Nicodemus and Joseph of Aramathea so piously embalmed the body of our Lord, and the torrent of balm which flowed from those wounds, to cure the sores of a diseased world. It is lit from one of the flames of the triangular candle, to signify that, though all the persons of the Blessed Trinity coöperated in the work of the resurrection, we especially attribute it to Christ.

Pope Zozimus was the first who allowed this cere-

mony to take place in parochial churches; it was afterwards permitted in other churches. The large candle, which is introduced in the interval between our Lord's Passion and glorious Resurrection, represents the cloud by day, and, when lighted, the pillar of fire by night, which guided God's people through the dreary desert to their happy land of promise—and significantly represents to the catechumens, the great Captain and Leader of salvation, who guides them through the Red Sea of Baptism, to a land where they shall be fed on the manna of the Blessed Eucharist, and through the desert of this life to the happy regions of the blessed, where they shall be regaled on the milk and honey of the good things of the Lord. The deacon at the Gospel side of the altar proceeds with the benediction of the Paschal candle; by singing the "Exultet jam angelica turba", proclaiming the first joyous intelligence of our Lord's having risen. The deacon alone is vested in white, whilst all the other ministers are still robed in the violet with which they were originally vested, to represent the white garments, the emblems of joyfulness in which the angelic messenger announced the first tidings of the memorable event to the disciples, who were still overwhelmed with affliction for the passion and death of our Saviour. Of all the hymns or canticles introduced into the Church's liturgy, there is not one of which the music is more peculiar, more mystical, and more appropriate to the occasion than this of the "Exultet". It forcibly expresses the gradual transition from sorrow to gladness. The varied intonations and cadences through every scale, blend the plaintive and piteous strains of the woe-stricken and desolate soul, mourning over the beloved one, with the rapturous exultations and exclamations of delight, at the

more hopeful anticipations that the rumoured tidings may be true, that "he who was dead hath truly risen, and dieth now no more". This most remarkable hymn is undoubtedly of very great antiquity, but at what precise time it was first introduced into the ceremonies of Holy Saturday, or by whom composed, ecclesiastical historians can give no decided information. Some attribute it to Peter the Deacon, others to St. Leo, others again to St. Augustine; but I entirely lean to the opinion of those who assert that it was composed and set to music by St. Ambrose. At the ends and in the centre of the cross depicted on the candle are five holes, representing the five principal wounds, those of His hands, feet, and side, inflicted on our suffering Saviour on the cross. Into those the deacon inserts the five grains of incense, to commemorate the embalming of His body by His disciples. Near the close of the ceremony of the blessing, the candle is lit, to represent the reanimation of the body of Christ, and it is subsequently lit on all solemn occasions, till the feast of the Ascension, to remind us of Christ's having dwelt with His disciples, and cheered and illuminated them by His conversation and instructions, till eventually on that festival he took His leave of them, and ascended to His heavenly Father; and after the gospel of the Mass of that day, it is finally extinguished.

The ceremony of enkindling the new fire, and the lighting of the triangular candle emblematic of the resuscitated light of Christ, is everywhere impressive, but in the Catacombs was invested with a solemnity and mystic signification productive of the most irresistible and overwhelming devotional effects on the soul. After the solemn offices of the three preceding evenings, and the tenebræ, commemorative of the general darkness which

overwhelmed the earth, and after the desolate, disconsolate aspect of the catacombs, where every light was extinguished, when the Deacon, no longer wearing the sable habiliments of mourning, lit successively each of the three candles from the flickering embers, and on each occasion chaunted "Lumen Christi!" "the light of Christ", every feeling was thrilled, all knelt in adoration, and every teeming soul overflowed with gratitude, and every fibre of the heart vibrated to sentiments of thanksgiving and divine love. As he progressed in the procession, and the radiant lustre fell in succession, and illuminated the features of those devoted priests of God, of the angelic virgins, and saintly youths, it seemed indeed as a gleam rendering their heavenly countenances radiant with uplifted hopes, and with the light of the rising sun of righteousness, rendered more brilliant and mysterious when relieved by the darksome ravines of the radiating chambers. Oh! such striking contrasts of prominent lights and depths of shade were never revealed even by Rembrandt's crafty graver! As the gleam momentarily lit up the waxen and rose coloured complexion and golden hair and faces of the charming children, and then passed on, they seemed as angel visitors flitting past, as bright, as transient too!

After the blessing of the Paschal candle has been completed, the lessons called the Prophecies, which foretold all that was to happen, and which are twelve in number, are read and the appropriate orations are chaunted. In St. John of Lateran, and in all parochial churches, the baptismal font is then solemnly blessed. This blessing does not take place in the Sistine Chapel. The litanies are then sung, after which the Pope's throne is divested of its mourning drapery of violet, the candles on the altar and

balustrade are lit, the altar appears decorated, the Cardinals change their violet for red cappas, and the Holy Father enters vested in white cape and mitre, and commences the solemn Mass. At this mass there is no introit, or song of entrance, as all are supposed to have been assembled in the church long previously. When the "Gloria in excelsis" is entoned, the veil is removed, the chapel and walls resound with a triumphant flourish of trumpets, the great bells of the Basilica agitate the air with their vibrations, and a salvo of artillery thunders from St. Angelo. This demonstration of exultation is again repeated at the consecration. After the epistle, a subdeacon kneels at the feet of the Pope, and addresses His Holiness, "*Pater Sancte, annuntio vobis gaudium magnum quod est. Alleluia*". "Holy Father, I announce to you great joy that is. Alleluia". At the Gospel no light is borne, because, though Christ has arisen, the Gospel has not as yet been fully proclaimed. No "*Agnus Dei*" is said to-day in the Mass, to denote the silence with which the holy women approached the sepulchre in search of the body of Christ. The first time this salutation of the "*Agnus Dei*" was introduced into the Mass was about the year 700, and at the command of Pope Sergius. No "*Pax*" is given at the Mass of this day, as the faithful in early ages saluted each other by the salutation, "Christ has arisen". The custom prevails still everywhere in Russia, where the people salute each other not merely in the churches, but in their houses and in the streets by the salutation "Christ has arisen", and are accosted in return by the words, "He has truly arisen". In Russia also the custom prevails on Good Friday, that all distinctions of position or social rank are abolished—the private soldier and the general, the ser-

vant and the master, are all levelled to the same grade and meet each other as equals.

ST. JOHN OF LATERAN.

The august mysteries are commemorated on this day with even still more impressive and more lengthened ceremonies by the Pope's Cardinal Vicar, in the mistress of all churches, the Pope's cathedral, the Basilica of St. John of Lateran. As these mysteries commemorate the sufferings and merits of Him, through whom all the sacraments derive their efficacy, all the sacraments are on this day administered in the St. John's, even the different grades of holy orders. Many are ordained priests. The ceremonies commence at an early hour of the morning, and seldom terminate till an advanced period in the evening. The ceremonies are attended throughout by vast multitudes from every clime, who constitute the edifying congregation. The church of St. John of Lateran is one of the Basilicæ, of which there are seven in Rome, and it stands immediately outside the walls. Within the walls there are four basilicæ: those of San Johanne Laterano, San Pietro, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme: and three without: San Paolo, San Lorenzo, and San Sebastiano. They are built on the sites of the earliest Christian churches, and those were erected on the foundations of some of the great halls, courts, or judicial tribunals of ancient Rome, which were called basilicæ, and hence the derivation of the modern term. The basilica of St. John of Lateran derives its name from the Senator Plautius Lateranus, whose residence formerly stood on the site now occupied by this church. Mention is made of him by Tacitus. Constantine, in the fourth century, bestowed this residence on

the Church, to be the future episcopal residence of the Popes, and adjoining it he laid the foundation of the cathedral. The popes resided in the Lateran Palace from the time of Constantine to the period when the Popes returned from Avignon, when Gregory XI. transferred the papal residence to the Vatican palace; but the church has ever been retained as especially the Pope's cathedral. The chapter of St. John's takes precedence of the chapter of St. Peter's, and the church ranks as the first church in the Christian world. It is "*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*". "The head and mistress of all the churches of the city and of the world". It was built and burned, rebuilt and reconstructed, added to, and decorated in various centuries. Several general councils were held in the Lateran. The Pope, immediately after his election, goes in state procession to take possession of this cathedral, and in it he is always crowned. The interior is divided into five parts, consisting of a nave and four aisles, separated by four rows of massive columns. Those at either side of the centre nave, consist of the great pillars of the ancient basilica, which were preserved by Borromini in the erection of the present fabric, and are pierced with niches, in which stand twelve colossal figures of the apostles, of very imposing effect, executed by Le Gros, Rusconi, Angelo Rossi, Maratti, Ottoni, and other sculptors of celebrity. The decorations are rich in medallions, costly marbles, bass-reliefs, profuse gilding, and precious gems. Four valuable granite pillars are erected round the high altar, and sustain an elaborate Gothic canopy, or tabernacle of the style of the fourteenth century, which was erected by Pope Urban V., for the heads of S.S. Peter and Paul, which were discovered during his reign, and are here enshrined.

The baptistry, which stands very near the Basilica, is an octagonal building, roofed with a cupola, and is one of the most ancient Christian structures in Rome, having been built by Constantine, and still preserves substantially its original identity and integrity. A vast porphyry vase stands in the centre, which is the baptismal font, and is a relic of remote antiquity, and is believed to be the identical one in which the emperor Constantine himself received the waters of regeneration. The waters of the baptismal font were then blessed with great solemnity, with many lengthened and impressive mystic ceremonies. As all their efficacy in being instrumental in conferring grace and sanctity, is derived from the virtue of Christ crucified, so the celebrant with his hand divides the waters in the form of a cross. He lays the palm of his hand on the waters, and prays that they may be freed from all impressions of evil spirits. He blesses it in the name of the Holy Trinity, at the same time forming over it three times the sign of the cross. To signify that the waters of grace or baptism flow in all directions over the face of the earth, like the rivers of Paradise, he separates the waters and casts off some of it towards the four quarters of the globe. He exhales or blows on it three times, and prays that the breath of the Holy Spirit may descend on it, and bless it, and make it instrumental in sanctifying the soul. He immerses into it the end of the Paschal candle, and implores that the Holy Ghost may descend upon this water as He did on Christ when baptized in the waters of the Jordan. The celebrant mixes holy chrism and holy oil with the water, to show that we are consecrated to God by baptism, and that, as the wrestlers of old were rubbed with oil to prepare them for a triumphant contest, the Christian, by the grace of baptism,

obtains strength to wrestle in the contest with the powers of darkness, and secure the palm of victory, the eternal prize of Heaven, and God Himself. After this solemn benediction of the font, the catechumens of old received, and at present those who are prepared receive, the regenerating sacrament of baptism. The litanies are then chaunted, to supplicate God, and the intercession of His saints, that the newly baptized may persevere faithfully as good soldiers of Christ in that service in which they have enlisted, and to which they have so solemnly professed allegiance. The solemn Mass is then commenced. The altar is richly decorated, and the ministers wear white embroidered vestments. Incense is offered, and this represents the redolence of the sweet perfumes carried by the holy women to the sepulchre, where was laid the dead body of Christ. The bells ring merrily at the "Gloria in excelsis", to signify the joy at our Lord's resurrection. The "Credo" is not sung, neither are lights borne at the Gospel, to signify that the joyous news is not as yet universally known, nor is Christ's resurrection as yet believed in by all His own apostles. The kiss of peace is not given for the same reason, nor is the Communion said at this Mass, as it was usual for the faithful to wait for those favours till Easter Sunday.

THE BAPTISM OF THE JEW.

The Cardinal Vicar and all the officiating officers of the ceremonies, proceeded in processional order to the baptistry of Constantine, to confer the sacrament of baptism on the recently converted Jew. The procession was headed by the mace-bearer, dressed in flowing robes of damask and purple velvet. Next followed the thuriferet, the cross-bearer, and acolytes, and all the candidates for

orders, in white albs and cinctures, and bearing their vestments on their left arms; then a long line of priests in surplices, all two and two; then followed the canons of St. John's, and finally, the Cardinal Vicar with his suite, and the entire procession was closed by a detachment of the grenadiers. The entire route through the square, upon which the procession moved from the basilica to the temple of the baptistry, was strewn with green leaves, and the choir sang as they advanced, and the whole presented a very picturesque, imposing, and solemn effect. Baptism was conferred with the newly consecrated waters and with all the ceremonials of the solemn rite. After the baptism the procession returned in the same order to the basilica, and headed by the newly baptized Jew, who walked very slowly, with uncovered head, in a measured gait, with lips compressed and downcast eyes. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-four years of age. He wore a long flowing garment of white figured silk, with a brocaded white sash round his waist, ruffles in his breast, white satin shoes, and holding a lighted wax candle in his right hand. On his right hand walked a Dominican father, who was preacher to the Jews in the Getto, and to whose instruction and direction the catechumen convert had been committed. On his left walked his sponsor, who was a Belgian noble, and who wore a military uniform gorgeously embroidered in lace and gold. On entering the basilica all the officials encircled a temporary altar erected in the centre of the nave, and here the Cardinal Vicar gave an exhortation to the newly baptized, and administered to him the sacrament of confirmation. After having been anointed with the holy chrism, a white silk ribband was tied round his forehead, which he wore the entire day. The same Belgian noble here

also assisted as sponsor. The Litany of the Saints was then chaunted. The solemn Mass was then commenced, during which the candidates for orders were ordained, and the former Jew received his first communion. At the "Gloria in excelsis", the organ pealed forth its most glorious strains, the bells chimed their merriest peals, the guns of St. Angelo thundered forth their booming volleys, discharges of musketry, mortars, and rockets resounded in all directions, and continued during the entire day, and the cavalry and military, who carried their arms reversed during the last two days, now elevated their swords, fixed bayonets, and carried their arms erect, and joy beamed from every countenance. The ceremonies in this Lateran Basilica commenced on this morning at six o'clock, and, though continued uninterruptedly, did not terminate till three o'clock this afternoon. On this evening the ceremony of the coronation of the Blessed Virgin takes place in the church of San Marcello: and the church of St. Ignatius is festooned, and decorated with dazzling splendour, preparatory to the "Quarante' ore", or forty hours' adoration. On the evening of Holy Saturday all the private houses in Rome are visited by one of the parochial clergy, and blessed with the holy water of Holy Saturday.



Christian Architecture.



IF all the external auxiliaries employed by the Church for the purpose of imparting solemnity to her ceremonies, impressing the souls of her children with religious sentiments, nobility of conception, and feelings of reverential awe,

through the medium of the senses, there is not one more noble or more efficacious than that of architecture. Christian architecture ! The examples of proportion, of beauty and sublimity which it presents to our contemplation, educates our eye, refines our taste, expands our views, and elevates our ideas to heavenly conceptions ! Architecture must be studied both as an art and as a science. If the student confine himself to the former, he degenerates into the character of a mere artizan : if he theorize merely in the latter, then he becomes speculative and ideal, and will never produce anything substantial and practically useful. The union of both constitutes the perfect architect. The architect, besides being a scientific artist of the highest order himself, is likewise the protector and preserver of the works of the sculptor and the painter, that decorate the walls of his structures—he preserves them and transmits them to posterity. The architect's works are the traditions of momentuous events. He is the historian of the relative character and refinement of successive ages ; and Christian architecture possesses all these qualifications, and exercises them in favour of religion, which has enlisted her in her service. The principal orders or styles of architecture are, the Egyptian, the Etruscan, the Saracenic, the Grecian, the Roman, and the Gothic : but my object in this work is merely to allude to Christian architecture, in contradistinction to pagan architecture. As architecture is historical, and illustrative of the condition of the society and character of the age in which it was employed, so Christian architecture is a faithful and enduring memorial of the condition of religion at the period when the various specimens now extant had been erected.

In the early ages of Christianity, the first fervent

disciples of the cross, who sacrificed wealth and home and all for the love of their Divine Master, lived in caverns, in crypts, and catacombs, to conceal themselves from the persecutors who sought to exterminate them. Their churches, and ceremonies, and decorations, and all the requirements for divine worship, were accommodated to their circumstances and privations. They grew up habituated to them, and attached to them by the dearest reminiscences. Their architecture, sculpture, and paintings, as a natural consequence, became deeply impressed with that character. They were lowly, arched crypts, effigies of our crucified Lord and His afflicted Mother, rude paintings of martyrs, hooks, swords, gridirons, and other instruments of torture. In subsequent years of comparative peace and prosperity, when the Roman empire began to decline, and the Christian Church to triumph, the Christians, increasing in numbers, finding the mighty structures of Roman and Grecian architecture unoccupied and deserted, appropriated them to accommodate their greater requirements, as well as a significant emblem of their triumphs over the powers of this world. Thus religion there assumed, and consecrated to her own use, those mighty efforts of architectural art, which she so conveniently found accommodated to her purposes, and hence it is that ever since, the ultramontane Christian architecture is established almost exclusively, on the Grecian, Roman, and Byzantine type. In countries, however, where religion found no order of architecture to have been previously established, she instituted one of her own, invented and inspired by the spirit of Christianity, and that order is called the Gothic order. It is the creation of Christianity, and may in an especial manner be styled the Christian order of architecture. It is an order of archi-

ture perfectly adapted to all her wants: its subdued light and reverential air admirably harmonize with the solemnity of her ceremonies, and every compartment seems constructed to breathe her mystic character. Behold the lofty elevation of its groined arched ceiling, with its illuminated decorations of God, the holy Virgin, and His angels and saints, which appear as though we burst an opening through illimitable space, and caught a glimpse of our eternal inheritances and the glorious regions of the blessed! The clustered pillars are emblematical of the union of the faithful in the bonds of charity, the strongest foundation and most efficient support of the spiritual temple of faith and religion. Its elevated, graceful, tapering spire, terminating in a point, directs our souls to our heavenly kingdom, as the culminating climax of all our ambition and happiness. The extended nave and aisles, and the captivating perspective they present, indicate the extent to which we should expand our minds, to obtain capacity to learn the heavenly truths, and lessons of faith, which religion reveals. The varied and brilliant lines of the stained glass windows, reflecting in the sunshine their tints of purple, crimson, and amber on the tessellated pavement, like the diamonds strewed before the paths of eastern princes, seem to indicate the virtues and good works with which we should cover our passage through life to a blessed eternity.

In this Christian Gothic architecture, there is one feature particularly remarkable, and in which it will be found to differ materially when contrasted with the ancient architecture of Greece and Rome. In the Grecian and Roman style, all the cornices and other principal lines were horizontal, running parallel to the earth, ambitious seemingly of nothing but territorial extent and

worldly aggrandizement—even the arches were semi-circular, so that when the eye met a pillar, it ran up and round the arch, and down again at the other side to the earth ; whereas in the Gothic architecture, all the chief lines were perpendicular, leading the eye and the spirit to supernatural things, and even where it met an arch, the segment of the curve terminated in the apex above, and had no inducement to descend again. Then the apse, the side chapels, and various recesses, with every grade of light, seemed to symbolize the Church's discipline, which, by the happy union and subordination of all the parts, secured the perfection of the whole, and there, no matter what the vocation or disposition of any soul, he found some portion of the church accommodated to his condition. Thus the Gothic Christian order of architecture was sublime, appropriate, expressive, and characteristic, and it was capable of any amount of ornamentation, as the soul may progressively aspire to the most exalted perfection and to every grade and variety of virtue. This style of architecture, from the term "Gothic", by which it is designated, may be associated in our memories with the recollection of a people usually regarded as barbarous. But we must recollect that they were early and fervent converts to Christianity, and in this character they appear more honourable, and it elevates them highly in our estimation, even higher than the erudition, sciences, and refinements which may have been the characteristics of other cotemporaneous infidel nations, and the Gothic architecture which we admire, has been the offspring, not of their barbarity, but of their Christianity. The country in which the Gothic style of architecture was first developed in a remarkable degree, was Spain, and it became one of the relics of the invasions and conquests of Gothic

armies and hordes into that country, as well as monuments of the spirit of Christianity which they introduced and established therein, and the introduction of the Gothic style into western Europe is, not unreasonably, attributed to them. Dr. Warburton of Gloucester, and Sir Christopher Wren, who have written learnedly on the origin of Gothic architecture, are entirely of this opinion. Other antiquarians, and erudite writers attribute the first ideas and designs of Gothic architecture to an origin at once simple, interesting, poetic, and edifying. They assert, that as religion progressed over that land, and as the multitudes of converts to Christianity daily increased in overwhelming numbers, their ancient pagan conventicles became too contracted for their increasing numbers, for their more exalted and expanded ideas, and for the full development of their ecclesiastical ceremonies: that, then this simple-minded and fervent people, congregated in the adjacent forests or groves, in sylvan glades, or in the lengthened avenues of stately trees, under the shades of whose converging branches they were protected from the inclemency of the season, or from the parching heat of the meridian sun, and thus adored the God of nature in nature's temple, under the broad canopy of heaven. No observant eye can fail to discover the remarkable similarity between the sombre and picturesque vista presented in the lengthened aisle or nave of a Gothic cathedral, in its lofty, graceful, and clustered pillars, its pointed arches, its groined ceilings, and the laboured traceries of the fretted roof, with the vista of a lengthened avenue of stately trees, fledged with foliage, converging in pointed arches aloft, and its tapering branches and fibres interlaced and entwined in each other in a species of traceried wicker-work. Nothing could more vividly suggest to

their imaginations the idea of a noble pile of Gothic structure, than a glimpse of that avenue, with its prostrate crowd of fervent adorers. The ministers celebrating the divine mysteries seen in the subdued light in the distance, the gorgeous colours of their brocaded vestments, the glittering bullion and sparkling gems gleaming through the ascending volumes of fragrant incense, conveyed a graphic idea of a Gothic cathedral during the religious ceremonies. The beaming rays of the meridian sun, peering in through the interstices of the branches above, conveyed the idea of the clere-story; or, as they passed through the verdant tinge of the early spring-time leaves, or through the blossoms of the mountain oak, the chestnut, and the sycamore, they were dyed in all the glowing colours of the rainbow, and reflected on the green carpet beneath, they well represented the charming effect of stained glass windows, which cast hues more brilliant than those of the diamond, the amethyst, and the sapphire, and like the jewels strewn by angels on our entrance into the portals of bliss. The sombre vistas between the trees seemed like the apse, or dark recesses of a cathedral, where the woe-stricken or the sinful could conceal themselves from the prying gaze of the multitude, or hide themselves from the glance of the Omnipotent Avenger, or in the distance, kneeling in a gloomy corner, like the humble publican, strike their breasts, and whisper, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Thus, in my estimation, is Gothic architecture surpassingly more beautiful than that of any other style—pre-eminently well adapted to the celebration of the divine mysteries of holy Church. and prized as the creation of religion, and peculiarly the style of Christian architecture!

All lovers of architectural science must bow down in acknowledgment of the simplicity, grandeur, and sublimity of many Christian churches erected in the Grecian, Roman, and Byzantine styles, and especially those of Rome, and preëminently that of St. Peter. St. Peter's is the temple worthiest of God that was ever constructed by the hands of man.

“ But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee —
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true”.

But Grecian architecture is merely the adopted child of the Church, whereas the Gothic style is a child generated by her. The noble pile of a Gothic cathedral, of which many are still extant in Germany, Belgium, France, and Spain, and more especially in Normandy and Britain, is in reality a religious poem in stone. It is “still religion”. Every portion of the architectural creation breathes a spirit of religious unction, and elicits veneration, and eloquently proclaims against the infidel and the atheist, the existence of, and the worship due to, the Omnipotent Deity, in whose honour it has been erected : as Napoleon said, when he entered the glorious Gothic cathedral of Amiens—“ Un athée serait mal à son aise ici ! ” — “ an atheist must indeed feel uncomfortable here ! ” Here the disconsolate soul, steeped in affliction, abandoned by its friends, alone in the world, despised and persecuted, and the victim of distracting perplexities, flies from the busy din and bustle of the city, and penetrates the sombre gloom of some distant darksome recess of the cathedral, and, shrouded in its shades, enters into converse with God in search of that peace which surpasseth all understanding, and which he has sought for in vain in the boisterous world outside. Here it feels secure against its

relentless pursuers, as the hunted stag which penetrates the thicket of osiers, on the verge of a lake, or enters the trackless fastnesses of the forest, to escape the fangs of the yelping hounds which pursue it. The Christian looks around, and in the dim light, he sees the heads of grotesque Gothic figures of wild boars, of wolves, and griffins; but he feels no dismay, for his eye is familiarized with cruel men still more fierce, and here they seem subjected to some restraint, as they snarl and growl and devour not, like the slanderer, the persecutor, and the malignant outside. The vast temple in which he dwells, constitutes for him a world, beyond the precincts of which he desires not to travel. The carved birds, nestling in the floriated foliage of the capitals of the pillars, display a lively representation of the little warblers of the grove. The glowing scenes on the brilliantly stained glass are more charming to his eye than nature's landscape of hill and dale, lake, or mead diapered with flowers. The rows of clustered pillars remind him of avenues of oak and the solitudes of a forest. The lofty towers are like mighty mountains rising on his vision. The vast spaces of the nave and aisles, into the depths of which his eye cannot penetrate, and which seem circumscribed by no boundaries, are lively figures of illimitable space. The unceasing bustle of the city seems like the raging storm, or the agitated ocean, whose surging waters are broken, and foaming at the porch, commanded by a mysterious voice, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther". The harmonious chords of the distant organ, vibrating on his ear, are like the angelic echoes of the heavenly choirs. The crucifix reminds him of the price paid for his ransom, and the liberty of the children of grace, and the cheering hopes of a blessed

immortality. The statues of the saints introduce him into the most honourable and edifying company, with whom he delights to associate, and the statue of our Blessed Lady, with her outstretched arms and countenance beaming with benignity, melts his soul in compunction. If they frowned or looked austere, he could bear it with indifference, he is so accustomed to severity, but their look of tenderness subdues and overwhelms every sensibility of his soul. Those gigantic, noble, and majestic piles of Gothic architecture, with which England and Normandy in an especial manner abound, are the colossal productions of our Catholic forefathers, combining the accumulated results of the zeal for God's house, with which the bishops and clergy were eaten up. They evince the piety of Holy Church's faithful children, the architect's comprehensive imagination and genius of design, the refinement of the artist, and the persevering, generous, and indomitable energy of the mechanist and labourer, who were usually associated in religious fraternities, and worked gratuitously for God's love, or rather gave credit here for those wages which will be paid them tenfold hereafter. The recollection of this disinterested life-long zeal will solve the mystery for those who wonder whence the boundless wealth found its source, which was required to erect such expensive and astounding fabrics as those ancient cathedrals. Behold whence!—holy Catholic zeal effects more than all the yield of auriferous regions; and love is stronger than death! There they stand in a commanding attitude, towering, expansive, sublime, august, tranquil, and venerable, looking down from their exalted solitudes, with a calm indifference, on the little bubbling events which the rapids of time hurry past their adamantine bases—comprising all

that is gigantic in conception, all that is bold in design, and symmetrical in proportion and architecture. The majestic towers, gracefully tapering spires, and crocketed pinnacles, stately porches, pointed arches, arcades of clustered pillars, mullioned windows, glowing glass, niches furnished with sculpture of the highest merit, paintings and arabesques, fretted work, carvings, and traceries of stone, embroideries, draping them in a vesture of variety and perpetuity, all contribute to form a perfect whole, and tuned in a harmonious symphony, which thrills every religious feeling and causes every fibre of our hearts to vibrate to notes of awe, astonishment, and veneration ! Youth invests the human figure with its beauties of form, contour, and complexion, as the spring-time colours the herbage and foliage with the brightest verdure, tinges the rose in crimson, and tints the lilies and all nature's blossoms and flowers with the glowing dyes of the rainbow ; but age is the prized honour of the Gothic cathedrals, and the gray lines and sombre vesture of antiquity are the garments they admire, and which lend majesty to their appearance.

Those grand and gorgeous architectural structures are subjected to the assaults of three merciless foes—time, which corrodes and moulders their materials and carvings—revolution, which despoils, pillages, and dilapidates—and restorations, which distort, deteriorate, and desecrate. Of all their inveterate, irreconcilable enemies, the most dreaded and destructive is the uneducated, inexperienced, and incompetent architect, of contracted mind and rude conception, so ignoble and lowly, that he can never elevate himself to the exalted heights and grandeur of conception of the genius which designed those wondrous temples ; and when called on to effect necessary

restorations, all his incisions on his majestic patient generate a gangrene, all his ornaments cover it with a leprosy, and all his restorations are excrescences and hideous petrified deformities. Those noble structures, during the flourishing days of their entirety and architectural grandeur, are elevated far beyond the reach of the desolating hand of the talentless architect. But when they are impaired and dilapidated by the ravages of time, and nod with age, and that they fall into his despoiling hands, then he mercilessly deprives them of their symmetry and their beauty by clumsy anachronisms, and stigmatizes them by the tasteless incongruity of his additions and restorations just as "the living ass kicks the dead lion". It is as the elevated oak's leaf, which, when blooming in the summer of its existence, waved defiantly aloft from towering branches raised above the reach of grovelling reptiles, till, in the autumn of its years, it moulders, nipped by the winter frosts of time, it falls to the earth, and is then slimed and corroded by the crawling snail upon the ground! Many of those Gothic cathedrals, having required an entire age and several generations to complete, present a most interesting record of the vicissitudes of time, the gradual development of taste, and the transition of various styles or orders of architecture. We have some foundations and partial elevations, even effected in Carlovingian days, or during the days of architectural art, when the Roman, Saxon, and Gregorian style prevailed; consequently, the lower portion of some, exhibited the low, stunted, and heavy pillar and circular arch, and were continued in the naked, cold style of the early Gothic, and completed in the light, elegant, floriated, pointed style of the highly developed Gothic of our more recent ages. Winchester presents a remarkable example of this,

in the variety of styles which are combined in its construction : and this complexity of structure is very apparent in many other transition cathedrals.

Those venerable, elaborate, exquisite specimens of architectural refinement, which are at once temples and tabernacles almost worthy of the dwelling of God with man, and at the same time petrified religious poems, chaunting His glories, having been transmitted to us from ages of faith and piety, when every one lived for God alone, and when "art was still religion", present us the results of their creations, which are such as that

"Art hath not anywhere a scene more fair".

These fabrications of religious fingers, manipulated and woven into such delicate carvings, traceries, and lace-work, merit to be kept under glass cases, if thus they could be preserved from decay : but time has an oxide, and a moth, which corrodes and cuts through everything but our heavenly treasures. These Gothic cathedrals are productions of a genius of design, of taste, art, and religion, which probably never will be rivalled, and if once destroyed, will never be reproduced ; but by judicious restorations of mouldering parts, effected by eminent architects, they may be long preserved, and transmitted to many future generations. The remarkable improvement in the ecclesiastical architecture of these countries during the past half century, affords convincing testimony that we are provided with architects of taste, knowledge, and accomplishments, which reflect honour on their noble profession, and who preclude all necessity of committing such restorations to those incompetent men, who will only generate a gangrene in the aged constitutions, will even anticipate the ravages of time, and accelerate the destruction of these venerable fabrics.

The Vatican Palace, Library, and Gardens.



AFTER the termination of the ceremonies, I went over in the afternoon, to visit the Vatican Palace. The Vatican Palace, when regarded as the centre and seat of the religion of the hundreds of millions of the faithful all over the Christian world—as the residence of the visible head of the Church, Christ's vicar on earth—the influence there exercised over the most momentous events recorded in universal history—and over literature, science, and art—its extensive library and museum, containing the rarest volumes and manuscripts, and priceless gems of ancient and modern paintings and sculpture, mosaics, marbles, and bronzes, and its sublime adjoining Basilica and gorgeous shrines of the Princes of the Apostles—is incomparably the most important, the most revered, and most august fabric that ever was from the beginning, is now, or ever shall be on the habitable globe. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the fact that St. Peter's church, with the adjoining buildings, occupies an area of eight English acres, and with the Vatican Palace and gardens, all occupy a space equal to that which is occupied by the entire city of Turin. This Vatican Palace is 1151 feet in length, and 767 feet in breadth. It contains chambers, courts, galleries, museums, and chapels, and halls, gorgeous in architectural beauty, and almost incredible in size and number. It contains the grandest staircase in any palace in the world, with eight others of surpassing magnificence, and two hundred staircases of a lesser character; twenty great

courts and galleries, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two apartments, with windows, the number of which have never been counted ! The original building was erected by Constantine. The buildings which constitute the present palace were erected separately at different periods by many Popes, according to the designs of different architects, and do not display a uniformity of architectural design. The residence of the Popes for more than a thousand years was the Lateran Palace. Pope Gregory XI. was the first who fixed the Papal residence in the Vatican in the year 1377, after the Popes had returned from Avignon. Very probably this resolution was taken in consequence of its proximity to the fortress of St. Angelo, which afforded a security in ages of social convulsions ; and this idea is still further strengthened by the subterranean passage which communicates between the palace and the castle, and which was built by Pope John XXIII.

THE LIBRARY.

The present buildings of the Vatican library were erected in the year 1588 by Sixtus V. The library contains 100,000 volumes of printed books. But these are of minor importance when compared with the inestimable treasures of ancient documents, manuscripts, and palimpsests, which are preserved in its archives. It comprises, in addition to its own most extensive collection, the valuable collections of other libraries throughout Europe, which, during many ages, were transferred here, and all accumulated in this vast treasure of literature, some documents dating so far back as the fifth century. It comprises the collections of Fulvius Ursinus, that of the Benedictine library of Bobbio, the Palatine library of Heidelberg, a portion of which, however, has some time since been

returned, the Urbino library, the Bibliotheca Alexandrina, the Ottoboni library, and that of the Marquis Capponi, and the library of S. Basilio at Grotto Ferrata. The number of manuscripts at present contained in the Vatican library, in Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages, amounts to 23,580. The palimpsests are of priceless value.

PALIMPEST LITERATURE.

In what palimpsest literature consists, may not by some be very clearly understood. During the ages which preceded the art of printing and paper making, the material for writing on was very scarce and very expensive, and was utilized with the utmost economy. In ancient times papyrus was used, but eventually the transport of this material from the east ceased, and then the use of parchment was adopted. This was so difficult to procure, that persons desiring to write, attempted to obliterate the ink-marks of former manuscripts, and use the same parchment again for their own writing. Many of these partially obliterated documents had been literary manuscripts of the greatest importance, and efforts were made to decipher the original writing beneath the more recent characters, and frequently with the most satisfactory results; and this became the profession of the palimpsest editor, and in his discovery originated palimpsest literature. Thus the defaced manuscript was reproduced, and called a palimpsest. This system was adopted even in classic days, and is alluded to by classic authors—for instance, by Catullus and Cicero. The process, to be effective, was necessarily very complicated, as the operator should discover the chemical components of the ancient ink, and the mode employed to erase it, besides a knowledge of the ancient characters of the language. The great Benedic-

tine scholar Montfaucon was most sanguine that palimpsest labours would recover many missing treasures of Greek and Roman classic literature. A palimpsest of Livy, lib. 91, was thus discovered. It was formerly in a library in Sweden, but was presented by Queen Christina to the Vatican library, where it is still preserved. Jean Boivin devoted himself very assiduously to this work in the royal library of Paris, and was rewarded by the discovery of the remains of a very ancient Greek text of the Old and New Testament. This was collated by Welstein and Kuster, and was published by Tischendorf. But the triumph of palimpsest literature was attained by Cardinal Angelo Mai in the Ambrosian library of Milan, and in the Vatican library, where, amongst other important manuscripts, he succeeded in deciphering that of "Cicero de Republica". The work and results of deciphering those ancient documents is now elevated to the dignity of an especial class of literature, under the character and designation of "Palimpsest Literature". It is a mine which may yet yield golden treasures of ancient, classic, ecclesiastical, and historical literature. The possible results can scarcely be calculated.

THE VATICAN GARDENS.

The evening air was mild and balmy, and after the exhausting heats of the meridian sun, the gentlest summer zephyr fanned us with the most refreshing coolness. The ether tinge was most observable in the firmament, and, being transparent, enabled the vision to penetrate the depths of infinite space, and it was toned in that beautiful tint of blue, with which Poussin and Claude Lorraine loved to colour their skies. I resolved to enjoy a promenade in the Vatican gardens, and as the impres-

sive ceremonies of Holy Week moulded my soul into meditative dispositions, everything in that elysium of Flora's domain became eloquently suggestive of the omnipotence, wisdom, providence, and beauty of God, and of His infinite beneficence and amiable and adorable perfections. Those charming gardens are attached to, and are the pleasure grounds of, the Vatican palace. Pope Anacletus erected an oratory over the site where St. Peter was interred, and it is believed the popes built a residence adjoining the oratory, and that the Vatican palace dates its origin from that early period. It is quite certain that the palace existed in the eighth century, for history records that Charlemagne resided here at the time of his coronation by Pope Leo III. The gardens originally were contracted, but were gradually enlarged during subsequent centuries. The grounds now occupied by the gardens are of great extent, and contain the "Giardino della Pigna", and the "Casino del Papa". They are decorated with many antiques, amongst others with two bronze peacocks and a pine-apple tree, which were found in the mausoleum of Hadrian. These Vatican Gardens are objects of great attraction to all visitors to Rome, and afford the liveliest interest to the florist, the botanist, and the horticulturist. They are adorned with terraces, marble balustrades, sculpture, and playing fountains. The playing fountains displayed designs of the most interesting and diversified character, in granite, marble, and bronze. One especially attracted my attention. It was a ship of war, cast in bronze, with all her masts, yard-arms, spars, cordage, and rigging, floating in the centre of a marble basin. Her tiers of guns appeared in the port holes of her hull; but in place of belching forth thundering volleys of fire, they projected broadsides of

missiles of the opposing element, in gushing jets of seething waters.

I passed through pleasure grounds furnished with roots, exotics, blooming shrubs, natives of every soil and clime ; some transplanted from the Himalayas ; some from Yemen and Shiras, and from the flowery regions of Mazandaran. Observe, some of these flowers are not yet blown out ; they possess many charming blossoms, but they are all closely wrapped up in their leafy textures, and thus resemble those niggards centred exclusively in their own interests, who live merely for themselves, and refuse to dispense a portion of their blessings to extend relief and administer consolation to the children of destitution and woe, till the benign influence of God's grace beams in, and softens their hardened hearts to deeds of benevolence and charity. Then they expand all the generous faculties of their souls, and elicit the gratitude and blessings of the indigent, as the warm rays of the meridian sun expand all the leaves of these budding tendrils, dyeing their cheeks with fair and rosy complexions, and exhaling odours of the sweetest fragrance. Here, in the springtime of the year, the trees are all clothed in the blossoms of their youth and virginity. The verdant carpets are speckled with the snow-drop, the earliest harbinger of Flora and her approaching numerous flowery train of daughters, most graceful in form and figure, and draped in costumes of textile fabrics and fineries more exquisite than the textures rolled out from the webs and looms of Cashmere or Persia. Their complexions are tinted with every tinge, from the enamelled whiteness of the lily to the crimson hues of the rose, and are jewelled with dew drops which eclipse the sparkling brilliancy of the diamond of the purest water. There are lengthened walks beneath

arbours entirely arched over with so thickly set a tissue of evergreens, as to afford a refreshing shade impenetrable to the meridian rays of a midsummer's sun. There are limpid streamlets rippling from jettées d'eaux, from sculptured fountains and basins of precious granite. There are seats of marble, and mossy couches softer than the Chancellor's wool sack, surrounded by pendent draperies of festoons of lichens, jessamine, and honeysuckles. The air is redolent of aromatic fragrance. All is still, the silence broken only by the purling rills, by the birds warbling their artless lays, or by the sonorous sounds of the great bell of Peter's, whose prolonged boomings resemble the hummings of a swarming hive of bees. In the autumn the trees put off the bridal costume of their blossoms, and drape themselves in the more sombre garb of the matron, and nurture their numerous progeny of ruddy fruits from nutritious juices, distilled through every vein and pore of their ramifications, while the sear and yellow leaves are tinted in every hue, and glow with aureate gildings from the radiant lustre of an Italian autumnal setting sun.

"These are thy change—Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God: the rolling year is full of thee".

Here, amidst these charming gardens, which seem as though they were a bit of paradise that had fallen on the earth, the visitor roves through shady arbours, thickly wooded plantations, and groves of pomegranate and mulberry and orange trees, and through parterres disposed in every graceful form, draped with pendent folds of jessamine, laid down with vernal carpets diapered with crocuses and snow drops, and fringed with polyanthuses, and hyacinths, and roses, and flowering plants. There

are the blooming rhododendrons, azaleas, auriculas, orchids, and pelargoniums, with the anemone and ranunculus, and the piony drooping its fibres in pensive melancholy, all throwing up their incense, and with open hands dispensing their odoriferous riches. They display figures emblematic of every character. Some stand erect like nobles of majestic deportment, and wearing the purple of the monarch, whilst the plots over which they exercise supreme dominion, are bordered with rows of hollyhocks, gilly flowers, tulips, and carnations, clad in liveries of crimson and silver embroideries, waiting in obsequious attendance on their lords, and all emblematic of those gradations of the social scale, and that subordination to the "higher powers", upon which foundations alone the social system can stand erect and unshaken, and secure liberty and stability for the whole community. Some again walk with humility and modesty along the ground, and wear the blanched whiteness and purity of the novice virgin's veil. As the visitor moves along, the serpentine avenues close the panorama he has seen, and open a new vista to his view, and seem as if nature were continually opening and closing her arms in admiration of these captivating diversified charms! There is a glimpse of a placid lake, duplicating the enchanting scenery by the reflections in its glassy surface, and over it hangs the bending iris; there is the violet, not unworthy the Pope's pleasure grounds, and yet so humble and amiable as to deign to decorate our own hedge rows. How exquisite the web in which all these flowery textures are woven, surpassingly finer than those rolled out from the looms of Turkey and Brussels! Can it be that amidst all these charming flowers we meet emblems of Christ's agonies! Yes, indeed: see the Passion flower!

THE PASSION FLOWER.

O wonderful coincidence! See here, amidst all these blooming tenants of the Pontiff's Vatican gardens, what presents itself on this week, commemorative of Immanuel's sufferings! It is the passion flower! Religion employed sculpture, through the agency of the "dolorous angels", to present for my contemplation the instruments of the passion on the bridge of San Angelo. Here nature herself seems ambitious to claim a share in the celebration of the mysteries, and to offer a commemorative tribute, by commissioning this fair and charming daughter of Flora's family to present even in this parterre of Eden, the emblems of those instruments employed to torture and crucify the God of nature. It seems as if even here, in this garden of delights, she wishes to unveil a vista of Calvary's doleful scenes, to impress upon our minds, as she has upon this blooming flower, that even in our days of prosperity, joyfulness, and pleasures, we should never forget the salutary lesson, that all our goods, blessings, graces, and our hopeful prospects of a blessed eternity, have been purchased through the instrumentality of His agonies. Amiable and affectionate flower! woven from the finest web of summer's loom, immersed in drifts of the whitest snows, enamelled like the ermine's skin, and dyed in purple hues more brilliant than the tints extracted from the eastern aromatic juices! See! she opens her leaves to show me vivid representations of the hammer, the nails, the cord, the scourge, and the crown of thorns, which, after a wakeful night in the garden and a painful position on the cross, afforded Him the only pillow upon which to recline His aching head. Observe, all day long, with languishing looks, she turns round towards the sun she loves, to

exemplify for me that my soul, grateful and languishing with divine love, should ever turn to the Sun of Righteousness, my true day and light in this region of darkness. The numerous erect, little spotted fibres that encircle the centre represent our Lady of Dolours, and the holy women, and His holy apostles and disciples, who with fidelity surrounded our Blessed Lord in His sufferings, till the sun was darkened, and then, like those tendrils at sunset, withered and sunk to the earth with their Master, to rise again like the seed from the soil, to bloom in the sunshine of a perennial summer!—to encourage me to constancy in suffering with Him now, that I may be glorified with Him in heaven! This flowery family, nurtured with such tender solicitude by an Omnipotent Father from inexhaustible sources, and clad in raiments of exquisite texture and brilliancy of dye, should teach us to dismiss all anxious cares, and commit ourselves with confidence to His paternal providence, who esteems us “of much more value than they”, and yet clothes them in garments more brilliant than those worn by Solomon in all his glory. My soul, clothe thyself in meekness, humility, and every virtue—put on Jesus Christ and the garments of immortality. Esteem not a nice arrangement of threads or colours—be not solicitous for what you shall put on—the lily of the field surpasseth all!

“Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet, with confess’d magnificence, deride
Our mean attire and impotence of pride”.

The colours in which they are dyed exceed in brilliancy those extracted from the spices of Persia; more glowing than the radiance of the ruby and the sapphire, and all pleasingly diversified, softened off with the greatest deli-

cacy into imperceptible blendings, and forming charming contrasts with the verdure of the foliage, displaying all the beauties and wonders of colour, laid on and cleverly manipulated by nature's artistic pencil—and these wonders of colour are truly extraordinary !



Wonders of Colour.



NE of the most mysterious properties of nature is colour. What it is, or how it is produced, it is very difficult to define or explain. Whether it exists at all times, even in the dark, or is only elicited by light, is equally unintelligible. What the grand design of the Creator was in producing it, we cannot well conceive, for surely it must have been for a nobler object, than by clothing nature's aspect in agreeable hues, to afford gratification to our eye. We know it is elicited by, or emanates from, the sun in tinted rays of certain dyes, which, when combined, compose white light, but how we cannot tell. The different colours produced by the one sun, and their endless variety and gradations of shade, and numberless diversity of tints, the products of their combinations, are all truly wonderful and admirable. But if one sun can produce so many, and such beautiful combinations of colour, what must be the variety and charming combinations produced in those orbs which astronomers tell us are lit by pluralities of suns of different colours ! What the enchanting effects in an orb lit with those suns coloured respectively azure, yellow, and red—can we conceive anything more transportingly captivating ?—the gildings, hues, tints, and shades from their alternate re-

volutions, risings, and settings!—oh, what must be the ravishing ecstasies of delight in gazing on them! Of the properties of colour we know but little. If the artist could discover its cause, or physical nature, it would be an acquisition of the utmost importance to science, and to the promotion of the objects of his profession; but all is mystery! Colour not only imparts the most captivating charms to nature's landscapes, and becomes the auxiliary medium to the artist's pencil to produce those landscapes on the canvas, but colour is even a language, and a most eloquent language. The verdure of the herbage proclaims the luxuriance of the soil. The blooming flower tells the temperature of the atmosphere. The sparkling eye and clear complexion, the roseate hue and ruddy cheek, proclaim blooming health and vigour more eloquently, than the most eloquent announcement of the most experienced physiologist. The greenish tinge of the countenance reveals the vitiated stomach, and calls out to beware of the splenetic temperament more expressively, than did the tuft of hay in classic days, on the horn of the vicious ox. "Habet fœnum in cornu!" Colour becomes the unmistakable exponent of the most secret emotions of the soul; the dark iron red rushing to the face, revealing the eruption of interior rage or revenge; whilst pallor on a sudden accusation becomes the most forcible evidence of the secret murderer's guilt. Sombre tints indicate the victims of melancholy. The reddened eyes speak, the recent weeping of the children of mourning. The blanched cheek elicits a sigh, telling, alas! too plainly, of victims of want, or of the progress of a wasting disease, that is to tear from us a fond brother, sister, or mother! Gray hairs announce declining years: and how agonizing the language of the cold slaty hue on the brow of death,

communicating the woeful intelligence, that the beloved one has departed for ever! Even virtue herself employs the most delicate crimson tints, transient over the countenance, as an unfurled banner, proclaiming her influence over the souls of her votaries—their offended delicacy on the most distant approach of vice; and the blushing cheek is the herald of the crimson mantle, which inseparably accompanies the reign of all the charms of modesty.

“ Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient *teo*”.

The glowing tints of the fluid firmament’s ethereal bow, inscribe in eloquent language, the covenant of the Omnipotent with all flesh, that He will never again destroy the world, as He did the degenerate children of Adam of old, by burying them in the inundating tide of His wrath, in one watery grave. The results of the combination of colours are very extraordinary, and their observation excites the deepest interest. If, for instance, we take three of the primary colours, yellow, red, and azure or blue, which represent the first, light, the third, shade, and red the connecting link between them, very curious products will result from the mixture of all, or of any two. The mixture of any two of these colours, will form the most perfect contrast for the third. Red and yellow form orange, a contrast for blue—blue and yellow yield a green, a contrast for red—red and blue give a purple, a contrast for yellow. If all be mixed in certain proportions, the product will be a most appropriate shade for any of the three primary colours, or for any of the various tints which may be produced by their combination—or if

mixed in other proportions, the strange result occurs that they will destroy each other, so as to yield no colour, and a dark hue will be the product. These also are the colours which nature selects for displaying all the glowing and radiant glories of the setting luminary of the day—yellow surrounding himself immediately—red more remotely, and azure in the shady distances. It appears to me that the greater the simplicity in colouring, the truer to nature, and the greater the beauty, preserving as much of the purity of the primary colours as may be possible, and as great delicacy of tint, employing no further labour in the mixing than may be required for light and shade, and to impart solidity of tone to the picture. Some passage should display the highest light, and some other the deepest shade, and these should be imperceptibly introduced to each other by gliding gradations of every softened shade—and the predominating colour of the principal object should be imperceptibly diffused in subordinate, and auxiliary, and more delicate tints of the same hue, over the entire pictorial subject; otherwise it will appear blotted, and deficient in harmony of tone and unity. Delicacy of shape and beauty are inseparably allied; so beauty of colouring and mildness of tint seem to bear a similar alliance. The most beautiful example of imperceptible gradations in the softening off tints of colour is displayed in a blooming complexion, in which the crimson tinge of the cheek so gently glides into the fair white of the countenance, that you cannot designate any line where the one commences, or the other terminates. The same exquisitely delicate gradations of the imperceptible blendings of colours in flowers are most interesting to the observant botanist and artist. Recent experiments on the effect of light and colour on the

clouds, and on plants and flowers, have attracted great attention.

INFLUENCE OF COLOUR ON FLOWERS.

Some interesting experiments have been recently made to test the influence of colour on the growth of flowers and plants. It has long been a question among botanists and physiologists in how far colour can influence the growth of plants. On this subject M. P. Bert has addressed an interesting communication to the Academy of Sciences. Having placed twenty-five kinds of plants in a green house provided with glazed frames of various hues, he watched their progress under the influence of the different lights they received. Milfoil and mullen figured among the plants requiring much sun; violets, etc., among those wanting shade; cactuses and house-leeks represented the thick-leaved classes; there were besides green cryptogama, plants strongly tinged with red, such as perilla, and lastly, firs. The individuals of each species were of the same size, having been sown at the same time. The glass of the frames was respectively transparent white, dulled white, black, red, yellow, green, and blue; and the whole greenhouse was shielded from the direct rays of the sun. The observations commenced on the 20th of June; on the 24th various seeds were sown, which all sprung up at the same time in all situations. On the 15th of July the plants requiring the sun were all dead under the black and green frames, and were very sickly under the other colours, especially the red. The other plants were all declining. The mortality continued to increase, and on August 2, all' were dead under the blackened glass, except the cactus, the lemna, fir, and maiden's hair; under the green glass nothing was left

alive but the geraniums, celery and house-leek, besides those that were not dead under the black ; but all were in a bad state. The mortality was much less under the red glass, and still less under the yellow and blue ones. On the 20th of August the acotyledons alone were still alive, though perishing, under the black and green ; and as to the rest, the red had proved more hurtful to them than the yellow and blue. The stalks were much taller, but also much weaker, under the red : blue seemed to be the colour least detrimental to the plants ; their greenness had remained natural, and even deeper than under the yellow. The plants sown on the 24th of June had all died off very quickly under the black and green, later under the red, and had thriven better under the blue than under the yellow. As for the plants under the white glass, they all continued to live, though less luxuriantly, under the dulled than under the transparent glass.

COLOUR OF THE CLOUDS.

The varied colours which the clouds assume at various times, especially sunrise and sunset, are explained by Mr. Sorley, on the principle that the clear, transparent vapour of water absorbs more of the red rays of light than of any other, while the lower strata of the atmosphere offer more resistance to the passage of the blue rays. At sunrise and sunset the light of the sun has to pass through about 200 miles of atmosphere within a mile of the surface of the earth in order to illuminate a cloud a mile from the ground. In passing through this great thickness the blue rays are absorbed to a far greater extent than the red, and much of the yellow is also removed. Hence clouds thus illuminated are red. When the sun is higher above the horizon, the yellow light passes more readily,

and the clouds become orange, then yellow, and finally white. Clouds in different parts of the sky, or at different elevations, often show these various colours at the same time.

SENSE OF COLOUR.

How wonderful is colour! What is it? How is its effect produced? Sir J. W. Herschell supposes that the sense of colour is produced by vibrations of the medium through which each ray of light passes from the object to the eye. He says these vibrations occur in regulated periodical movements, accurately numbered, and diversified according to the variety of colours depicted. These vibrations affect the nerves, and pulsate with inconceivable velocity. So rapid are they, that they beat no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a second. He asserts, that the diversity of colour is produced by the diversity of the infinite number of these vibrations. Thus the sense of red, according to Herschell, is produced by the nerves of vision being affected by four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of vibrations in a second! That yellow is produced by four hundred and forty-two millions of millions of vibrations: violet, by seven hundred and seventy-seven millions of millions of times every second! The power of colour on matter is so extraordinary, that one grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will impart a tinge to an entire gallon of water. The invisible violet blackens muriate of silver, arrests the oxygenation of phosphorons, and turns guaiacum to green, which the red rays restore. These are wonders which astound and bewilder the mind. They present to the intellect convincing proofs of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Almighty Fabricator and Ruler of the Universe.



Vesper Vigil of the Resurrection.

HE radiant smiles which beam from the Church's countenance on this eve of the Spouse's resurrection, and the trickling tears of joyfulness which like pearly pendants adorn the cheeks of this mother of genial dews, the flowery decorations of her altars, the snowy, spangled garments of her ministers, resemble the effulgence which gilds the western hills with its streaming splendours, and after the gloom of a clouded day, smoothes the rugged brow of night, and cheers the drooping spirit with the sustaining hopes of the glorious effulgence of to-morrow's sunrise! The jubilant anthems, and hymns of harmony, and thrilling alleluias from the chorus of all who have vocal powers, which echo through her domes at the close of the life and sufferings of our blessed Lord, are like the parting lays of nature's artless songsters of the grove, pouring forth their praises for the day-light now departing. Look towards Monte Mario! See! the western atmosphere is ruddy, all glowing with vermillion, as if the palace were lit up for the reception of the vivifying luminary, after completing his diurnal course round our terrestrial orb! His apparently increased disk displays a countenance of increased benignity, and his dazzling brilliancy is moderated. He stands at the porch on the confines of evening, to look back on the children of toil and warfare, who without his light would have dwelt in darkness and in the shadow of death. He takes a last glance over that land which would be desert, arid, and without whose beaming "the fig-tree would germinate no blossom", "or the vine bear no fruit", the valleys would spring no flowers, or "the fields yield no meat"—the mellow loads of the orchard's branches

would yield no floods of deliciously acidulous cider, the seed of gold would never reach maturity, or diamonds of the purest water would scintillate no sparkling brilliancy. But under the auspicious reign of his genial splendours, the tropics teem with fruitfulness, tinted with brilliant colours, and the chilly lands of arctic regions "are filled with marrow and fatness!" He looks back with complacency over that land, where during his day's journey he moistened, fructified, matured, illumined, beautified, and rendered fragrant, all things by his universally diffusive radiance, by the odour of his ointments, "*nec est qui se abscondat a calore ejus!*" Oh! how strikingly emblematic of the circumstances which attend the setting of the Sun of Righteousness, whose holy word during his life darted effulgence through distant realms of darkness, in comparison with whose dazzling lustre the brightest beaming of the sun in his meridian glory, is but as a darksome shade or opacity itself! He is the great vivifying principle, "the quickening spirit", "the resurrection and the life". He is a well of salvation, who irrigates the arid soil with copious floods of waters springing up to eternal life, which moisten and invigorate the drooping plants of virtue. He is a "fire" whose genial heat cherishes them, develops their blossoms, and ripens their fruit to maturity—"nec est qui se abscondat a calore ejus", and without his reflected radiance "the pearl of great value" would never shine! His transit through life, it is true, was shrouded in the veil of His humanity, and obscured by abjection, humiliation, and sufferings. But these were as vernal clouds, floating reservoirs of delicious dews, exhalations from the ocean of His mercies, wafted by the breathing of His spirit over the spiritual kingdom in the springtime of our salvation, to descend in balmy distillations, and drench

arid souls in copious torrents of graces and draughts of inebriating spiritual consolations, "*flumine voluptatis tuæ potasti eos*", "Thou hast drenched them in torrents of delights!" But the sufferings of this life bear no proportion to the glory which is to come. Even on this evening the faint accents of the Church's joyfulness indicate that He is leaving, and contribute to the glory of His departure and to the splendours of His sun-setting. See! they look like those attenuated distillations of folding vapours in yon western sky, which add to the resplendent glories of the setting luminary. During the day they were opaque, and obscured his brilliancy, but oh! now they seem rocks of sapphire, quarries of amber, pendent in ether, and poised before the sun's dazzling disk, they seem glowing and transparent like amethysts before a lamp, and their outline curves and edges are shining as with cornices of burnished gold, surpassing those on the banks of the Nile or Bosphorus, on the mosques of Cairo or Constantinople, and in their diversified forms there appear gardens, palaces, fountains, and balustrades, spires and arched domes, resembling what we read of the architecture of the celestial Jerusalem! Oh! have the clouds really opened on this eve of Easter and given me a glimpse of heaven! Oh! if sufferings bring me there, they bear no proportion to that weight of glory which is revealed in me. One thing have I desired, that I shall require,—that I dwell all the days of my life in the house of the Lord! Better Lord, is one day in thy house than a thousand spent in the tents of sinners! At this season our hearts are inebriated with a torrent of delights, and the ordinary channels of heaven's graces overflow, and overwhelm our souls with the most nutritious and efficacious graces. The Nile periodically overflows the ordinary boundaries of its

fertilizing waters, and as then the Egyptian plains teem with fatness and corn, and as groves of olives and acacia flourish in verdure, and as the acanthus developes its leaves, and glowing colours, and odoriferous fragrance, under the fertilizing influences of the Nile ; so, under the torrents of mercies overflowing from Christ's plentiful redemption at this Paschal time, the roots of faith and hope and love are cherished by the holy unction of his holy spirit, his entire spiritual kingdom yields flowers of virtue, whose fragrance ascends in the odour of sweetness, and bears abundant harvests of heavenly fruits! In this garden of holy Church I may hope to be "as a tree which is planted near the running waters", "as a fruitful olive-tree in the house of God"—*Ps. li.*, and my name be written in the book of life. "*Olivam uberem pulchram, fructiferam, speciosam vocavit Dominus nomen tuum*"—*Jerem. ii. 16.* "The Lord called thy name a plentiful olive-tree, fair, fruitful, and beautiful.

" — The glorious stream,
That late between its banks was seen to glide,
With shrines and marble cities on each side,
Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain,—
Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread".

Easter's Aurora.



RETIRED to repose last night with my soul replete with the sentiments of the august mysteries, with which the ceremonies of the last three memorable days were so influential in impressing them, and anxious for the celebration of the

great climax—the resurrection on the morrow. I arose at a very early hour from “sleep, death’s twin sister”. A mysterious, awe inspiring stillness prevailed in the Eternal City ! Activity, the din of a crowded population, and echo herself, and the vibrations of sound, weary of their recent exertions, still lay motionless, absorbed in slumbers. The castle of St. Angelo and old Father Tiber seemed like the weired spectres of ancient Rome, to come out of Adrian’s mausoleum, to roam about and revisit the ancient city of the Cæsars, and recall the endeared reminiscences of the ancient Capitol and the Forum, of emperors, generals, sieges, and the triumphs of the eloquence of Cicero, and how Horatius kept the gate ! and how mighty Cæsar fell ! There was a species of twilight, neither night nor day, but that neutral ground which forms the confines of both, where the twins Vesper and Aurora love to loiter in sisterly affection, till light or darkness relentlessly order their separation. The sky was colourless and dim, but it was not darkness, but seemed like the wan and placid corpse of light, which had just died of inanition. The monochrome of night was just blending its outline in imperceptible gradations and softenings off, with the white light of morning. Sin and the cross seemed contrasted. They seemed emblematic of the proximity of the late eclipse and darkness at the Crucifixion, and the approaching glories of the Resurrection. The moon, which shone brightly during the night, now like an exhausted lamp suspended from the azure concave dome, was paling languidly away, overwhelmed in the morning effulgence of the rising regent luminary of the day, and was like the types and figures of the Old Law, which dimly lit the way for the patriarchs and prophets now vanishing before the Gospel light, and the fulfilment of the promise of

the coming of the "Oriens ex alto", and the completion of the great mysteries of salvation, the dawning of the day of Resurrection!

"Before yon sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh! how dim, how pale were those
To His one burning eye!

"So Truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night—
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they
To Thy one glorious Light!"

"LET ME GO, FOR IT IS BREAK OF DAY!"

See! already appearing above the horizon, the first peering rays of the brilliant luminary, the rising day star of our eternal hopes! Welcome! welcome!—"this is the day which the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad therein!" Oh! after the lengthened weary night, how my yearning soul desired to see this day! "Anima mea desideravit te in nocte"—*Isai.*, xxvi. 9. "My soul hath desired thee in the night". My wrestling with my antagonist in the dark was violent, but "dimitte me jam enim ascendit Aurora". "Let me go forth, for it is break of day!"—*Gen.* xxxii. 26. "I will not let you go, till you bless me"! Oh! bless me!—destroy in my thigh the nerve of opposition to thy grace! Ah! change my name, not from Jacob into Israel, but from rebel into loyal, from a stranger into a domestic of Thy household, from a sinner into a saint, from an alien into a beloved spouse! O beloved spouse! so long desired, so quickly departed! "Anima mea desideravit te in nocte!"—"My soul hath desired thee in the night!" At length the light has arisen! "Habitantibus in re-

gione umbræ mortis, lux orta est eis!"—*Ps.* "Light has arisen for those who dwell in the région of the shadow of death". After all my devious wanderings in the dark, the light has arisen! O Jesus! now that I have the light, teach me where and how I shall seek Thee—when and how I shall find Thee! You have said, let there be light! and there is light! O my Lord and my God! you have led me out of darkness, and out of the shadow of death, into thy admirable light—but, O my illuminator! my eyes are unaccustomed to the light, and are as yet dazzled. Ah! take me by the hand, and lead me to Thee! Wo to that abyss of darkness in which I was so long involved, in which, with all my searching, I could not feel nor see God!—in which the dews of heavenly graces and benedictions ceased to drop down, and my spirit languished and withered, like the plants which are screened in the shade from the vivifying influences of the solar rays. "Their root will be as rottenness, and their blossom will go up as dust"—*Isai.* v. 21.

THE LOTUS PLANT AND THE SUN.

The beautiful lotus plant, and its fair flowers, which vegetate and bloom in the waters of the Nile, in its passionate fondness for the sun, courts and caresses his genial heat and light, and all day long pursues his course with its revolving, gazing, open countenance, and never for a moment loses sight of its refulgent charmer till he hides himself from his admiring lily behind the western hills of Egypt. Then, like "the willow of Babylon", or like the sad widow, mourning for her departed spouse, the disconsolate plant droops its head: its tendrils, its leaves, and flowers, which in its beloved's light were expanded all day to their utmost extension, are now wrapped up

and closely convolved, and conceal all its beauties, and it lays down its cheek on the cold pillow of the wave, as the grieving one envelopes her face in the folds of her hood and mantle, and the soul like the spouse in the Canticles, emitting a sigh, which is wafted along by the summer's zephyrs, "have you seen him whom my soul loveth?" "qui pascitur inter lilia"—*Cant.*, vi. 3.—"who feedeth among the lilies!" How like the children of the captivity, when they mourned the privations of Sion! "Super aquas Babylonis illic sedimus et flevimus dum recordaremur tui Sion"—"On the waters of Babylon there have we sat and wept when we remember thee, O Sion!" How the plant yearned all night for the first dawning rays of the morning sun! "Anima mea desideravit te in nocte!" "My soul hath desired thee in the night!" It dreamt of him, and was refreshed in that remembrance, "of whose sweet waters the exile drinks in his dreams!" But on the rising again of the next morning's sun over the horizon of the eastern plains and the ancient pyramids, his searching rays gently open the silken ties, and unfold the drapery which concealed its countenance. The waking flower modestly blushes, in all the varied tints of its glowing colours, expands itself to its loved luminary, sends forth its aromatic balmy fragrance as an odoriferous incense to welcome his arrival, raises itself to its loftiest stature, and holds up its flower, widened to its utmost extent, as a capacious goblet, to receive a copious libation of his light, to be thereby drenched in the plenty of his house. O Jesus! so has my soul desired thee in the night of my tribulation, when you considered me as your enemy—*Job*, xiii. When I sought water for my head, and a fountain of tears for my eyes, that I might weep during the night.—*Hierem.* xix.

"In lectulo meo per noctes quæsiui quem diligit anima mea: quæsiui illum et non inveni"—*Cant.*, iii. "I sought Him and I found Him not". But now, O sun of righteousness, when you arise on this glorious Easter day, "Inveni quem diligit anima me: tenui eum nec dimittam"—*Cant.*, iii. "I have found him whom my soul loveth, I held him, I will not let him go".

O thou desired of the eternal hills! when on this morning, with healing under thy wings, thou risest over the horizon, bearing fruits of plentiful redemption, and shedding the light of thy countenance on thousands of benighted worlds—O celestial charmer, raise my drooping head, that I may catch the first glimpse of that cheering ray; unfold the sable mantles which have concealed me from thy gaze, open out the blossoms of my hopes, exhale every ardent aspiration of my heart as a fragrant incense ascending in thy sight, expand every generous faculty of my soul to its utmost elasticity, that I may hold my soul up high as a capacious goblet, to be filled to overflowing with draughts of thy inaccessible light! Say to me: "Dilata os tuum et implebo illud". "Open wide thy mouth, and I will fill it"! May its penetrating ray irradiate every hidden darksome recess, that I may clearly see the worthlessness of temporals, and duly estimate the valuables of eternity; that it may so enlighten my faith, that I may not only believe without seeing, but that in believing, I may see thee face to face I shall ever turn towards that revolving luminary—I shall ever stare with peering eyes into thy effulgent beauty "ad te conversio mea!" My turning shall be towards thee, not merely during this life, which is but the infancy or the morning of my existence, but at my liberation from the body of this death, the noon-tide when,

like St. Stephen, I shall see the heavens opening, and the Son of God seated at the right hand of the throne, in all his dazzling meridian [glory. Still shall I continue to turn towards you as the setting orb, till you say to me "Mane nobis cum quoniam ad vespascit", "Remain with us, for it is towards evening!" O Jesus! what do I say! there will be then no evening, no shadows, no night, for the day star of eternity shall have arisen: "the day has broken, and the shadows retire!"—*Cant.*, iv. 6. I shall leave the shades of the valley, shall bask in the sunshine of righteousness, shall ascend the mountains of myrrh, and the hills of frankincense. The enamoured flower will rise from its cold bed, and will grasp the luminary! Then Jesus, "like the young roe, on the mountains of Bether, leaping on the mountains, skipping over the hills, I shall have found whom my soul loveth, I will hold him, I will not let him go!" "Inveni quem diligit anima mea tenui eum nec dimittam"! I will not let him go—never! never!

"SURREXIT! HE HAS ARISEN".

Artillery watchmen on the towers of the castle of St. Angelo were long on a sharp look out for the first ray from the rising sun of this glorious morning of the Resurrection, and the instant it appeared upon the horizon, away went the booming guns of their heaviest ordnance, firing a salute of 101 guns! Every vivid flash seemed like a reflected glance from the eye of the Lord!—every graceful volume of curling smoke was as a puff of fragrant incense from the swinging censer, ascending in Jehovah's sight! The report of the thundering volleys floated over the city, over the Campagna, reverberated from the surrounding Sabine hills, and from Monte Mario, and were

wafted over the distant waters, announcing "Urbi et Orbi", to the city and the world, the thrilling tidings of triumph!—that after the bloody battle, he lay in the tomb for three days, like a victorious warrior taking his rest; but to-day, hear how the artillery thunders! "He has arisen!—he has arisen! He dieth now no more!—death is swallowed up in victory!" The stone is rolled back from the door of the sepulchre! Behold the place where they laid him—he is not here!—he is arisen! "Be ye lifted up, O Eternal Gates, and the King of glory shall enter in!" Who is this King of glory? The Lord God who is strong and mighty. Yon stern cherub with the flaming sword, who was posted at the gate of Paradise after Adam and Eve's expulsion, to prevent their returning, and to guard the way of the tree of life, resign your sword!—stand aside!—your period of duty has expired!—the Captain commands you to let us pass!—away!

See! see! who is this coming?—"Quis est iste qui venit de Edom, tinctis vestibus de Bosra? Iste formosa in stola sua?" "Who is this who cometh from Edom, in dyed garments from Bosra? This beautiful one in his robe?"—*Isaias*, lxiii. 1. Oh! 't is he—'t is he! It is my beloved! I know him! "Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus". "My beloved is fair and ruddy", and "vestitus erat veste aspersa sanguine". "He was clad in a garment sprinkled with blood". "Quare rubrum indumentum tuum?" Why is thy garment red? Ah! my soul, why?—you know that. It is he, the great Captain of our salvation, our true Moses, who led us out of the captivity of sin, through the crimson tide of his blood, to the land of grace. It is the Conqueror, whose word was as a double-edged sword, which broke the tyrant's pride, and smote his pursuing hosts! He looked at them from the

pillar of his cross, and they withered beneath his glance !
It is he !—it is he !—he has triumphed !—his people are
free ! Let us rejoice and be glad !

“ Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph’d—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph’d—his people are free. ”

“ Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash’d in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free ! ”

CONGREGATING.

All Rome was awake from an early hour—the bustle and excitement, which were momentarily increasing, evidently indicated that commotion was making her most strenuous efforts. All the bells of the four hundred churches of the city, from the deep booming notes of the diapason of St. Peter’s, to the tiny tinkler of the smallest oratory, were ringing away in one harmonious joyful chiming chorus !—and such a thrilling chorus !—the time of which was struck by the periodical volleys from San. Angelo’s booming artillery ! The soldiers of the Palatine Guard, a city militia, all attired in the brilliant costume of their full dress uniform of scarlet, with cocked hats and ostrich feathers, were issuing from their various houses, and hurrying to the place of parade in obedience

to the trumpeter's shrill bugle notes. From time to time a military corps, headed by a tall drum major attired in a gaudy uniform, wheeling a ponderous staff and tassels, passed on. Then came the Gendarmes, the Zouaves, the Grenattieri, the Grenadiers. They marched in quick and measured pace to the thrilling sounds of martial music, drums rolling, bugles flourishing, colours flying, sun beaming, and accoutrements gleaming! A squadron of the Cabinieri Dragoons charged past—they looked dashing—their plumes of hair waving in the air, and their polished helmets and burnished sabretaches brilliantly gleaming in the sunshine—and the clattering of the hoofs of the cantering chargers, and the jingling of the chains, accoutrements, and swinging swords actually resembled the clatter and jingle of an ironmonger's shop in an earthquake! Pilgrims from all parts of Europe and distant regions of Christendom, in their peculiar dress and girdle, with their long staffs, and leathern flasks, and cockle shells on their breasts, were thoughtfully plodding their way towards the shrines of the Apostles. As the hour advanced the bustle increased—grooms were leading horses gorgeously caparisoned—coachmen and valets, all draped in glittering liveries, drove their carriages to receive their intended occupants, cardinals, generals, princes, admirals, ambassadors, and various dignitaries. Characters of every social grade, of every profession, clime, country, complexion—Capuchins with their flowing beard and bare feet and sandals, primly-dressed Frenchmen, English visitors with closely reaped chin, Easterns with their scimitar and turban, ecclesiastical students from all the foreign colleges, and those of the German college with their red cassocks—Franciscans, and military and naval officers, advocates, mechanics, and nobles, were weav-

ing through each other in complicated mazes, and preparing to move on, and congregate in one congested mass of humanity in the great Basilica, whose limitless capacity to accommodate all seemed to be doubted by no one. To the admirers of the beautiful, brilliant, and picturesque costume, the diversified dress of the various nations afforded a subject for study of the liveliest interest. Every householder in the principal streets and squares in Rome is provided, as an essential appurtenance to his furniture, with pieces of tapestry, embroidered with brilliant colours in historical, chivalrous, heraldic, or religious subjects. These large squares of tapestry correspond and harmonize with the exterior architecture of the buildings, and are suspended from the balconies, or from staples permanently fixed in the walls, and are hung out on gala days, and on occasions when the Pope proceeds in state through the city, and imparts a charming decoration, and quite a full dress appearance to the antiquated buildings. This morning many hands protruding from the windows were busily occupied in hanging out these sheets of tapestry, adorned with all their devices and appropriate mottoes, and draped the whole city in a bridal festive costume. The draperies of Italy are most effective, and more especially in the interior of the churches on festive days, when the gracefully flowing folds of crimson silk, supported by floating birds with golden plumage, interspersed with pendent crystal chandeliers, wreaths of roses in all the glowing colours of heaven's arc, and with flowering evergreen exotics, present a vista truly magical, and invested with a character of the highest order of religious poetry. This is particularly exemplified in the interior decorations of the churches in Naples, Palermo, and Venice. Flags of various nations, the Papal arms, and bannerets of every

hue were suspended across the streets from opposite houses. In some places Venitian masts were erected, from which lengthened swallow-tailed pennons gracefully floated in the morning zephyr. They have always a light, pleasing effect, more particularly when crowning the pinnacle of some culminating object. Poles, spires, or columns harmonize much better with the landscape when erected on elevated positions or on conical hills, than when erected on a flat table land or plain. Early in the morning hired vehicles of an humble description rattled past in quick succession, and as the pavements of Rome are rough, the noise was deafening. At a later hour the equipages of kings and nobles, princes and generals, monsignori, officials of every department of the state, dignitaries of every grade, and visitors from every region, swept past in one continuous train—and they were brilliant indeed! The cardinals' equipages, and those of their suites, were surpassingly superb. Their carriages are full dress coaches, in the gorgeous style of those of the courtly days of Louis Quatorze. The coachmen, and the livery servants of whom three stood behind each coach, were attired in powdered wigs, cocked hats, laces, and silks, and the horses had plumes from their heads, their manes and tails decorated and entwined with silk rosettes, and caparisoned in scarlet trappings with gilded escutcheons, monograms, and bosses. They were fully rivalled by the trains of full dress coaches of the several ambassadors of the great powers, and their retinue and ladies, before some of which ran, at lengthened intervals, running footmen, dressed in yellow and scarlet satin, and satin helmets, and holding aloft golden headed canes, as they ran through the streets before the equipages. There was a majesty about them that was thrilling. But the

senator's equipages eclipsed all others in grandeur, brilliancy, and pageantry. The Senator and his retinue, and his attendant Conservatori, or Prefects, drive in three state coaches. He is attired in scarlet silk, and wears a massive gold chain and lace lappets, and over all a mantle of cloth of gold, lined with crimson silk, and with a very long train, which is supported by four beautiful little boys as pages, dressed in little silk small clothes, silk stockings, and crimson tunics, and little silk bonnets with waving plumes. As this gorgeous equipage swept past, and in a momentary gleam of sunshine, displayed those charming little cherubs, in their exquisite dresses, and the ringlets of their tresses round their sweet innocent countenances, they looked like a fitting, heavenly, visionary phantom of those "angel visits, few and far between". Thus those countless crowds of God's faithful people hurried on early this morning to the shrines of the Apostles, "to draw waters in joy from the fountains of salvation", to cleanse themselves from their imperfections, to put on the nuptial garment before the feast, to renovate their faith, and clothe themselves with every heavenly grace, and then bask during the midday Papal ceremonies in the heat and brilliancy of the meridian glories of the Resurrection! The gorgeous equipages, glowing in all the varnished colours of purple and gold, scarlet and vermillion, the occupants glittering in pendants and brilliants, the housings and liveries decorated with the richest laces, the tossing plumes from the horses' heads, and the waving ostrich feathers of the footmen, as they flitted past towards the waters of the Tiber in the distance, seemed to me like those flocks of birds of gorgeous plumage in tropical regions, the swan, the pelican, the parroquet, and bird of Paradise, flitting early on a summer's

morning to the water, in one of those enchanting valleys of Ceylon, or of the Indian Isles, to sip of the limpid streamlet, to adjust their feathers by the reflection from the mirror of the placid lake, to bathe themselves, and renovate the brilliancy of their colours, and then retire to the groves of rhododendrons to dry themselves and bask in the radiant glories of the meridian sun. "Lavi pedes meos, quomodo inquinabo illos?"—*Cant.*, v. "I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them anew?" Those faithful people washed themselves, not in a limpid streamlet, but "in Mari Rubro", "in the Red Sea", "mirabile consecuti sunt iter, servientes præceptis tuis, ut invenirentur illoesi in aquis validis", and "Laverunt solas suas in sanguine Agni". "And they washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb". "Et assument pennas ut aquilæ". "And take wing as the eagle". The Papal banners were unfurled over the ramparts of the castle of San. Angelo, but fell from the staff-head in undisturbed, graceful folds of drapery, still and nerveless, in the motionless air on this calm, balmy morning. Nothing appears to me more expressive of calm repose and peace than a flowing banner, displaying no curve of motion, but perfectly at rest. The statue of the angel over the turrets displays an uplifted right arm, and a gesture potential and energetic. The contrast of the calm placidity of the banner with the energetic action of the angel warrior, seemed to me forcibly emblematic of the recent past struggle between St. Michael and the dragon, between the mighty Conqueror and death, which to-day has terminated in the triumph of the Omnipotent One. The angel's sword-arm is still and paralysed—the banner is at rest—the serpent's head is crushed—death, I shall be thy death!—death is swallowed up in victory! O death! where is thy sting?—O grave!

where is thy victory ? Peace on earth to men of good will ! On the cardinals, princes, Senator, and ambassadors passing the guards, in front of the portcullis of the Castle of St. Angelo, they were saluted with presented arms, drooped colours, flourishing trumpets, and rolling drums. Thus the streaming floods of humanity flowed on as rolling rapids, till they lost themselves, as in a vast placid lake, in the piazza of St. Peter's.



The Procession.



HE origin of religious processions dates from a very early period of the Christian ages. Tertullian mentions that this usage existed so early as the year 250. Allusion is also made to its prevalence by St. Augustine, St. Leo, and St. Ambrose. In those early ages the bishops, priests, and the entire congregation went in public procession to the cathedral for the celebration of all the solemn festivals, or to supplicate the divine clemency, as well as to express their thanksgiving for any signal favours. The word "procession" is derived from the word "processio", from procedendo, the Latin word signifying progressing, or advancing in the order of a lengthened line. Processions, as religious ceremonies, were first introduced, and ordered to be observed on Sundays and festival days, by Pope Agapetus I., who succeeded to the chair of Peter in the year 535, and was in order of succession the fifty-ninth Pope, and is venerated as a saint.

The Swiss, in their full dress vari-coloured uniform, in their burnished helmets and frills, and with halberds erect, stood attention as a guard of honour at the foot of

the royal staircase. For an hour previously to the commencement of the ceremonies, one continuous, culminating, moving column of cardinals, princes, ambassadors, prelates, generals, dignitaries, esquires, knights, and various officials, all draped in their ecclesiastical, military, diplomatical, and in their most brilliant and gorgeous costumes and uniforms, adorned with ribbands of different orders, heraldic insignia, crosses and stars, pendants and brilliants, sparkling like crystallizations in the rays of the gleaming sun, ascended in quick succession, and assembled in the royal and ducal halls, where they were marshalled in order of procession. The vast number of superb equipages and liveries, waving plumes from the horses' heads, and gaudy trappings, dispersed through the piazza, awaiting the return of their late princely occupants, converted the great area apparently into a parterre of blooming hyacinths, carnations, tulips, and roses, all bathed in the dews of a summer's morning, whose trickling drops flickered in prismatic sparkles brighter than jets of the most precious diamonds.

When all those entitled to walk in this most august of earthly processions had been marshalled in order by the heralds, the signal was given in the royal hall to move forward. The route passed the portals of the Paoline chapel, down the royal stairs to the foot of the colossal statue of Constantine, thence through the great vestibule, entering the Basilica by the bronze gates, and passing up the nave, through a passage lined by a double file of military, to the Confessional and Papal throne.

The procession assumed the most graceful serpentine curves as it wound from the first to the second flight of the gentle incline of this majestic stairs, passed into the towering vestibule and through the bronze gates. Seen

from the foot of the steps, looking upwards, it appeared like a moving pyramid, continually displaying its summit in a new, ever-varying, and fitting apex, crested by another and another gorgeously attired military chief, knight, cardinal, prince, or kingly potentate. It kept the mind strung to its utmost tension of anxious suspense and sensational excitement as to what it was next to expect, till eventually its lofty crest was crowned by the appearance of the Sovereign Pontiff, seated aloft on the "sedia gestatoria", or moveable throne draped in crimson velvet and gold, and borne by twelve "sediari", dressed in red damask, whilst the Vicar of Christ himself wore a rich lama cope, and his most precious tiara all glittering with diamonds of the purest water. What a crest for such a pyramid! The view of the procession, with all its moving diversified officials and exalted dignitaries, terminating with the representative of Christ, vested in scarlet and crimson, purple and gold lace, damasks and bullion, military uniforms, shining swords, and halberd spears and lances, mitres, shorn heads, cowls, helmets, and tossing plumes, a tiara, and the flabelli or fans of peacocks' feathers borne behind the Pope, now shrouded in sombre passages, and again emerging thence into broad lights, seen in the distance under the fretted arches, and flanked by rows of Ionic columns, lined by the soldiers of the Grenadiers and Swiss Guards, presented to the eye every contrast of brilliant and subdued tint, all blending in harmony, and revealed a perspective of such singularly picturesque effect, of such grandeur and sublimity, as to transcend all that we have read of the pageantry of eastern story, or rather to seem as some visionary glimpse of the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem! Ah! words, language, powers of description, how you fail in

attempting to convey even some feeble idea of this heavenly ray!

"Who doth not feel how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of heav'nly beauty's ray!"

The procession, now passing through a gleam of light, and again shrouded in the shades of a gloomy recess, seemed as if lost in death; but again reappearing and thrown out in high relief in the sunshine, seemed an emblem to cheer our hopes, that after our progress through life in this valley of the shadow of death, we might expect to emerge on a brighter day and rise in a glorious immortality!

I now hastened to enter the Basilica through a side door, and to reach the centre of the nave, to witness the entrance of the procession from the vestibule through the bronze gates, which are opened only on the most solemn occasions. The fabric was occupied by a dense mass, through which an open passage was preserved by two lines of military in state uniforms, and it was like a mosaic paved walk through a spacious lawn, fringed at either side by flowering borders of fuschias, carnations, chrysanthemums, and moss roses. Every face manifested interior feelings of anxious expectancy. The procession had been long winding its serpentine way before the Holy Father had commenced moving: the instant he did, the event was signalled to the belfries and to the fortresses. The mighty bell of St. Peter's swung slowly, and the ponderous iron tongue struck, at lengthened intervals, a mellow blow, which agitated the expansive ocean of air into surging, undulating billows of vibrating sounds, which calmed down into pulsations of a booming booming, as if all the hives in Italy had suddenly swarmed, and that the congested masses of all the bees were unceasingly humming, humming about our ears! The guns of the fortress

at the rere of St. Peter's, as well as those on the bastions of the Castle of St. Angelo, at short intervals discharged thundering volleys, which caused a thud that shook the very earth beneath us, and many involuntarily started with a spasmodic nervous shock. We heard a massive bolt shot back, and a creak, and then the ponderous portals of bronze were started and divided, and showed a streak of light between, and a subdued whisper was circulated. He's coming! he's coming! Oh! like others around me, I felt dread at the coming of the representative of Christ!

O God! thou just one and Omnipotent! if to-day I shrink with timidity at the approach of the Vicar who is coming in peace and to celebrate a joyous festival—oh! what shall be the withering dismay with which I shall quail at the coming of the Judge of the living and the dead to that dread assize, whose irrevocable verdict shall fix my everlasting destinies! When I shall hear the Archangel's trumpet echoing through the earth, commanding the tombs to deliver up those silent tenants who have lain there for ages, and the seas to teem out those who have been hidden so long in their fathomless depths—commanding them—"arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!"

*"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum".*

*"The last loud trumpet's wond'rous sound
Must through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground".*

Oh who shall bear that day? when I too shall burst the prison walls of my grave, and starting forth with amazement, shall find myself standing on the calcined

debris of a smouldering world—shall learn that time is no more—and shall ask, what means this convulsive commotion? I shall be told to look! look! towards the east!—and shall hear affrighted multitudes wailing: Oh! see, see, He is coming!—He is coming! oh! how shall I bear that day?

*“ Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura !”*

*“ Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes”.*

I shall see the portals of heaven, the “eternal gates”, opening, and shall get a ravishing glimpse into the regions of “the blessed of the Father”, and shall be racked with anxiety and doubt as to whether my lot shall be with the saints. Oh! I shall see Him coming near, surrounded by myriads of angels, borne on the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty, and shall call upon the mountains to cover me, and the hills to screen me from the face of the Lord. Oh! who shall stand that day? Oh! what can I then say for myself?—what patron shall I appeal to, when even the just shall with difficulty be saved?

*“ Quid sum, miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus
Cum vix justus sit securus !”*

*“ Oh! then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?”*

*“ Lord, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hov’ring o’er
This sinful world, with hand to heav’n extended,
And hear him ‘swear by Thee that time’s no more’?*

When earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray—
Who, mighty God—oh ! who shall bear that day ?

“ When, through the world thy awful call hath sounded—
Wake, all ye dead, to judgment wake, ye dead !
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth His radiant head ;
While earth and heav’n before Him pass away—
Who, mighty God—oh ! who shall bear that day ?

“ When, with a glance, th’ Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth’s evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, ‘ Depart from me for ever !’
To *these*, ‘ Come dwell with me in endless light !’
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, mighty God—oh ! who shall bear that day ?”

But why should I fear !—it was for me the battle was fought, and the triumph was won ! Here comes the procession to celebrate the victory ! I hear the jubilant notes. They remind me of the timbrels of Mary the Prophetess and the other musicians, who preceded Moses and the host of God’s people, singing the canticle on finding themselves walking on dry ground, and in a lengthened procession entering on the land of promise ! I, too, shall enter the land of promise !—for “the Lord is a man of war, Almighty is his name”—“the enemy have sunk as lead in the mighty waters !” The javelin of death drank the blood of my Saviour : to-day that javelin is shattered to pieces ! The asp of death bit Him, and tenaciously clung to him for three days in the tomb—to-day He bit death, and flung off the viper for ever ! The fatal bow strung by death to-day is snapped, and the poisoned arrows of his quiver are scattered ! He was bound in winding clothes—to-day He puts off the winding clothes of the grave, and clothes Himself in immortality, and springing like the bounding roe, skips over

ASSISTANT AT THE THRONE,
splendid court-dress.

ERNOR OF ROME,
shet and cappa,

RS OF THE ROTA,
rain-bearers.

RS OF CEREMONY.

Swiss Guards.
Mace-bearer.
Guard of Nobles.

on,
Mass.

y detachmen

, preceding the H

s borne high on the sed

rounded by the exalted and
immediate "entourage". They en

slow and solemn pace, passed up the
the multitudes and lines of military in the

with his

red

First Assistant at
Throne.
Fan borne by a private
Chamberlain.

ESQUIRES,

Two and two, in red serge cappas, with hoods over the shoulders.

PROCTORS OF THE COLLEGE,

Two and two, in black stuff cappas, with silk hoods.

PROCURATORS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS,

Two and two, in habits of their respective orders.

ECCLESIASTICAL CHAMBERLAINS OUTSIDE THE CITY,

Two and two, in red.

CHAPLAINS IN ORDINARY,

In red cappas, with hoods of ermine; of which there are—

First Mitre Bearer,
Second Mitre Bearer,
Third Mitre Bearer,
One Bearer of Tiara.

PRIVATE CHAPLAINS,

Two and two, in red cappas and hoods of ermine.

CONSISTORIAL ADVOCATES,

Two and two, in black or violet cassocks and hoods.

ECCLESIASTICAL CHAMBERLAINS,

Private and Honorary, two and two, in red cassocks and hoods.

CHORISTERS OF THE CHAPEL,

Two and two, in violet silk cassocks, over which are surplices.

ABBREVIATORS OF THE PARK.

CLERKS OF THE CHAMBER,

In surplices over rochets, two and two.

MASTER OF THE SACRED PALACE,

In his habit of a Dominican Friar.

AUDITORS OF THE ROTA,

In surplices over rochets, two and two.

THREE ACO-
LYTES, in
surplices over
rochets,
carrying large
candlesticks,
with lights.
GREEK
SUB-DEACON.

INCENSE BEARER.
CROSS BEARER,
In tunic.
TWO PORTERS OF THE RED ROD.
LATIN SUB-DEACON,
In tunic.

THREE ACO-
LYTES, in
surplices over
rochets,
carrying large
candlesticks,
with lights.
GREEK
DEACON.

PENITENTIARIES OF ST. PETER'S.

Two and two, in albs and chasubles.

Swiss Guards.	{	Mixed Abbots,	}	Swiss Guards.
		Of whom only a few are entitled to a place.		
		Bishops, Archbishops, and Patriarchs, Two and two, the Latins wearing copes and mitres.		

THE EASTERERS,

In their proper costumes,
and wearing mitres peculiar to their rites,
two and two.

Cardinal Deacons,

In dalmatics and mitres, each accompanied by his chamberlain, carrying his square cap, and followed by his train-bearer.

Cardinal Priests,

In chasubles and mitres, similarly attended.

Cardinal Bishops,

In copes and mitres, similarly attended.

GENERAL STAFF, AND OFFICERS OF GUARD OF NOBLES.

GRAND HERALD AND GRAND ESQUIRE,

In court dresses.

LAY CHAMBERLAINS.

CONSERVATORS OF ROME, AND PRIOR MAGISTRATES OF WARDS,

In vestures ornamented with cloth of gold.

SENATOR,

In scarlet silk robes, and over them a mantle of cloth of gold with a lengthened train, supported by four little pages in court dresses.

Swiss Guards. Mace-Bearer. Guard of Nobles.	PRINCE-ASSISTANT AT THE THRONE, In a splendid court-dress. GOVERNOR OF ROME, In rochet and cappa, TWO AUDITORS OF THE ROTA, To serve as train-bearers. TWO PRINCIPAL MASTERS OF CEREMONY. Cardinal Deacon, For Latin Gospel of Mass.	Swiss Guards. Mace-bearer. Guard of Nobles.
Second Assistant at Throne. Fan borne by a private Chamberlain.	The Pope, Wearing a white cope and tiara, Holding in his left hand a wax light, and with his right hand blessing the prostrate people, borne in his chair by twelve supporters in red damaak, under a canopy sustained by eight Refe- rendaries of the Signature, in short violet mantles, over rochets. His Holiness is surrounded by his household. Six of the Swiss Guards, represent- ing the Catholic cantons, carry large drawn swords on their shoulders.	First Assistant at Throne. Fan borne by a private Chamberlain.
Private Chamber- lain.	DEAN OF THE ROTA, In rochet and cappa. CHORISTERS OF THE CHAPEL, Singing stanzas of the <i>Ave Maris Stella</i> .	Private Chamber- lain.
Major domo.	AUDITORS OF THE APOSTOLIC CAMERA, In rochets and cappas.	Treasurer.

PROTHONOTARIES APOSTOLIC.

REGENT OF THE CHANCERY, AND AUDITORS OF CONTRADICTIONS,
All in rochets and cappas, two and two.

GENERALS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS,
Two and two, in their religious habita.

While the Pope was passing, the lines of military presented arms, kneeling
on one knee, and the ensigns drooping the colours, and
officers grounding swords.

Thousands and thousands of eyes were raised reveren-
tially, and glanced with timidity at Peter's successor, the
visible representative of Christ, borne aloft on his crimson
throne, under the silver woven canopy and feather fans,

and as he approached every head was bowed, and this undulating movement of the multitudes seemed like the waving crests and branches of forests of the lofty cedars of Lebanon bending before the gusts of an approaching storm—or like “the Spirit of the Lord shattering the cedars !”

The procession marched forward in measured paces to the strains of thrilling music, till it arrived before the gates of the capella called “the Pieta”. Here it halted, and the processional music ceased, and the Dean and Chapter of St. Peter’s emerged from the Capella del Choro, and approached the Holy Father seated aloft on his portable throne, and sang forth in harmonious strains, “*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et portæ inferi non prevalebunt adversus eam. Et tibi dobo claves regni cœlorum !*” “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven !” In earlier years, ecclesiastical history records that the Pope was styled by the title of “Vicar of St. Peter”. Benedict III., anno 855, assumed the title of “Vicar of St. Peter”, and the title was adopted by many of his successors ; but in the thirteenth century the Popes changed that, and adopted the title of “Vicars of Christ”, and most appropriately, and for the most cogent of reasons, for Christ left Peter his vicar, not his successor. No person can be successor to another till that predecessor has been removed, or has resigned his commission, and till by being placed in his position he engages to discharge the duties of his office. But Christ is Pontiff and High Priest for ever. It is equally certain that no person can be Vicar of Peter, and that he who is appointed to his office after

him must be his successor. For the Pope discharges the office of Pontiff not in the name of Peter, but of Christ, although he succeeds Peter, and he derives the power of binding and loosing from Christ, and not from Peter. When Peter departs from life, he departs from the Pontificate; but he who succeeds Peter is Vicar of Christ who lives as Pontiff for ever; therefore, in the strictest signification of the words, and in reality, the Roman Pontiffs are the successors, and not the Vicars, of Peter, and are the Vicars, and not the successors, of Christ.

The Dean and Canons of the Chapter of St. Peter's, standing before the Sovereign Pontiff, chaunted, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven". Ye bishops and prelates!—ye people!—ye children of holy Church, dispersed throughout the extent of Christendom!—bow down your heads like oaks in a storm, or willows in a gale! Then look up reverentially!—there he is, Peter's successor—the 258th "link of that unbroken chain which connects you with Peter, and through him, with Christ Himself!" There he is, securely seated, the Sovereign Pontiff of that holy Church built upon a rock, whose foundations, after ages of convulsive revolutions of kingdoms and dynasties, are still unshaken, and whose loftiest and most delicate pinnacles are uninjured even by the unceasing, virulent, and oppressive assaults of all the gates of hell. Christ promised that the united efforts of all should not prevail against it. Behold the verification! The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! Against all the pointed poisoned shafts of the world, and hell's malignity for centuries, she raised no shield but the invulnerable one of innocence, integrity, and truth, and employed

no weapon but forgiveness and charity. She offered no offensive opposition but the "resistance of endurance". That endurance was invincible. She entrenched herself within the ramparts of her consciousness of truth and rectitude, and there, retired within herself, and without defiance, was secure as in a citadel. These, too, must be the strategy and arms of a Christian who enters the contest against the world and the powers of darkness, and who aspires to be a soldier of Christ, and to practise virtue in a heroic degree—a war that knows not the offensive—that draws no sword but "the sword of the spirit", and wears no helmet but "the helmet of salvation"—in which right, though weakest, receives satisfaction, because supported by her ally of integrity—a charity that knows not retaliation—a fortitude that fears no danger—a tenacity that knows no yielding—an endurance that is never wrecked, but floats buoyantly over the rolling surges of centuries—a steady progress which is never running nor ever loitering, but like "the star which maketh not haste, which taketh not rest"—and an indomitable patience that wearies out time itself, obliges it from exhaustion to capitulate, to lay down its arms, acknowledge your victory, proclaim your triumph, and your conquest of the everlasting inheritances! When the Dean and Chapter had completed these solemn salutations of the Holy Father, they too joined the procession, and all again advanced till they reached the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, before which the procession again halted. The Pope's chair was lowered—His Holiness descended, and knelt on a gorgeously draped priedieu. The Cardinal assistant took the tiara from his head, and removed his white cope, and replaced it with one of silk crimson velvet embroidered in gold, and all the other cardinals and digni-

taries formed a circle, and knelt on benches draped in crimson tapestry, and adored the Most Holy in the Blessed Sacrament which was exposed. In earlier ages the Blessed Sacrament, exposed in a remonstrance, was borne before the Pope during the entire procession. That usage is now discontinued. After the adoration of the Most Holy, the Pope again ascended—the procession advanced, and halted again before the Shrines of the Apostles, where all prayed in silence. His Holiness, buried in the depths of profound thought, knelt for a considerable time, as a man of the interior, in recollection and mental prayer before the Confessional. The Confessional is a low area beneath the dome, in front of the Shrines of the Apostles, and is lined with precious marbles, and surrounded by a circular balustrade of white marble, which supports 112 massive ormolu lamps, which unceasingly burn, with the exception of Good Friday. In the centre stands the great statue of Pius VI. by Canova. A perforated ornamental bronze door separates it from the Shrines. The Shrines, enclosing the relics of the Princes of the Apostles, are in the Grotte Vaticane, beneath the Baldacchino and the Papal altar, and are wrought of gold and precious stones, and are of the most elaborate workmanship. Pendent lamps of the precious metals burn before them. The remains of several Popes and other royal personages and notabilities are interred in these Grotte Vaticane. Amongst them those of the only English Pope, Nicholas Breakspere, who died at Agnani in the year 1159; those also of the Emperors Otho II., Boniface VIII., Nicholas V., Urban VI., Pius II., and of the Queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus Charlotte, and also of the last representatives of the Stuart Royal Family, who, in the inscriptions on their monuments, are designated as James III., Charles III.,

and Henry IX., Kings of England. Again the procession advanced, till the Holy Father reached the Papal throne near the tribune. When he ascended the throne, a prolonged flourish of clarions from a company of trumpeters inside the bronze gates vibrated round and round the vast fabric, and the swelling notes undulated through the highest altitudes of the concave domes. An extensive space before the Papal altar was reserved for the officiates of the solemn mass, and covered with the finest green cloth, and being closely surrounded by a cordon of the Guards of Nobles, in full dress uniform and ostrich plumes, seemed like a green plot in a parterre, bordered with anemonies, carnations, and moss roses in full blow. Those gallant fellows, those devoted nobles, the soldiers of the Holy Father's body-guard of honour, in their gorgeous uniform of scarlet and gold, with burnished helmets and waving ostrich plumes, were tall, stately, and displayed a majestic mien in their entire military deportment. They stood with helmets on during the ceremonies, and appeared towering over the surrounding crowds of officials in the tribune, more especially when the numerous choir of ecclesiastical dignitaries were seated, and when seen above the curling folds of incense, seemed like lofty mountains, whose peaks look down upon the clouds. They were as Alpine ranges, which cast their shadows upon the lovely glens and vales and charming plains of Switzerland and Lombardy tinted in all the brilliant dyes of Italian scenery, well represented by the glowing tints of the varied clerical vestments, and as they stood with heads covered even in the presence of the Vicar of Christ himself, they still further preserved the semblance to those glaciers and towering reeks, which are authorised by nature to stand covered

with their caps of snow even in the meridian of a mid-summer's day, before the beaming glances, and in the very presence, of the majestic luminary of the regent of the day himself. Some of the helmets of the stalwarth colonels of dragoons were crested with scarlet plumes, and were like the crests of those snowy mountains in the aromatic fragrance of a summer's morning, when crimsoned by the early rays of the rising sun, giving them the appearance of a fiery cone of a burning furnace—or of a burning mountain, whose crater is fringed with the liquid molten lava of an overflowing active volcano! When the Pope was seated on his throne, the cardinals, princes, prelates, and other dignitaries moved round in single file, and each in succession, according to superiority of dignity, ascended the steps of the throne to pay the "homage"—the cardinals kissing the Pope's ring, the bishops the stole resting on his knee—the governor, abbots, penitentiaries, and other dignitaries kneeling and kissing the Pope's foot. When this ceremony was completed terce was chaunted, after which the ministers assisted the Pope to vest for the solemn Papal mass.

THE POPE'S VESTMENTS.

The Pope stands on his throne, and his vestments are conveyed from the high altar in succession, by the voters of the signature and by the abbreviators of the Park. The Pope is vested with vestments, ecclesiastical ornaments, and insignia significant of his supreme Pontifical jurisdiction, and of his regal character as a temporal prince. He wears the mitre and the tiara emblematical of his episcopate and of his royalty. Pope Innocent III., in his sermon on St. Silvester, says, "The Roman Pontiff wears the mitre to signify his priesthood, and the crown

to signify his kingly power; for he is the Vicar of Him who has written on his garment and on his breast, 'Rex Regum et Dominus Dominantium'. 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords'. Pope St. Silvester I. was the first Pope who introduced and adopted the subsequent usage of bishops wearing the mitre. In any of the paintings of antiquity, no Pope anterior to him is represented wearing the mitre. St. Silvester is so represented in many ancient pictures. A tiara is merely a mitre decorated with a triple crown. The mitre was furnished with the first crown in the year 1200, during the pontificate of Pope Innocent III. Pope Boniface VIII., in the year 1300, added a second crown, to signify the Pope's spiritual and temporal power; and the third was added by Pope Urban V., in the year 1352, to signify the pontifical, imperial, and regal power, for the Pope is seated not only on the chair, but also on the throne. The Pontifical crown was originally called the "regnum". The mitre and tiara were at first of very plain and simple materials and unadorned with gems, till about the year 1466, when they were decorated by Paul II. with embroidery, bullion, gems, precious stones, and with the most valuable diamonds of the purest water. Some of the tiaras worn by the Popes at present have been presented by kings and emperors, and are of immense value, made of the purest gold, of exquisite manipulation, and studded with the richest gems. Pope Clement I., who was the fourth in succession, and reigned from the year 93 to the year 102, and terminated the first century of the Christian era, and commenced the second, was the first Pope who ordained the use of the vestments worn by the celebrant at mass. Of all portions of the ecclesiastical costumes worn by dignitaries and all grades of clerics, the "birette"

is certainly the most ancient. It is a square cap, with curved projections over the flat crown, and derives its name of "birette" from the Greek word "purros", rufus, or rutilus, reddish. It originally covered not only the head, but also the neck and shoulders, something like a hood or cowl united to a tippet, and was worn by religious and ecclesiastics, who were bound to choir duties, to cover them during their midnight psalmodies, and to protect them from the piercing cold during inclement seasons. That portion only which covered the head is now worn. It still retains the ancient name birrus or birette, though the purple or reddish colour is now exclusively confined to the dignitaries of the more exalted ecclesiastical grades, the birettes worn by ordinary clerics being now black. A proof of the great antiquity of this portion of ecclesiastical dress may be deduced from the acts of the martyrdom of that brilliant luminary of the early Christian Church, the glorious martyr St. Cyprian, who was Archbishop of Carthage, and who was condemned by the pro-consul of Africa, Gallerius Maximus, to be beheaded for the faith on the 14th September, 258, near that ancient city, and during the persecution of the Emperor Valerian. In the acts of his martyrdom it is narrated that, in order to prepare himself for his heroic sacrifice, and to expose his neck for the axe of the executioner, he first took off his "birrus lacernus", his purple or reddish hood, that he folded it, and knelt upon it, and he then presented himself to the executioner in his linen tunic, which was the present rochet. The mozette, or purple tippet, at present worn by bishops, and which derives its name from the Italian word "moza", signifying a cap, is believed by Sarnelli to be a relic of the lower portion of the ancient birette, and that it had been

originally joined by a neck to that portion now worn on the head. Another vestment peculiar to the Pope, and of great antiquity, is the "orale", called also the "fannon", which signifies a banner or veil. The precise period of its introduction is not well ascertained, but mention is made of it in ecclesiastical ceremonies in the year 1200, during the pontificate of Innocent III. It is a species of tippet made of silk, and striped with four colours, and is double—one side is thrown over the Pope's head whilst he is vesting, the other is laid on his shoulders. When vested, the upper side is turned back over the chasuble. This is believed to be the ancient amice, which was first laid on the head as the "galea salutis", and though according to present usage it is worn inside, it is supposed formerly that the amice was worn outside and over all the other vestments, and this corresponds more with our idea of the proper mode of wearing an emblem of a helmet. "Impone Domine capiti meo galeam salutis". "Place on my head, O Lord, the helmet of salvation". The Pope also wears during mass the "golden star", and the "Balteum pudicitie". He wears the "succinctorium", which is like a long maniple, which is supported by the cincture, and falls at his side, and bears a representation of the lamb and cross in bullion and in the richest embroidery. The Pope uses no crozier during ecclesiastical ceremonies, as other bishops do, except when he officiates in the diocese of Treves. The reason of this is said to be, that St. Peter gave his staff to St. Eucherius, the first Bishop of Treves, who laid it on the dead body of his companion, St. Maternus, who was then immediately restored to life, and who survived him, and afterwards succeeded him as Bishop of Treves, and ever after retained the crozier, and transmitted it to his

successors. According to the usages of early Christian centuries, the Pope, on the occasion of his inauguration, was presented with the "Ferula", which was a sceptre or wand or staff, which is believed to have been unbent or straight, and in that respect differed from the croziers of other bishops, which are bent, to signify limited or restricted jurisdiction, whereas the Pope's jurisdiction, being universal, acknowledges no restriction. The "Sedia Gestatoria", the portable chair or throne on which the Pope is borne in solemn processions, originated in the custom of the people, in respect to the Vicar of Christ, bearing him on their shoulders through the streets to the Basilica, and is expressive of the Pope's supremacy over the people, and over all other prelates, and of his primacy of honour and jurisdiction. In all solemn processions two great fans, formed of peacocks' feathers, are borne at either side of the Pope by two deacons. This is derived from an eastern mode of honouring great potentates in their progresses through their kingdoms. Those fans are called "Flabelli", and St. Basil and St. Chrysostom mention that they were peculiar to the ceremonies of the Greek and Syrian churches. The circumstance of their being made of the feathers of that vain bird the peacock, is intended to symbolize the vanity and evanescent character of all temporal things—and as there are eyes in each of the many feathers, they remind the Pope that the eyes of the world are fixed upon his Holiness as the model whom the people are to imitate, and as the bright lamp which is to illuminate the darkness, and show them the way in which they are to walk. The "vexillum crucis" is borne before him as the "labrum" of ancient Rome was borne before the emperors, but significant of the approach of a greater personage, and of a more glorious

empire, and a more momentous battle and triumph, and of charters, privileges, and liberties more precious than those of even a Roman citizen! The Pope was assisted in vesting by the Cardinal Vicar, the assistant cardinals, Deacon and Sub-deacon, the Auditor of the Rota, and by a long line of Apostolic dignitaries, Bishops assisting, and masters of ceremonies. The vestments were sumptuous, of cloth of gold, and gleaming in massive embroideries and bullion. During portions of the solemn mass, so many as fifty assistants were engaged on the Papal altar, and when the cardinals, with their scarlet silk trains, scarlet stockings, and gold buckles, the assistant bishops, and other dignitaries, draped in purple and gold, in silk damasks and laces of costly texture, moved about on the marble floor covered with fine green cloth, in all the mazes of the ceremonies, and surrounded by the grand uniform cocked hats and ostrich plumes of the Guard of Nobles, they seemed like birds of glowing plumage walking through a verdant parterre bordered with roses, and seen through folding volumes of fragrant incense they seemed like dreamy visions, or rather as the scenes before Jehovah and the Lamb on the throne in the heavenly Jerusalem.

High Mass is in rubrical terms called "Missa Solemnis", Solemn Mass, or "Missa Cantata", the Chaunted Mass, in contradistinction to what we call Low Mass, or that which is merely read or said by the celebrant. Originally during early ages of fervent piety, every mass was chaunted, or was a Missa Solemnis, or Missa Cantata. But in after years when the Christians' piety waxed colder, the period required for solemnly singing it was regarded as too prolonged and tedious, and the Church, to accommodate herself to the relaxed dispositions of the

faithful, curtailed the time by tolerating the present usage of merely saying or reading the mass. Now-a-days we call the servers at the solemn mass who carry the candles the "acolytes". Originally that was not the name by which they were designated. They were called the "ceroferarii", or candlestick bearers, from the Latin word *ceroferarium*, which signified a candlestick or candelabrum. The "acolyti" or acolytes formerly were youths who were engaged in conveying the altar requisites, the altar cloths and vestments, and the required elements, and in arranging the burse, pall, and missal, and altar ornaments. They were not formally enrolled as servers at the altar, but were so far approved of as to be tolerated, or not prohibited, and the name is derived from the Greek words "a" and "koluo": a, non, not : and koluo prohibeo, I prohibit, "I do not prohibit". Pope Anacletus ordained that a priest should never celebrate mass alone, but always in presence of others, and that the "Dominus vobiscum", and the "orate fratres", should be always addressed to more than one assistant ; and that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered, not in ordinary places, but exclusively in places consecrated to the Divine worship. To the form of the consecration of the Holy Eucharist, employed by our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper, and adopted and transmitted by His Apostles, St. Peter introduced the additional word "*enim*". This I assert on the authority of St. Thomas. 3. P. qu. 78. art. 2 ad 5.

When the Pope is vested he blesses the incense, and then the cardinals, high ecclesiastical dignitaries, and other officers, assistants at the Mass, form a procession which takes a circuit from the throne to the end of the tribune, and thence proceeds up the centre, to the Papal altar over the shrines, and advances slowly in the following order :

THE THURIFER—WITH INCENSE.

THE CROSS-BEARER—SUB-DEACON,
With four Acolytes on his right and three on his left.

GREEK SUB-DEACON. GREEK DEACON.

THE LATIN SUB-DEACON,
Carrying Book of the Gospels with the Pope's maniple.

THE CARDINAL-DEACON OF THE GOSPEL.

THE CARDINAL-BISHOP ASSISTANT.

TWO CARDINAL-DEACONS ASSISTANTS.

TWO AUDITORS OF THE ROTA.

FOUR MASTERS OF CEREMONIES.

The Pope.

TWO PRIVATE CHAMBERLAINS ASSISTANTS.

AUDITOR OF THE ROTA,
In charge of the mitre.

PATRIARCHS, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS,
Assistants at the throne.

On the procession reaching the altar, formerly all the cardinals and bishops assisting came forward to meet the Pope, each kissing his Holiness on the cheek and on the breast, as significant of their faith in the humanity and divinity of Christ, the one being openly apparent, the other concealed within. Now, however, this ceremony is confined to the three junior cardinals; as, when many assisted, the ceremony became too protracted; as well as to signify the three wise men who journeyed from the East to visit Christ on His first appearance clothed with humanity. Then the Pope ascended the altar, and being incensed, and having intoned the *Gloria in excelsis*, and recited the remainder, again descended, and went to his throne. The Gospel was sung by the Latin and Greek

deacons, in the Latin and Greek versions of the sacred text. After the Gospel the Holy Father delivered a homily. The Pope again ascended and intoned the Credo.

The Mass proceeded, and the numerous retinue, as they moved to and from the throne to the altar, over the fine green cloth, produced a superb effect. The Pope was always followed by twelve bishops assistant at the throne, of whom six were archbishops, and six were suffragan bishops. During the celebration of the august mysteries, the Pope was surrounded by sixty assistants of every ecclesiastical grade, dignity, and costume; and when their varied and superb vestments—their glittering embroidery of gold and silver—and their sparkling diamonds and jewels, were dimly seen through the folding volumes of fragrant incense that ascended to the lofty dome, the effect was surpassingly grand and mysterious looking!

At the Offertory, the sacristan presented three hosts, two of which the Cardinal Deacon pointed out, and which the sacristan then immediately took and eat. The Cardinal Deacon then took the other for the consecration at the Mass. The keeper of the wine-cellar in like manner presented a vessel of wine, with a portion of which the sacred vessels were washed, and which he himself then drank, and out of the remainder the cruet for the Mass was then supplied. This usage is very ancient, and seems to be a precaution against poison; but as to the time when it first originated, or whether any occasion of suspicion caused its introduction, it is difficult to ascertain.

MUSIC OF THE PAPAL MASS.

The music of this solemn Papal Mass was executed by the Papal choir. It is exclusively vocal, no instrumental music being tolerated at the Papal functions, and the

voices are exclusively male—no females are ever allowed to sing in this choir. The Papal choir consists of twenty-four members, selected from the highest grades of musical talent: artists of the most delicately sensitive ear, of the most distinguished qualifications as vocalists, and of long practical experience and refined education and science, and of the highest technical skill. They are led by a conductor, whose qualifications are tested with such rigidity, that his commission characterizes him as one of the first artists in the musical world. He is always a creative genius, as well as a superior executant, and his services as conductor and his valuable management become immediately apparent and appreciated. The choir embraces voices of every gradation of note, scale, key, and compass, from the fullest and softest soprano, through the descending gradations of alto, contralto, and tenor, down to the profundity of the deepest and lowest basses, all of the greatest volume, rotundity, and of the most pliant flexibility. The slightest deviation from correct tune, time, or modulation is punished by a heavy fine. As individuals, they may separately accept of other musical engagements; but, as a choral body, they can never sing collectively, except at Papal functions. The score is of the most rigid simplicity, though some very few grace notes, transmitted by lengthened tradition, are sometimes tolerated. All the complicated movements and vagaries of variations, and the daring intrusive embellishments of the florid style, or of operatic music, which impede the distinct articulation of the holy words of the psalms or liturgy, are totally excluded. The "Introit", the "Gloria in Excelsis", and the "Credo" were delivered with immense force and spirit, embracing notes of every pitch from the highest alto to the double

basso. The movements were slow, and all the features of the music were solemn, ignoring all trivialities, and made an impression of a character the most favourable and peculiarly their own. A beautiful motette was most carefully executed at the Offertory, the composition and musical treatment affording a fine varied scope for devotional effect, and constituting a charming harmonious symphony. F in alto was several times reached, and the light soprano parts were brought to a most successful issue, and were indeed quite adequately sustained by the chorus passages. The piece was drawn from the choicest repertory of Italian church music, and won the hearty appreciation of the most refined and devotional taste in the edified congregation. The Pope possesses musical talents and vocal capabilities of the highest order. His voice is full, sonorous, finely rounded, and teeming with a sweet, unctuous melody, which melts and drifts you away on its flowing devotional tide. He delivered splendidly the simple incomparable music of the "Preface" and "Pater Noster", articulating every note with precision of tune and time, and bathing it in a mellifluous sweetness of religious feeling, which he drew up from the depths of his own inspiration. Ten of the prefaces of the Mass were prescribed by Pope Gelasius, and it was Pope Urban II. who introduced the preface of the Blessed Virgin. Pope Symmacus, who was the first Pope of the sixth century, prescribed that the "Gloria in Excelsis" should be sung in the Masses of Sundays and festivals. It was St. Peter who ordained that the Dominical prayer, or "Pater Noster", should be introduced into the celebration of the Mass, and that the time should be after the consecration: and this rite was adopted by all the apostles and their successors. This rite is preserved by the Church

through all subsequent ages, and so invariably, that though on certain occasions, such as in the Mass on Good Friday, other ordinary portions of the Mass are omitted, the "Pater Noster" is, without any exception, always retained.

The "Kyrie eleison" was rendered with wonderful effect—commencing with a silken, fibrous, attenuated dulcet note—tremulous, nervous, exquisitely sensitive—floating timidly around—feeling and peering to discover, or unobserved to catch a glimpse of the position of the offended One—shrinking back again to silence before the glance of the Omnipotent Avenger. After a moment's quietude to respire, it ventured to breathe forth again, summoning other notes courageously to advance to its aid, and joined by a second and a third, and very many other fuller and stronger harmonious notes, companions and accomplices in its guilt, their united harmonious voices rose in piteous, plaintive wailings, sometimes to the highest range of the alto keys, and again sank through the broken and convulsive cadences of the disconsolate and broken-hearted penitent delinquent to the profundities of the lowest basses, and all suppliantly "calling on the Lord for mercy from the depths". Again the tiny alto soprano floated flitting round and round, entwining its flaxen silvery tissue with its own gentle echo, in prolonged breathing aspirations of "eleison—elei—eleison!" The voices either separately in solos, or collectively in choruses twined through each other, and yearningly implored mercy—they solicited no other favour from the Lord or from Christ but mercy—mercy was the only theme of their pathetic plaint—mercy—mercy—Kyrie eleison—Christe eleison—mercy, mercy, only mercy! Oh, this alone we crave!

"Mercy, good Lord, mercy I crave ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
Lord, let thy mercy come!"

Ah, my soul! the commemoration of the mysteries of the Passion and death of Jesus Christ, during this holy week, have given us convincing testimony of his superabundant mercies—mercies such as no other would concede. "Greater love than this no man has shown, that a man should give his life for his friend". But, my soul! Jesus has shown me greater love, for he has given his life for me, not his friend, but—his enemy! Had he not, I should have died—or rather I had been dead, and he redeemed my mortal guilt—paid death for death—who else would have thus died the dead to save!—say!

"He, with his whole posterity, must die,
Die He, or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

"Say, heav'nly pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of you will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and die the dead to save?
He ask'd; but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
And silence was in heaven".—

Since, then, the Master has forgiven me my weighty debt, shall I deny forgiveness and mercy to my fellow-creature for the trifling debt he owes me, and the injury he has inflicted on me? No! "the charity of God shall ever urge me"—I shall ever exercise mercy towards my enemies, that I may pray with confidence, "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us". "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy". A series of beneficent deeds shall characterize my conduct towards the woe-stricken, the destitute, and

the afflicted. Mercy is nearly allied to charity, the indispensable attribute of every meritorious work, and without it the beacon which guides all other virtues is extinguished, and they are then benighted, and are uselessly groping their way in darkness. Mercy and charity are the two arms which hold up the flaming torch, which brilliantly illumines their pathway in search of God, and ultimately leads them to His possession. Mercy's sceptre wields a powerful and a genial sway—it showers genial blessings on the poorest and the mightiest—it becomes the monarch and the subject—it is an attribute of God Himself!

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd —
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute of awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice”.

The music of the Sanctus was also executed with the greatest excellence and scientific skill—it was soul-subduing, brilliant, and thrilling. This canticle, at the end of the preface of the Mass, “Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth”, was instituted by Pope Xistus I., who was in order of succession the eighth Pope ascending Peter's Chair, and in the year 132. It was anciently called the “Trisagion”, from the Latin “ter sanctum”, the “three holys”, or “thrice holy”. The solos, concerted

passages, and combinations of the full choruses were simple, majestic, unctuous, replete with devotional feeling, and captivating, and wafted our souls on the airy wings of dulcet sounds up to the choirs of the Cherubim and Seraphim; and when I looked around the Basilica, and surveyed the multitudes congregated from every nation, and looked at the Pope's throne, and the Vicar of Christ and his assisting ministers, clothed in white robes, and standing before the Lamb on the high altar, and heard the holy, holy, holy, and the repeated hosannas, and saw the wreaths of palm still pendent since Palm Sunday, oh! it seemed to me a reflected mirage of the heavenly Jerusalem, where "I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cried out with a loud voice, saying: 'Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb!'" O Jehovah! Jehovah! the scene seemed all a type of thee above, and inspired me with renovated confidence, that I should yet enjoy love, and peace, and eternal life, and experience that, like the ever green palm, thy mercy is eternal too!

"When round thy cherubs—smiling calm,
Without their flames—we wreath the palm;
O God! we feel the emblem true—
Thy mercy is eternal too.
Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above—
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!"

From the Preface of the Papal Mass to the Communion, two deacons stand at either side of the altar, in pro-

found recollection, and as immoveable as statues ; and they are intended to represent the angels whom Mary saw at the head and feet of our blessed Lord, in the sepulchre at Easter, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of St. John, verse the twelfth—"And she saw two angels in white, sitting, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid".

THE CONSECRATION.

The ceremonies increased in religious effect and impressiveness as the mass progressed to the more solemn portions, and to the Canon, but they reached to a supernatural crisis, and to the climax of sublimity, when the mystic words of consecration were pronounced, when the Omnipotent One—the Most Holy, under the mysterious clouds of bread and wine, descended into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff, Christ's own Vicar. The Papal choristers ceased singing, and there was a prolonged, nervous interval of profound silence. The vibrations of sound were electrified, and amidst tens of thousands congregated beneath the same arched dome, no head was to be seen : all were buried to the ground in profundity of adoration, and the quietude and stillness of the solitude of a forest prevailed throughout the vast area of the Basilica. Every heart throbbed quickly, but every breath was bated. When the August One was raised on high at the elevation, by one simultaneous movement every one of the Guard of Nobles, and every man of the various regiments of the Grenadiers and military of the line, fell on one knee—every banner was drooped to the dust—every sword was lowered—every gun was presented, and there was a crash of musket butts on the marble pavements which thrilled through our very vitals ! From a distant

and lofty balcony over the bronze gates twelve trumpeters from twelve silver trumpets breathed forth a flourish of as soft, harmonious, silvery chords as ever struck the human ear, entrancing all the feelings of the soul, and captivating them away from sublunary to heavenly things. They ascended to the concave altitudes of the mighty fabric seeking egress, and finding none, floated round and round in circling eddies, till every note swooned away from pure exhaustion. O overwhelming sublimity of effect! This mysterious silvery trumpet flourish commenced with grave basso notes, which formed the foundation of the musical temple, ascending through all the gradations of the gamut to tenor, alto, soprano, till a delicate octave note became so slender and attenuated like a silken fibre, that it was lost to our sense of hearing without knowing where it ceased or terminated. It was like a Gothic spire of delicate floriated architecture, ascending in clustered columns, mullions, crocketted lancets, and to the finely manipulated tracery work, till it terminated in a tapering, lofty, slender pinnacle, that looks down upon the clouds and is lost to sight, and directs our aspirations to the eternal hills on which they cast their shadows! When those heavenly musical accents ceased, thundering volleys of artillery, which shook the ground, were discharged from the bastions of the Castle of St. Angelo. People looked at each other in silent, motionless amazement, and tears of tender devotion trickled down the cheeks of many, and moistened the marble tiles of the Basilica with the dews of compunction! The seraphic ardour and glowing religious fervour which beamed from their countenances, indicated the holy unction and teemings of heavenly sweetness of devotion in their souls, as significantly as the autumnal roseate hues of cream colour

and vermillion blended on the velvet surface of the ripe apricot or peach, indicate the unctuous matter and the delicious juices which are enclosed. Some seemed electrified and palid with awe, and with outstretched arms and uplifted countenances, knelt as motionless as one of the white marble statues from Canova's chisel, which decorated the aisles. The very tear that glistened in the eye was suspended in stillness, and looked like a trickling drop from a fountain on a frosty day, which was arrested in gelidity, and became a pendent frozen sparkling icicle! Every other sense but sight seemed totally absorbed, and they looked as if they were actually listening with their eyes to the flourishes of the prolonged notes of the silver clarions! As an active volcano, whose very interior vitals are liquified and expanded by powerful combustion, relieves its convulsive throes by overflowing the crater's mouth with floods of burning lava, which trickle down the mountain's sides in fiery streams, even so the souls of those fervent adorers, melted down to floods of tenderest piety and compunction by the interior furnace of divine love, were seeking to relieve their overflowing hearts by trickling streamlets of tears boiling over from the flames of charity! O Holy Ghost, enkindle within me one spark of thy divine love to warm and melt my frozen soul! "Oh! who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to my eyes", to drench my arid heart. Oh! what a refreshing bath for a languid tepid spirit! Do, Jesus,—“feed me with the food of tears, and grant me drink of tears in measure!” Speak to my heart, and it will dissolve into tears of compunction, and love, as wax before the fire.—“My soul melted when my Beloved spoke!—*Cant. v. 6.*

The Pope consecrates in secret in the usual manner, but before the Communion he descends from the altar, and accompanied by his numerous dignitaries and assistants, ascends his throne, and there he consumes. This is significant of the life of Christ, hidden in the early part of His ministry, but public and exalted on the cross, before the eyes of the world, when He consummated the sacrifice. This was the ancient usage—to descend from the altar after the Canon—the Pope dividing the Sacred Host amongst the bishops and priests who assisted at the sacrifice—the deacon dispensing what remained after the Pope had distributed communion. The Pope, after the *Agnus Dei*, gave the *Pax*, and then left the altar. The Cardinal Deacon then exhibited the Most Holy over the patena, and under the “Golden Star”, and turning to one side and the other, all prostrated themselves and adored—he then gives the Host to the other deacon, who conveys it to the Pope, and he himself conveys the Chalice. The Pope breaks the Host, consumes one portion himself, and divides the other for the deacons. The Cardinal Bishop assistant then presents the golden tube, or “fistula”, to the Pope, through which he consumes a portion of the Sacred Species out of the chalice. The deacons return to the altar and purify the chalice through the same “fistula”. The Pope takes the ablution from another chalice, presented to his Holiness by the Cardinal Bishop. In early Christian ages, when the communion was administered to all the faithful under both kinds, this “fistula” was introduced to obviate the unseemliness of presenting the same chalice to the lips of all—but still more to preclude the possibility of the irreverence, so liable amongst so many communicants, of one drop of the sacred blood of Christ falling to the ground. Since

the discipline of the Church was changed, by administering communion to the faithful under one kind only, the fistula has fallen into general disuse; but the Pope still employs it on these solemn occasions, as a relic of early Christian times, and through veneration for ancient usages. After his own communion, the Pope gives communion to some of the bishops and princes, and he again ascends the high altar, and proceeds with the concluding portions of the Mass.

After the Post Communion and *Ite Missa est*, the Holy Father gave the Benediction. After Mass is over, the Pope leaves the altar, lays aside the pallium, mitre, and vestments, and makes his thanksgiving with two acolytes holding wax lights kneeling at either side. He then resumes his tiara and cope—ascends the “*Sedia Gestatoria*”, till he reaches the relics which are exposed, and which he venerates with uncovered head. After the Mass had terminated, the Cardinal Archpriest of St. Peter’s, Cardinal Matthei, accompanied by the canons of the basilica, took from a grand purse an offering, which, in the name of the chapter, he presented to the Pope on the occasion of his singing the Mass—and this is called the offering of the “presbyterium”. The Pope gave it to the Cardinal Deacon, the Cardinal Deacon gave it to his train-bearer, who retained it as his perquisite. The Apostolic Chamberlain then demanded a return of the revenues and tributes due to the Roman Church, and the Holy Father reiterated his protestations against all those who had been deficient in their bounden obligations, and against all usurpations prejudicial to the rights of the Holy See, and to the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Cardinal Dean then offers his felicitations—and amidst thrilling music, pealing bells, and thundering

artillery, the procession returns through the Basilica as it entered.

The sublime and impressive ceremonies of this glorious festival of Easter day in the Vatican, were the most enthusiastic, energetic, and eloquent effort which holy Church could exert to pour forth her homages of adoration, thanksgiving, and praises, for the copious bounties of the omnipotent and generous giver of every good gift to mankind in the completion of the angust work of the redemption. "Consummatum est!" "It is consummated!" These ceremonies also presented a proof of the efficacy of sensible representations, either through the instrumentality of art, music, architecture, or ceremonials to harmonize the soul to sentiments of piety, and triumph on this commemoration. The entire function was as a vast folio volume—the spacious basilica as an illuminated title-page—the circumference of the great dome as a circular margin—the cornices as gilded borders—the tens of thousands of the congregated faithful as so many letters—the processions as lengthened lines—every bishop as a period at which to pause and ponder—and God's mercies the theme—all recording in glowing language—and my description a feeble attempt to report to those absent and dispersed throughout Christendom, the goodness infinite and the love that passeth all understanding! But it hath not entered into the heart of man even to conceive it! My description is ineffective: let me then rather lose myself in contemplating these inexpressible wonders, and praise Him by the energy of expressive silence!

"O goodness infinite! goodness immense!
And love that passeth knowledge! words are vain;
Language is lost in wonders so divine.
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise!"

Papal Benediction from the Loggia.



WHEN the Pope had made his thanksgiving after the Papal mass, his Holiness was borne in grand state on the sedia gestatoria, accompanied by his august suite of cardinals, princes, dignitaries, ambassadors, and escorted by his Swiss and Noble guards, to the Loggia, to confer the Papal benediction on the congested masses of the anxiously expecting multitudes awaiting in the Piazza. This Papal Benediction, regarded even as a mere spectacle, is unparalleled in grandeur, in sublimity, and imposing effect by any other religious, secular, or military display in the world, whilst as a religious ceremony, it confers on the soul in grace the most abundant consolations, and presents to every observer a visible, tangible, demonstrative significance of the boundless extent of the Papal dominion, and of Peter's supremacy in honour and jurisdiction. The Loggia is a highly elevated arched balcony in the very centre of the façade of the great Basilica, commanding an extensive view not only of the Piazza and city, but of the Campagna and of the sea in the distance, and it was the very focus on which were concentrated all those wondrous structures, and all the surrounding architectural and picturesque beauties, and from which they radiated all over Christendom. What an artistic and commanding position for the principal figure in the grouping of the congregated multitudes! It was covered over by an outstretched awning, to screen the Pope from the excessive heat and glaring rays of the dazzling sun. The arch and pillars were draped in crimson velvet, and festooned with gold lace and tassels, and from the front

of the balustrade was suspended rich tapestry, purple silk, and embroidered "lama d'oro"; and a baldaccino, or canopy, draped in crimson was suspended over the spot where the Pope was to stand. The eyes of 100,000 spectators were concentrated as in a focus in one peering gaze on that balcony. Beneath, in front of the ascent to the vestibule, 10,000 men of various regiments, of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all in their state uniforms, with their regimental colours, drums, trumpets, and military bands, were drawn up in gracefully curving lines, corresponding with the figures on the marble pavements, and in the centre the generalissimo, in glittering uniform, was seated on a noble charger. The military consisted of the "Gendarmi"—the "Antibes Legion"—the "Papal Zouaves"—the "Cacciatori"—the "Guardia del Senato"—the "Grenatieri"—the "Carabinieri"—the "Dragoni Pontefici", and other detachments, all arrayed to salute their Pontiff-King. The height of the Loggia was so great, and the distant view from the extreme end of the Piazza so extensive, that the Sovereign Pontiff and his entourage appear there not larger than the beautifully coloured little entities of atomic creation. The Vicar of Christ, robed in his sumptuous pontificals, surrounded by the cardinals, ecclesiastical dignitaries, the guards and high officers of state, in their varied and brilliant costumes, all standing on the distant balcony, seemed like a bird of Paradise of eastern climes, fledged in gorgeous plumage, surrounded by other bright members of the feathered tribe that had nestled in a crevasse, beneath a branch of the rhododendron, in the sunny vales, amidst the Himalayan reeks. After a lengthened period of profound silence and anxious suspense, the Pope, borne on the Sedia Gestatoria, followed by the fan bearers,

surrounded by his courtiers and Noble Guards, appeared on the balcony. A sensational thrill electrified the multitudes. The heavy guns of the Castle of San. Angelo boomed their thundering volleys, the great bells chimed merrily, the multitudes prostrated, the general on horseback waved his sword, on which, as at the glittering wand of a talisman, the ten thousand military fell on one knee, the ensigns were drooped to the dust, the bugles flourished, the bands played, a roll of rumbling drums ran along the lines, and the gleaming sheen of the swords and bayonets completed the resemblance to a whistling tornado, followed by peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which seemingly swept across the piazza. Contrast all the might of earthly potentates with the overwhelming majesty of the Pontiff-King on Easter day—how do they dwindle into despicable insignificance! Contrast their most extensive empires with his boundless domain, uncircumscribed even by the circumference of this little earthly sphere, and they become as little spots in a valley viewed from a lofty mountain. Contrast their power with the power of him who can “bind and loose” not only on earth, but also in Heaven, and it becomes as the impotence of an infant’s grasp! It recalled to my recollection the memory of that day when Moses received the tables of the Law from the Almighty Legislator on the Mount of Sinai, and when thunder and lightning emanated from the countenance of the God of Israel. But there the people were prohibited from approaching even the very foot of the mountain, and terror and death guarded every access. Here, all are invited by the great Moses of the new dispensation to come near and drink plentifully from the copious stream of mercy, grace, and benediction, which flows from the rock struck by St. Peter’s hand.

The Vicar of Christ arose, lifted up the light of his countenance, raised his aged hands to heaven, and appeared clothed with more than earthly majesty. His right hand, after unbarring the treasury of God's graces, descends laden with the benediction of heaven, and, with the triple sign of salvation, he imparts it to his people. Instantly that benediction springs forth from the "Loggia" on its flight, like a winged courier, and is borne on strong pinions that convey it with more rapidity even than the measureless wire does the electric spark. Contrast the progress of a telegram despatched to a distant country with the rapidity with which that benediction speeds its way to the ends of the earth, and the progress of the telegram when contrasted with it will be regarded as a tardy gait indeed. Away it goes on mercy's errand,—its copious diffusiveness envelopes the whole world as a speck! and its language is intelligible in every tongue! Standing on that "Loggia", the Pontiff-King, greater than Moses—looking towards the Eternal City, towards the extended Campagna, and the everlasting hills in the distance—he directs that benediction to go *Urbi et orbi*—to the city and to the universe. Instantly it flies, obedient to the command—no lane in that city so narrow—no staircase or garret so tortuous or inaccessible—no cellar so deep—no palace so gorgeous and extensive, into which that blessing does not enter, and offer its sacred salutation! That blessed gleam of the Sun of Righteousness radiates to every clime, and country, and people to which the compass points—it travels to where the east is reddened by the rising sun, and thence to the back of the western hills, and from the oppressive heats of the tropics to where the blood becomes gelid in the freezing regions of the north, vivifying, consoling, strengthening all be-

neath the influence of its genial ray. It conveys a balsam to cure the wounded heart—it refreshes the weary and the heavy laden—it dries up the trickling tears of the afflicted, and administers a cordial to invigorate the sick and languishing—it penetrates the darksome dungeon, and imparts a cheering ray to the desponding captive—it is a staff to support the tottering pilgrim and the labours of the distant missionary—it is a genial ray, that unfolds the blossoms of all our hopes of God's mercies, and of a blessed immortality, and is received as a welcome guest into the hearts of 200,000,000 of Catholics dispersed into every quarter of the habitable globe!

Each of the Cardinal Deacons reads a paper, one in Latin, the other in Italian, intimating to the overwhelming crowds that to all those present who were in the state of grace, who were truly contrite for their sins, and whose souls were animated with good dispositions, and prayed for the welfare of the Church and for the intentions of of the Holy Father, the Pope granted a plenary indulgence. The papers were then let fly from a cambric handkerchief, and as they whirled in the air, all those in the direction in which they were falling raised their hands in eager expectation of catching them, anxious to possess so interesting a record of this memorable event. Some imagine that the indulgence is conferred on those only, who, irrespective of the interior dispositions of their souls, are fortunate enough accidentally to catch those papers. This supposition is entirely erroneous. After the benediction the Pope retired amidst a thrilling chorus of military bands, booming bells, and thundering volleys of artillery, and the countless crowds began to disperse. But though wide the opening estuary out of the piazza, the flood took an hour to flow through, and as the pave-

ments began to appear, they seemed like the first glimpses of the ground appearing during a genial thaw, after having been concealed under a heavy snow-fall.



Illumination of St. Peter's.



ILLUMINARE Jerusalem, quia gloria Domini super te orta est"—*Isaias*, lx. 1. "Illuminate, O Jerusalem, for the glory of the Lord has arisen on thee!" This festival of Easter day was indeed a glorious one, and gloriously did Rome celebrate it! The dazzling mid-day brilliancy of the meridian sun reflected all her ministers and ceremonies in glowing hues, and coloured them with splendour. That sun has now gone down, and she employs darkness to lend a contrast which will throw out the captivating spectacle of the artificial illuminations of the great Basilica with more glittering effect, for she makes light or darkness equally subservient to her gladness and exultation on this day, which the Lord has made. "Sicut tenebræ ejus, ita et lumen ejus"—*Psalms*, cxxxviii. 12. "The darkness thereof, and the light thereof, are alike". "All the air a solemn stillness holds". The atmosphere was calm and balmy, and the evening shades were drawing a veil over the colonnade, and the colossal basilica was disappearing like the first gradual fadings of a dissolving view. "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight". The darkness increases—nature, like a solicitous nurse, has lulled every thing into quietude—not a pulse of nature is beating—not an aspen leaf is quivering—the little warblers of the grove have terminated their parting lays, and are gone to nestle in their downy

chambers—the bleating sheep and lambs are slumbering on the grassy slopes—the shepherd's pipe has exhausted its last cadences on the drowsy ear of eve—not a breath is heard, "save where the beetle wheels his droning flight". For an hour before sunset, visitors arrived in quick succession, and as the evening advanced, streaming multitudes poured in through the opening of the piazza, as a flowing spring-tide accelerated by an equinoctial gale rushes through an estuary into a bay. Very soon all the ground was inundated and lost to sight, and gradually the tide of humanity rose above the steps of the colonnade and the bases of the columns, and this evening's high-water mark reached the top of the covered gallery. On elevated positions, and on cornices and balconies, the people accumulated, and there grouped pyramidically, their heads looked like heaps of cannon balls piled in pyramids, near a park of artillery preparing for action.

"———Now twilight gray
Has in her sober liv'ry all things clad".

During the time I had been awaiting the illuminative display, I stood on an elevated position, sentimentally surveying the multitudes promenading through each other, dimly seen in the hazy, mysterious, dreamy-like twilight, between the Italian sunset and total darkness, and amidst them I felt myself invested quite in the character of a cosmopolitan. No area on earth ever displayed a congregated mass of character so diversified—composed of persons of every age and country, of every clime and costume and social grade—religion's enthusiastic followers, pleasure seekers, and votaries of the world and of fashion—travellers from the most remote regions of the habitable globe, with complexions ruddy, or as fair as the en-

amelled whiteness of the ermine's skin, or deeply coloured in the sable dyes of the tropic's regions—the powerful and the wealthy, the prince, the ecclesiastic, and the peasant—the sons of labour and the children of sorrow—all moving through each other like the various threads shot by the numberless shuttles of some vast loom, into the complicated mazes of a web, diapered and brocaded into the most variegated patterns. There is the stalwarth warrior, draped in his gorgeous uniform, striding in measured paces, in all the pomp and circumstance of war. Here are the bride and bridegroom, inebriated with the hey-day enjoyment of their wedding tour, elated in the consciousness of their mutual personal attractions, decked out in silks, satins, and flowers cut according to the patterns of the boulevards, or the temple of fashion in the Parisian capital. Farther on is a group clothed in the sad habiliments of mourning, in memory of a person who is missed from their party, and amongst them is a youthful lady-lone-one, draped in the garments of bereavement, and covered with the lugubrious veil of widowhood, who seems to have taken her dresses from the wardrobe of death, and to have to-day made her toilet in the chambers of the tomb. Some of the promenaders are engaged in conversation of sparkling vivacity, and occasionally break out into the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind. See! yonder, seated on the marble steps, between two pillars of the colonnade, an afflicted looking female, bent with the weight of years, her hair blanched with the snow-fall of time, and apparently as disconsolate as though she were mourning over her beloved little one, who has been early ejected from the tenements of the living, and looking as sad as if she were now seated between the empty cradle and the

full coffin, preparing to convey him to a dwelling amidst the still inhabitants of the city of silence. The piazza and its thronging visitors on that evening, were as the bower and the tomb, standing side by side—the desert and the garden, the forest tree and the flower, the cypress and the haycynth, the weeping-ash, the lily, and the iris, twining their bloom and their desolation in the one festooning wreath, all emblematic of the diversified characters, the fluctuating vicissitudes, and the evanescent character of life's transitory scenes! The multitudes were now aware that the precise period was fast approaching when the captivating spectacle was to be instantaneously displayed, and all stood motionless, and gazing towards where they supposed the basilica lay, in the deep overflowing reservoir of darkness. The nerve of every eye was stretched to its utmost extension, to cast out a visual ray, as a plumb-line to fathom the profundity of darkness, but could feel no bottom! "It was deeper than the plummet sound". Some moments of nervous, anxious, torturing suspense succeeded—when hark! the irresistible, inflexible iron tongue, which indicates the undeviating onward course of time, struck the booming bell of St. Peter's the first stroke of eight o'clock on the ear of the reposing evening! Instantly—from the top of the cross over the ball of the mighty dome, little less than five hundred feet in height, a hissing, vermillion, lambent flame, shone out in the dark concave of the heavens! It was the signal. All felt a shock, as if from an electric battery. Instantly the colossal mole of the gigantic fabric is delineated in myriads of flickering lights. Every pillar and pilaster, every door and window, every arch, architrave, entablature, frieze, and cornice, the extensive façade and every part of the dome and the ball and

cross and every minute detail are all fully developed, and brilliantly relieved in glittering jets of light on the dark suspended curtain of the sombre sky. There it is—a mountain of masonry, which required millions of money, centuries of time, and hundreds of excavated quarries, sculptured by the genius of generations of architects, to be erected in the altitudes of the atmosphere, is now, as if by a magician's touch, summoned from darkness to light—transformed from stone to fire—from a reality to a phantom—from substance to flame, and launched from solid foundations of adamantine rocks to float in a new element of liquid atmosphere! The dome, encircled with sparkling coronets of sapphire and ruby flaming gems, seemed like a heavenly tiara, supported by angels on this Easter eve over the shrine of the first Pontiff-Prince—Peter! The congregated masses burst forth into plaudits of boundless enthusiasm. Weary echo, which had gone to couch for the night, was called out again to do duty on this urgency, and she ordered the air again to brace up her vibrations, and the ringing cheers of the enraptured spectators reverberated again and again from the façade, round and round the colonnade, and after escaping from the labyrinth of columns, floated away at liberty over the city to the Campagna. This first illumination is called the silver illumination, and it continues for an hour, and is followed by the second, which is called the golden illumination. At the first stroke of nine o'clock, the white or silver lights are succeeded by an immediate transition to lights of a much larger flame, and of a glowing, rich, golden hue. This transition is little less interesting and exciting than even the first display, and again elicited the plaudits of the admiring and delighted people. This second illumination is

continued for another hour. The number of men employed on the occasion is 120, and they are all trained to act in concert on the preconcerted signals, that the lamps of all the departments over which they preside may be lit simultaneously. Their positions on these heights are often very critical; and, though a fatal accident seldom occurs, they take the precaution of providing for a sudden death by all approaching the sacraments before they engage in this dangerous duty. The number of smaller lights employed to develop the general outlines of the fabric seemed to be innumerable myriads. The number of lanterns employed in the first or silver illumination is 4,520, and in the second or golden illumination the additional number is 1,475. The annual cost for this entertainment amounts to 1,000 crowns. Amongst all the displays of illumination in the world, it is unrivalled, and surpassingly the most magnificent. But I thought of the heavenly Jerusalem, illuminated by the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness, reflected from her "walls of precious stones" and her "turrets of gems", and then by the contrast the illumination of St. Peter's was enveloped in darkness, and the lights became opacity itself! My soul! it is worth purchasing at any cost! "Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God!" The new moon's crescent, which was gradually ascending the azure concave dome of the heavens, just now appeared over the left corner of the façade, and seemed like a luminous bird of Paradise, all glowing with radiance, which had just descended on the entablature, and perched there for an instant, and was emblematic of the coming of that fire which God came to cast upon earth down from heaven, and which he desired should be kindled. Soon it moved on to the top of the minor dome, and

thence it flitted away, and perched on the ball over the great dome, and then took its flight through the regions of ether. It seemed as if bearing some heavenly talisman fraught with the hopes of the glories of a blessed immortality, and affording "evidence of things not seen"—displaying "the substance of things to be hoped for!" Oh! I yearned in imagination to seize it, even whilst yet dwelling in this earthly sojourn!—but it eluded my grasp, and seemed typified by the eastern story of the prince who vainly followed the bird with the glittering talisman flitting from tree to tree, but ever when he thought he had seized it, evaded his grasp, and wafted the gem away!

" Was hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away".

The waters of the Nile annually overflow their ordinary confines, and submerge the alluvial plains beneath their inundating tide, wafting moisture and luxuriant deposits, which fertilize the soil, cherish vegetation, and yield abundant harvest fruits. The event is signified to the citizens of Cairo by radiations from myriads of flickering lamps, which are lit up on the mosques and minarets of the city, and illuminate all the adjacent land of Egypt. This usage on that occasion seems emblematic of the usage of illuminating Peter's dome with these myriads of flickering lights at this season of Easter, which is plentiful of redemption, and they seem to indicate to Christen-

dom that the copious torrents of God's heavenly graces have now overflown the limits of their ordinary channels, and drenched Christian souls with those salutary waters, springing up to eternal life, conveying an unction which nourishes them in piety and good works, that bear abundant fruits of sanctity and virtues, ripe for the banquet of heaven—"flumine voluptatis tuæ potasti eos". "Thou dost drench them with the torrent of delights!" "Surge, illuminare Jerusalem, quia venit lumen tuum, et gloria Domini super te orta est"—*Isaias*, lx. 1. "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!"



On Calcography.



" * * * ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros".

"Each pleasing art gives softness to the mind,
And by our studies are our lives refined".



HE treasury of St. Peter's on this day displayed all its most costly valuables, consisting of golden and silver chalices, remonstrances, cruets, salvers of great circumference, golden tankards and basins, manipulated by Venetian and Eastern artists, elaborately chased, enamelled, and studded with every gem and glittering diamond, and were arranged on many tables, covered in green tapestry, around the Papal altar, and imparted a finish and refinement to the decorations, as sparkling jewellery does to the richest

floriated drapery on a royal personage or princely figure. This valuable, jewelled, elaborately chased and engraved plate, recalled to my recollection that the Church has been instrumental too in discovering, and has ever cherished and patronised, the elegant art of line engraving. It was discovered by a Florentine artist on the occasion of his decorating a piece of altar plate in "niello work", with a carving of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.

GREAT ANTIQUITY OF THE ART.

Though engraving, regarded as an art for the multiplications of prints, struck off from engraved plates, is of comparatively modern invention, the practice of making incisions or carvings on stone, steel, or copper, dates its origin from a period of the most remote antiquity, and there can be no doubt but that carving on metallic plates, or engraving, at least in a rude style, existed before the flood. Tubalcain, the son of Lamech, is the first who is recorded to have been an artificer in metals, as we read of him in the 4th chapter and 22nd verse of *Genesis*. "Sella also brought forth Tubalcain, who was a hammerer and artificer in every work of brass and iron". In the Book of *Exodus*, the Lord directed Moses to decorate the vestments of Aaron with stones ornamented with the work of the engraver and the graving of a jeweller—28th chapter, 11th verse, proving the great antiquity of gem engraving. Bazaleel and Ooliab are mentioned as "filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work of the engraver"; but though they are the first who are mentioned as having been engravers by profession, it by no means follows that the invention of the art originated with them, or that it did not exist long anterior to their time. The hieroglyphics on the obelisks and other relics

of the Egyptians and Etrurians, at present extant, prove it was practised at a very remote period in those countries ; and Herodotus describes the ornamental and emblematical figures carved on the shields and helmets of the warriors of his time. At first all engravings seem to have been confined to mere outlines, without any attempt at shading or perspective, and were very rude delineations, but in them existed the germ or foundation of the art, which was subsequently developed. To us, at the present day, it does appear very strange, that, even with the amount of knowledge possessed by the ancients, that so many ages should have elapsed before the idea suggested itself of taking impressions on paper from those engravings. However, like the story of Columbus and the egg, it appears very easy when some artistic genius removes the mystery and unfolds the explanation.

ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

The art of engraving upon copper is styled calcography, and this term is derived from the Greek word "kalkos", signifying copper, and "grapho", I inscribe. The early history, as well as the origin and progress, of the art of engraving, is involved in the deepest obscurity—no writer has fully elucidated the subject, and it is very remarkable, notwithstanding the influence which the art has exercised in the promotion of education, of refinement, and a taste for the fine arts, how seldom the subject has been treated of by any British author, historian, or artist. Many French, German, and Italian writers have treated very copiously of the art of engraving, of whom I shall mention a few ; Le Comte, Baron Heineken, Hackart, Papillon, Pozzi, Brulliot, Weigel, Abraham Bosse, Laborde, Zani, Pagani, Baroti, Crespi, Fuessoli. But with

the exception of some brief articles in magazines and other periodicals, we have little else in the English language on the history and origin and various styles of the art of engraving in all its branches. Some small works have indeed been written on the subject, but they are either confined to particular departments of the art, or treat of the whole very superficially. A treatise has been written by Rev. William Gilpin, M.A., who had been Prebendary of Salisbury and Vicar of Boldre in New Forest, near Leamington, and is entitled, *An Essay on Prints*. It is interesting, and possesses considerable merit, but dwells principally on observations on different kinds of prints, and on the characters of noted masters, but saying nothing of the history of the art, and very little in explanation of the artist's mode of operating in producing the impressions. It was printed in London in the year 1792, a period when a taste and appreciation for prints in these countries attained an extraordinary height. Mr. Joseph Strutt and Mr. Michael Bryan have left us dictionaries, supplying biographical notices of the celebrated engravers, but of the art itself, excepting some preliminary notices, they do not treat. Mr. J. Evelyn has written a treatise, but it is exclusively confined to the history of engraving upon copper. Another very remarkable little work, but confined likewise merely to that branch of the art known as "etching upon copper", was written in Dublin in the year 1810, entitled *Critical and familiar notices on the art of etching upon Copper*. It contained much useful information, it was written in a very good style, its observations indicated research and taste, and its criticisms were judicious; it was illustrated with etchings, and it was neatly bound. The circumstances under which it was brought out attached to it the greatest

celebrity, and it is to the present day prized as a great literary curiosity. I have myself seen a copy of the book. The author was Mr. W. Huband, a man of considerable literary acquirements and highly cultivated taste. He was the author, he wrote the book—he etched the engravings that illustrated the book—he printed the book—he bound the book with his own hands—and in every department it was manipulated and executed in a highly workmanlike manner; a triumph of genius, art, and labour, I have never heard equalled, and that triumph, I feel proud to say, achieved by an Irishman and a citizen of Dublin. The number of copies of the edition he printed and issued was very limited. In a letter to the celebrated Rev. T. F. Dibden, dated June 1813, he states that twenty-five copies only of the book were printed. He presented a copy to Miss Edgeworth, who appreciated the gift so highly, that in return she presented him with a complete set of all her works, and of those of her father R. Lovell Edgeworth. A gentleman in Dublin who was so fortunate as to possess a copy of this rare production, was offered a pipe of Port wine in exchange for it, which he declined to accept. Rev. Mr. Dibden, who instituted inquiries regarding this curious book, amongst others wrote to the Rev. Daniel M'Neille, who had been Rector of Hacketstown, in the County Wicklow, and who died in the year 1816, soliciting information concerning it. Rev. Mr. M'Neille, as may be seen in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, thus writes in reply, under date February 5th, 1813: "I do not know Mr. Huband, but he is a very distinguished book man, for I am told that he wrote a book on engraving, that he printed it with his own hands, and engraved the plates: so that he beats the curate of Custleigh in the County of Devon,

immortalized in Nichol's anecdotes. I have heard that a pipe of Port wine was lately refused in this city for a copy of Mr. Huband's book". In a note by the Rev. M. Dibden in the *Biographical Decameron*, he states : " Lord Spencer possesses the only copy of this curious performance (presented to him by the author), that I have seen in England". Mr. W. Huband presented another copy to the Dublin Society, for which, at a meeting of the Society, a vote of thanks was passed, and conveyed to him in a highly complimentary letter, dated December 6, 1810, and signed on behalf of the Society, " John Barrett, librarian". Another letter, dated November 11, 1811, was written to him by the Vice-Provost of Trinity College, expressive of thankfulness for a presentation copy. Mr. Dibden treated at some length of the art of engraving in an article in his *Typographical Antiquities*. Another very learned work, replete with interest and information on the art of etching, was written by a Frenchman of the name of Abraham Bosse. A French Jesuit made the early history of engraving the subject of a beautiful poem, written in a style most classical, and with great accuracy of metre and harmony of versification. It was printed in Paris in the year 1752, and is now appreciated as a literary gem, but is rarely to be found. One of the most valuable and interesting selections of works on engraving in these countries is to be found in the library of Trinity College. It is a collection that had been made by a Dutch family of great taste, named Fagel, and purchased from them many years ago by the University. A taste for prints pervades every stage of life, every grade of society, and every country, and is co-extensive with civilization, and its cultivation promotes the highest degree of refinement.

VARIETY OF STYLE IN THE ART.

Engraving, taken in its more extended signification, comprises various departments or branches, all of which may be classified under the general acceptation of the art of engraving. It comprises the art of engraving on stones or gems, for rings, seals, or signets, and this is called gem sculpture or engraving. It comprises also the art of die-sinking and engraving for the production of coins, stamps, and medals, and this is known as the art of medallurgy, derived from medal, and the Greek word *ergon*, signifying medal work. Engraving, as more strictly applied to the fine arts, may be defined to be the art of executing designs, by incisions, corrosions, furrows, or other indentations on plates of metal, steel, copper, on blocks of wood, or on stones, for the purpose of obtaining therefrom impressions upon paper, called prints. Prints, as included within the productions of the fine arts, may, like paintings, be classified under three heads, first, historical and emblematical prints; secondly, prints of portraits; and thirdly, prints of landscapes. The modes of producing prints from such impressions by the art of engraving are various, but I shall enumerate only ten, all others being merely combinations or modifications of these as principals. These are, wood engraving—chiaroscuro—line or stroke engraving—etching—mezzotinto—aquatinta—stipple, or dot engraving, called “opus mallei”, from the hammer used to produce the indentations—lithography—chromolithography—and oleography.

INVENTION OF PRINTS FROM ENGRAVED PLATES.

Though both sacred and profane writers prove that the art of engraving derives its origin from a distant period of

antiquity, the art of taking impressions from engraved plates is generally attributed to Finiguerra; and Vasari, in his *Lives of the Painters*, seems to add the additional weight of his opinion to the general impression. Maso Finiguerra was an eminent goldsmith, and much admired artist, who flourished in Florence in the fifteenth century, having been born in the year 1418, and acquired great celebrity in the art of what the Italians term working in "Niello". Niello work was a species of inlaying, or enamelling, on plates of silver or gold, and was very much prized, and was employed in the decorations of plate, especially church plate, hilts of swords, as well as bracelets, and ladies' ornamental appendages. All the devices were engraved with the burin or graver on the plate; a mixture of powdered silver and lead was then sifted over the surface, and the silver plate was held over a slow flaming fire, the flame, by means of a bellows, was blown over this powdered niello mixture, and dissolved it to an attenuated liquid, which ran into and filled up every minute carving, cut, and interstice of the devices engraved on the plate. When cool, any projecting superfluities were all ground down by pumice stone, and polished over with the entire surface, and the inlaying was perfected; and the niello, being a darker injection, presented a most agreeable contrast with the polished surface of the silver plate. This art, which was formerly much practised all through Italy, but especially in Venice, has now almost entirely fallen into desuetude. On one occasion Maso Finiguerra, desiring to polish the plate preparatory to laying on the niello, covered it over with a mixture of charcoal and oil; he wiped off the liquid from the surface, but it remained in the cavities of the carving. He then, in order to try its effect, poured on the

plate some liquid sulphur, which accidentally was allowed to remain on it till it dried. The sulphur then acquired a sufficient consistency and crust to form a solid mass, and when he took it off, he was astonished to find the perfect impression the dark liquid in the interstices imparted to the sulphur; he repeated the experiment with moistened paper, pressing it with a roller, and his delight was extreme on finding that it yielded a perfect print, and thus was the discovery effected. So simple a process, and one so surprising in its effects, could not long remain a secret, and artists in every part of Europe soon made experiments, and practised the art with various degrees of improvement, till it acquired its subsequent perfection. The cake of sulphur upon which Finiguerra took the impression of the engraving of the "Coronation of the Blessed Virgin" is now in the British Museum, to which this most interesting relic of early art was bequeathed by Mr. Thomas Grenville. It formerly was the property of Signor Seratti, a Maltese gentleman, who sold it to Mr. Steward, from whom it was purchased by Mr. Grenville for the sum of £300.

ANCIENT SPECIMENS OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

The oldest print known to exist in our day is a print from a woodcut which had been preserved for centuries, and inspected as a great curiosity, in the convent of Buxheim, near Meiningen, in Suabia, representing St. Christopher. It represents St. Christopher crossing the sea, with our infant Lord on his shoulders, who holds in his left hand a globe surmounted by a cross, and his right is raised, as if it were in the attitude of imparting a blessing. St. Christopher is holding a branching palm; beneath him are the waters and fishes. On the shore he is

supposed to be approaching, a hermit before his cell door is represented holding up a lamp, as it were to guide their course to land. On the opposite shore is seen a man with a sack on his shoulders, ascending a very steep hill, to a house on the summit, and on the extreme left are a man and horse conveying corn to a mill with a water-wheel. It is dated 1423, and at the foot of the print are inscribed in very ancient style of characters, the following verses,

*"Christofori faciem die quacunque tueris
Illa nempe die morte mala non morieris".*

Which may be translated thus :

*"Each day that thou the likeness of St. Christopher shalt see
That day no frightful form of death shall make an end of thee".*

This very ancient and celebrated specimen of wood engraving was discovered by Heiniken in the Chartreuse in Buxheim. In latter years it has been conveyed from Suabia into England, having fallen into the possession of the noble family of Spencer, and is preserved in excellent condition in the valuable library of the Earl Spencer.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PRINT COLLECTORS.

An indulgence of taste in the collection of engravings is a source of enjoyment of the most exciting, interesting, and refining character. It requires, however, to be confined within moderate limits, as otherwise it may degenerate into an insatiable passion, and may ultimately produce a species of mania, upon which even a treatise has been written, under the title of "*Calcographomania*". A collector of prints should, in his selection, be cautious of three defects, which always deteriorate the value of an

engraving—the first is, that of being an impression badly “struck off”—the second, that of being an impression from a “worn plate”—the third, that of being an impression from a “retouched plate”. The first renders the print undecisive and indistinct—the second leaves it destitute of effect—the third destitute of spirit and originality. The collector must also be cautious of purchasing copies professing to be the originals of great masters. There are many such presented for sale, and require an experienced eye to detect. There is always in the original a freedom, and a manner, which a mere copyist can never imitate. A collector never should estimate the value of a print by the scarcity of the print. A very bad print may be a very scarce print. Scarcity is an accident, and should never be taken for the reality of excellence. Scarcity, as a criterion of value, is grounded on the vanity of possessing what few others possess. Neither should fashion or public opinion be regarded as a just criterion of excellence—public opinion is variable, merit never is. A judicious collector should beware of attaching too much importance to the names of celebrated engravers. He should judge of the work by its claims to excellence, and not by the name of the engraver: otherwise he should fall into the erroneous principle of judging the work by the master, in place of the master by the work, which would be inverting the true criterion of a correct judgment. No master displays excellence in all his works. Excellence in a print demands four qualities to merit that character. The first is accuracy in drawing, or outline. The second is decision and strength. The third is freedom. The fourth is softness. The first is indispensable, and attainable in every style of engraving that claims any degree of merit for an impression. The

second is peculiarly the characteristic of line engraving. The third is the characteristic of etching; and the fourth of mezzotinto. An engraving in any style may possess all these qualities, but it is rarely to be found. In line engraving it is difficult to impart freedom, for the process required for cutting the incisions is constrained and entirely mechanical. The effect of distance is difficult to produce in etching, as, in the first instance, all the lines must be equally bitten by the acid. Mezzotinto conveys great softness, but is wanting in its capabilities of giving precision of outline and effective relief. It blends light and shade, however, with the happiest results of art. The inexperienced collector will be guided by prudence in attending to these observations in making his collection of prints.



The Girandola.



HE joyous festivities of Easter day, commemorative of the glorious resurrection of our blessed Lord, are on Easter Monday evening followed by a display of fireworks, which, for the number and brilliancy of the rockets, the ingenuity of the devices, and the generally exciting, captivating character of the entertainment, is unrivalled by any pyrotechnic display in the world. These fiery wonders of the pyrotechnic art were formerly displayed to the astonishment and admiration of the multitudes, from the bastions of the castle of San. Angelo, which stands immediately over the right bank of the Tiber. The reflection on the surface of the water duplicated the enchanting effect of the fireworks, for whilst the rockets as-

cended high into the atmosphere, and burst into clusters of glowing constellations, they also seemed to descend into submarine skies. When again the dazzling jets of amber and amethyst, of purple, yellow, scarlet, and crimson were descending, they seemed to rise from skies of unfathomable depths, both approaching the surface of the water, where they blended, and then disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared originally. The site of the display is now changed from the castle of San. Angelo to Monte Pincio. I have heard it asserted that the transfer was adopted as a precautionary measure against the possibility of a spark from the fireworks reaching the powder magazines of the Papal army, which are always stored in the vaults beneath the castle. The present site is certainly most favourable in every respect, except in the want of water surface to reflect and duplicate the effect. Monte Pincio is a lofty pyramidal hill, rising from one side of the circular area called the Piazza del Popolo, immediately inside the Porta del Popolo, one of the principal gates by which the city is entered, and very nearly on the site of the great Flaminian Gate of ancient Rome. The sides of the hill are planted, and are ascended by tiers of steps with balustrades, and at the base a copious playing fountain disports its waters before the old Egyptian obelisk, which thousands of years ago, was erected in Heliopolis by old king Rameses I. The piazza is very extensive, and capable of accommodating perhaps sixty thousand spectators: and from the elevated site of the display, all commanded a perfect view. These fireworks are called the "Girandola", from the revolutions of the fiery wheel, which originally constituted the principal entertainment; but the name is now applied to the entire pyrotechnic display. A very large sum is annually

voted by the municipality to defray the expenses of these fireworks.

Tens of thousands streamed into this piazza from every leading avenue from the city and environs, and when the countenances of all were upturned, and their complexions were dyed by the various colours of pink, and vermillion, crimson, yellow, blue, and azure, it seemed as if the piazza were paved with rubies and amethysts, sapphires and topaz, all sculptured into human faces! The darkness became dense—impene-trable—nature seemed to have taken a sponge and wiped out buildings and obelisk, hills, groves, and figures from the picture, and left nothing depicted on the black ground of the canvas. The atmosphere was still—lulled into quietude—all nature was at rest—the evening, apparently exhausted after the excessive heats of the meridian sun, seemed immersed in the refreshing balm of tranquil repose. A lengthened interval elapsed, during which hundreds of thousands of eyes were penetrating the gloom, in nervous expectation of the radiant lights which were soon to display their glowing splendours relieved on the curtain of a dark sky behind. At length there was a thundering discharge from a piece of artillery of heavy calibre. The concussion was terrific—it shook the surrounding buildings and the very ground on which we stood. The flashing sheet of flame in the darkness, and the rumbling report, produced an awful, sublime effect.

“Methinks it had been then a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th’ affrighted globe
Did yawn at alteration!”

Terror seemed to have employed it as the trumpet, to announce that the fiery entertainment had commenced.

Another and another, and several such booming reports reverberated on all sides. There was then a continued discharge of crackling grenades from either side of the hill, resembling a general fusilade from compact masses of infantry. A sky-rocket then ascended to an immense height. The night, scared by these strange convulsions, seemed to have started from her repose, and become distracted. Rocket pursued rocket in quick succession. Sometimes one ascended to a great height, and exhausted itself, and vanished. This one seemed like the man, who, after a long and unprofitable life, disappeared without effecting any permanent good. Another ascended, and the little tiny spark was scarcely observable, till it reached its highest altitude, when it bent its head, burst, and displayed glowing clusters of red, blue, scarlet, pink, and vari-coloured balls floating around. This one seemed like the good Christian, who treasured up many good works—concealed them from the gaze of the world, but, after an unostentatious life, bent his head in death, when all his good works were proclaimed by the poor, and the objects of his benevolence, and many charities, and thereby edified the community by his many brilliant and glowing virtues. Many beautiful rockets were fired up simultaneously from opposite sides of the hill, and crossing each other in parabolical, or semicircular lines, seemed like the graceful curves of ripples over the surface of a lake crossing each other from opposite shores. Then ascended a rocket gracefully bending its head, and burst in white bell-shaped lights, resembling the chaste blossoms of the snowdrop, that welcome spring-time harbinger of the troops of the flowery family, which are coming to embroider our parterres and meadows, and fringe our rivulets. A rose-tree in full blow appeared next—and succeeded by a

vase, bearing a vast bouquet of clustered flowers exquisitely disposed, and of every graceful shape, tinted with every glowing dye, and the leaves and tendrils sparkling with the pendent pearly drops of the morning dew! Another shot up, and represented, in emerald lights, the drooping willow, conveying a sense of melancholy, as it were, to remind us amidst this cheering scene that there was no temporal happiness without some alloy of sorrow. There now is a cluster of glittering fire-flies, pursued through the gloom by hissing, coiling, fiery snakes! Again, another rocket burst, and the sable sky seems studded over with myriads of bright glow-worms. Now volleys of rockets ascend again and again, and in quick succession, and reveal hundreds of constellations, eclipsing in splendour even those suns of various colours, fixed in distant ether, which we learn that Rosse's telescope displays to the astronomer's eye. Oh! there is a vine tree, its leaves of emerald colour, and its drooping branches weighed down by clusters of grapes, of glowing auburn, red, amber, ruby-colour, and purple, apparently enclosing bulbs of sparkling juices, deliciously acidulous, matured in the vintages of Herez and Bourdeaux, or the sunny climes of Spain or Sicily. There goes a rocket with a luminous tail, like one of those truant comets, which, after wandering for centuries through infinite space, again return periodically to visit our planet with unerring precision. These pyrotechnic wonders were succeeded by wheels of vast circumferences, enclosing many of lesser radii eccentric and concentric, revolving with great rapidity, throwing out glowing balls, coloured red, scarlet, vermilion, pink, yellow, emerald, and ever changing their gyrations and colours, and dispensing ever varied fiery favours. There were magnesium balloons, tourbillions, fanfaro-

nades, and pots d'aigrettes, Italian mines, neud d'or—there were grenades, asteroid rockets, ostrich plumes, Roman candles, pots de saucissons, and salamanders, silver streamers, and the golden fuschia, and numberless other devices, with clusters of brilliants, and spangles, and all reflected on the playing waters beneath, gave the "barcaccia" the appearance of a fairy fountain of playing gems! Now succeeded a lengthened interval of profound silence and impenetrable darkness—the nerve of every eye was strained to its utmost tension, to catch a glimpse of the next display. At length the cannons again thundered forth their terrifying volleys, with sheets of flame, like flashes of lightning from the electric fluid during a thunderstorm at night. See! O astonishing spectacle! an extensive Gothic church appears on the dark sky—its nave and aisles, towers, spires, pinnacles, pointed arches, lancet and rose windows, and crotched ornaments, all minutely delineated in myriads of flickering lights of every glowing colour—the windows all furnished with stained glass, and the interior seems all illuminated for the first vespers, or the vigil of a great festive day! It burned for a considerable time—the lights gradually grew dim—it eluded our vision's grasp—it faded away! Soon after, the frame-work which supported the lights, and which was itself a perfect skeleton of the cathedral, was illuminated by Bengal lights of different colours, which were concealed from the spectators, but thrown on the structure by reflectors, and displayed it tinted in a delicate tinge of crimson, and again of sienna, or blue, or azure, and it actually appeared like the spectre of the visionary minster which had just dissolved from our view! After another interval a vast palace of Italian structure, and of exquisite architectural design, appeared in similar

brilliant jets, its windows illuminated as if for a prince's banquet, and out of its colonnades and through its reeding arches beyond arches, of various hues, the bewildered eye was lost in inextricable mazes. There were beautiful vases all round the pleasure grounds, communicating with each other by trains of fireworks, which, as they successively exploded, blew off the covers, when out of one flew off a flock of liberated pigeons, out of another larks, out of another canaries and goldfinches, till eventually the train exploded a large and more beautiful vase in front, when a charming little boy, dressed in scarlet silk, stood up and bowed most gracefully to the thousands of enraptured spectators. Cheer after cheer enthusiastically proclaimed the people's amazement and delight. The extensive plantations and picturesque groves which clad the Pincian Hill, all round this visionary palace, were then lit up by similar Bengal lights, and the trunks of the trees, the extended branches, and the pendent delicate spray of the leaves, were tinged in amber and yellow, blue and vermillion, and seemed groves of emerald and gold, and realized the ideas formed by astronomers of the charming combination of lights displayed in those distant planets, which they tell us are illumined by many revolving suns of various colours. Then reservoirs of rockets opened, and torrents, and cascades, and floods of golden rain, of jessamine fire, fell down in copious showers, and inundated that palace, like that which flowed on the house of Danae of old!—and more than realized the descriptive creations of the poet's fancy, portrayed in the Eastern stories. Then came the grand explosion of 500 rockets at one volley, blowing up into ether, fiery minsters, and palaces, and hills, and golden groves, by one terrifying Vesuvian eruption! Would I

could convey a feeble idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the effect! All again became a darksome void—when, after a short interval, the Pope's arms, the tiara and keys, and the words "Pio IX.", appeared in lustrous jets. Then, in compliment to the strangers congregated from the four quarters of the world, the words Europe—Asia—Africa—America—appeared in the sky, in large, glowing letters. Cheer followed cheer, expressive of the multitude's thankful acknowledgments. There seemed then a disposition to move away, as if all thought the entertainment had terminated. But it had not. The venerable Egyptian obelisk of old King Rameses, which stood in the centre of the piazza, and rose up amidst the surrounding multitudes, and which, during the evening was illuminated by every variety of reflected hue, seemed too magnanimous, and too proud to receive even light without repaying it, and returning it with interest. A rocket started from the base of the obelisk, and guided by an invisible wire over the heads of the people, shot off, hissing, to the extreme end of the piazza, and there lit a glowing ball of magnesium light, so intensely brilliant, that the eye could not gaze on it—having discharged its errand, it returned to the obelisk, and darted to the opposite extreme of the piazza, and there lit another, returned again, and traversed another of the various radii of the great circle, lighting a ball at every extreme, which illuminated the entire piazza brighter than day. The rocket then ran up the massive column of Egyptian granite, in a spiral circuit, lighting, as it ascended, myriads of flickering lights, which seemed like studs of pearls, or of diamonds, from Coromandel or Golconda, till it reached the top, where it illumined a cross of great size and most lustrous brilliancy, brighter than that which

appeared to Constantine and his army, with the words, "By this sign shalt thou conquer", ensuring the triumph of the cross! O glorious termination of the spectacle—climax of beauty—culminating point of the Christian's delight, ambition, and of all his ardent aspirations! The triumph of the cross! O glorious cross! on it Christ with His blood signed my title-deeds to my everlasting inheritances!—by it, to-day, the Princes of the Apostles subjected the entire world to the reign of Christ's kingdom!—on the day of terrible assize, it will be borne before the Omnipotent One, coming in the clouds of heaven, with great power and majesty, to judge the world—oh! may I cling to the cross now! it will then be the door which will open to me the mansions of blessedness! *In cruce salus!*

Observe the multitudes who have congregated on this evening, to enjoy this display of fireworks—they may be counted by tens of thousands—many of them have travelled from the uttermost ends of the earth—they have assembled long before the appointed hour in anxious expectation—and have patiently stood at great inconvenience for a lengthened period; and all that they may see some flickering lights, vari-coloured and ingeniously disposed, and the ascent of some fireballs, which burst, descended in sparks, and in a few seconds were reduced, and burnt to ashes! Yet how few rise above these amusing earthly trifles, and expand their ideas with true magnanimity of soul, to contemplate the stupendous fireworks of nature, the planets, the fixed stars, and those wandering truants, the comets, those stupendous rolling globes of fire, which travel round their measureless orbits through the trackless regions of ether, with such unerring precision! See! nature veils the sun, that their radiant brilliancy may be more strikingly displayed on the sable ground of the vast azure concave,

within which they whirl with such astonishing velocity. Hundreds of years may have elapsed since they last passed us by, yet astronomers can calculate, to the precision of a second, when again we may expect another visit! How great their dazzling lustre!—the glowing sapphire, the amethyst, and ruby, and sparkling diamond of the Pope's tiara, hide their bashful blushes, if contrasted with their radiant glories! Their beauteous beamings are not confined to the sightseers in the Piazza del Popolo, but are equally displayed to the eye of the savage on the Rocky Mountains as to the refined votary of fashion in the Parisian capital!—and they are not lit up as an illumination of one gala evening, but our forefathers saw them, and they are burning since, and so shall they be seen by future generations, and yet their wick is not consumed, nor their oil extinguished! Such ideas on this pyrotechnic display, led me into reflections on the wisdom, omnipotence, and immensity of God, deduced from a consideration of the wonders of light and the wonders of astronomy.



Wonders of Astronomy and Light.



THE study of astronomy not only expands the mind, but overwhelms it with amazement. It is the most ancient of sciences. Oriental records prove that astronomy was cultivated by the Egyptians and Chaldeans 2,800 years before the birth of Christ; by the Persians, 3,209, and in China 2,952 years before the Christian era; and with such accuracy that some of their tables make the tropical year coincide

almost identically with our own most perfect tables. The ancients were even familiar with all the elementary principles of optics. According to Newton's opinion and that of others, light seems to be produced by atomic excitements, but is by many regarded as an effect rather than a peculiar entity or property. Some ancient philosophers thought we saw by means of something that the eye cast out and reached the object. It travels twelve millions of miles in a minute, through many obstacles, and even passes through solid diaphonous bodies. The variety of degrees in which some bodies reflect light, is, by some opticians, considered to originate in their greater or lesser properties to absorb the light, there being no reflection from black, because it absorbs it entirely. The sun's rays have an extraordinary effect in changing the colours of all metallic oxides. Light is very much identified with oxygen and hydrogen, and is thus their constant accompaniment. Light travels at the inconceivably rapid rate of 193,000 miles in a second, yet, if, as is supposed, the fixed stars be distant from us 36 billions of miles, a ray of light from them, travelling at that rate, would, before it reached us, require a period of five years and eleven months! If then a new star were now created, it would require nearly six years before the first ray would arrive and enable us to see it. If an old star were annihilated, we should not miss it from its place till after the lapse of the same period, as the last ray that left it would not fathom our depths of space till then! The stars most remote, which we can discern by the most powerful telescopes, are those of the nebulous cluster, and we form some idea of their distance when Herschel tells us their light has been travelling 48,000 years before it reached us!—at the rate, remember, of 193,000 miles in a second!

Some astronomers have asserted, that not only do the earth, moon, and other orbs of our planetary system revolve round the sun, but the sun himself, with all his planetary satellites, are only exterior planets of other systems, and move in space, and are involved in the vortex of some other great unknown solar system, and are deflected on reaching the plane of the sun's equatorial action. As a proof of a solar orbit, and of the progression of the earth and planets with the sun, amongst the stars, in space, it may be adduced that some stars approach or expand in distance and north and south, while others recede or collapse to the equator, and *vice-versa* south and north. If viewed from the fixed stars, the earth's orbit must appear but a motionless point. Though, in consequence of the vast distance, the stars appear fixed and motionless to us, there can be no doubt that all have their peculiar motions, for motion seems to be a species of vivifying principle in all material power.

A very forcible idea of the wonders of vision, of the immense distance of the fixed stars from the earth, of the extraordinary optical appliances which science has invented to aid her astronomical investigations, and of the length of the visual ray of some of the telescopes she uses, and the complicated character and results of astronomical calculations, may be obtained by a consideration of these facts. The sun is so vast an orb, that in diameter it measures 883,246 miles. The sun in size is equal to 20,610,000 Mercuries, to 1,520,000 Venuses, to 1,328,460 earths, to 9,394,000 Mars, 973 Jupiters, 1,399 Saturns, and to 1,595 Herschels. This vast orb, though distant from us ninety-five millions of miles, still seems to our eye as large as a large melon. The fixed star Sirius is fourteen times larger and brighter than the sun, and yet its distance is so

great it appears as small as the scintillating point of a cambric needle. The distance of Sirius from our globe is $100,000 \times 190,000,000$. The visual ray of Herschel's telescope reached stars four hundred and ninety-seven times more distant than Sirius, therefore his telescope reached stars distant from us $100,000 \times 190,000,000 \times 497$ miles, nine thousand four hundred and forty-three billions of miles. He saw stars forty-two thousand times more distant than Sirius. He saw one cluster eleven trillions of miles distant. Bradley was of opinion that if the parallax of a fixed star were one second, he should have been able to detect it; he was not able to discover it, and not being able to discern a parallax of even one second, he concluded that the diameter of the earth's orbit is therefore at the fixed stars merely a point. Some of the nebulous clusters are so far distant, that, though light travels at the rate of one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles in a second, Herschel calculated that their light must have been forty-eight thousand years travelling before it reached us on the earth. Though Sirius is fourteen times brighter than the sun, his light is so diminished by his extreme distance, that it would require twenty thousand millions of Sirluses, placed in his position, to give us the same amount of light as the sun gives us. Some stars change their colours, and of these twenty-eight are clearly discernible, and some of them are double stars, and revolve round each other. To conceive a distance so amazingly remote, severely tests the utmost efforts of the imagination's capacity. But this almost inconceivable distance is but short compared with the distance of other supposed stars, which the most powerful telescopes have never brought within range of the most extended visual ray. For there are astronomers who say that after the imagination has reached

the distance measured by a ray of light, travelling at the rate of 198,000 miles in a second, and thus journeying for 48,000 years, it has not yet arrived even at the suburbs of the metropolis of these starry realms. They assert, though some of those luminous bodies are unceasingly teeming out oceans of light, and rushing with this wonderful velocity from the beginning of the world, the ripple of their undulating waves has never yet reached the confines of our terrestrial globe. Now, if science could invent a telescope a million of times more powerful, with a visual ray millions of times more extensive than that of Herschel's, and that the observer should stand to take his observation on that most distant star at present discernible to us, it is believed he would discover new fixed stars, thousands of times as distant from him as those stars are from us; and that if he moved forward at that rate again and again, the result would be similar, and he would not yet reach their termination; and if, after vision and optical instruments had uselessly employed their utmost capacity, that the utmost extension of man's mind then took up the exploring expedition, and flitted away into infinite space to conceive some end to the plumb line, mind itself would be strained and snapped before it could reach their fathomless depths in infinite space! Mr. Proctor's rapid but keen and earnest glance at "Other Worlds than Ours", is another illustration of the magnificent and sublime enlargement of the survey achieved by science. For anything that can be known to the contrary, incandescent hydrogen and iron in a state of vapour may be as natural and pleasant to dwellers in the sun, as strawberry ice-creams and sea-bathing are to us. On other planets, again, they may conceivably build their houses of blocks of gas, and make bridges out of beams of light, and yet all

be perfectly natural ; folks may have eyes in Jupiter and Saturn, which see better in twilight than ours at full noon ; and they may harvest up from passing comets, fire, light, and heat for domestic purposes. It would be as foolish to assume that the earth presents all the possible types of life, as it is absolutely to deny that there may be life on many or most of the shining globes which fill the sky. But a more stupendous question inevitably rises to the mind when the eye is wearied with passing thus from world to world, and beyond all the worlds to the galaxies. What is done with the interplanetary spaces ? Are these vast "meadows of heaven" void, and only the centres of creation—are the stars and planets peopled ? Are the oceans of infinitude blank of all life, which merely colonize the island-orbs ?

Comets are chiefly remarkable for a luminous projection in a line directly opposite to the sun, which, therefore, follows them as they approach the sun, and goes before them as they leave the sun, and is a head or tail as the positions vary ; but by the multitude this luminous projection is always called a tail. Comets have very large atmospheres, and Herschel thinks some of them are all atmosphere. Of course, then, the sun's rays pass through the spherical atmosphere, just like light through a glass globe, and the projection increases in length as it approaches the luminous sun. This simple cause and effect, however, did not accord with one of Newton's principles or hypotheses—that which asserted a vacuum in space—and, therefore, various irrelevant theories have been imagined. When a comet has a distinct nucleus, the projection is divided in the middle by a sensible line, as that of 1811 ; these projections are some millions of miles long, and some even 80,000,000 or 150,000,000

miles in length. The comet of 1811 was of so vast a size that it was many times the bulk of the earth; and its luminous projection was 132,000,000 miles long. According to Lambert's calculation, however, that comet was seventeen times larger than Jupiter, and 25,100 times larger than the earth. Many comets have no nucleus, and the smallest stars are to be seen through them. In those with a nucleus, the light nebulosity is not in contact with the nucleus. In the comet of 1811 the nebulosity was 25,000 miles, and its interior surface was 30,000 miles from the centre of the nucleus. The tail is not to be distinguished from the nebulosity on its side. The nucleus of the comet of 1811 was 2,700 miles in diameter. Some are not 500 miles, and others not forty miles in diameter. The tail of the comet of 1680 was ninety degrees or 100,000,000 of miles long. That of 1769 was ninety-seven degrees and 42,000,000 of miles. One in 1744 had five or six tails millions of miles each in length. Hitherto no phases have been discovered in them. Hevelius and Dörfel first explained that the orbits of comets were parabolic with the sun in the centre. Newton connected the idea with his hypothesis of universal gravitation, and Halley taught that the orbits were periodical. In one instance this idea was partly verified, but the two last expected were not seen, though anxiously looked for by hundreds of observers. Since it appears that the sun and its system progress in space, they seem likely to be exterior planets of other systems, which become involved in the solar vortex, and are turned aside or back on reaching the plane of the sun's equatorial action. Hence they may be periodical in other systems, but subject to these deflexions. Most comets present some differences of phenomena which disturb previous theories regarding them.

Meteoric observations also reveal very extraordinary astronomical phenomena. The height of meteors as taken from the earth is from 20 to 120 miles, but the average is about 60 miles. The average weight of the meteoric stones discovered in 1866 was about two ounces, and they came at a velocity of from thirty to fifty miles per second. Their great brilliancy was produced by the violent friction that took place in their passage through the air. The velocity of the meteors in November, 1866, was 46 miles per second.

The accuracy with which astronomers calculate the movements and results of our planetary system, the precise time of eclipses, and the arrival of comets, after wandering for hundreds of years, evinces wonderful triumphs of scientific achievements. But, as Herschel remarks, they are all exceeded by the accuracy of the calculations made by the tables of the Nautical Almanac on the "Sun's altitude", and "lunar distances", by which a navigator, with the aid of a little portable instrument, can tell, on the vast expansive ocean, the exact place upon the globe on which his ship floats. Some time since a captain of a ship who had been three months at sea without ever seeing one land-mark, and who had sailed at varying rates, drifted by different currents, and tacked in different directions over a distance of 8,000 miles of the trackless ocean, was on a certain morning enveloped in a fog. He ordered that the ship should heave to till the fog cleared away, as, said he, according to my calculations, our ship should now be within a few miles of the lighthouse of Rio de Janeiro. The ship hove to—the fog cleared away—and the lighthouse was revealed on the precise relative position he indicated.

We admire the stupendous results attained by modern

science. Yet, to our souls, capable of such comprehensive conceptions, and of expanding to the lofty range of our gigantic intellectual powers, all these dwindle into contemptible insignificance, when contrasted with the ponderous moles of luminous worlds, the engineering talent, the potential energy, and complicated machinery displayed in the construction and movements of the heavenly bodies, beneath the expansive and lofty azure dome of the sky. See! they are whirling round each other at amazing distances and with inconceivable rapidity. Yet, we see not the centripetal cord that restrains them from flying off in the tangential direction! We see not the hook nor the chain that suspends them, and still we are not afraid their great weight will bring them down and crush us to annihilation! We know not where the mighty pillars of brass or of bronze were cast which support that dome, from which they are all suspended, or whether the foundations were laid on the crests of the eternal mountains. Oh! they require neither columns of brass nor of bronze, nor eternal mountains for foundations to support them. See! they are all pendulous and moving and floating in ether; they are dispersed over the south and over the north into empty space, and are built upon no foundation but the mere will and the word of the wise Fabricator and the Almighty Architect, and yet they are poised with greater stability than if built upon quarries of adamant! "He stretcheth out the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing"—*Job, xxvi. 7*. My soul! thy everlasting inheritances, thy hopes of a blessed immortality, are built upon the promises and on the same word of "Him who has all power in heaven and on earth". The same right arm which sets agoing and directs that celestial machinery, is stretched out to guide and to shield me,

his heir of salvation. "Then why are you fearful, O you of little faith?" At his word these thousands of worlds emerge out of nothing: is his arm shortened? No. Have confidence: "Fear not, for I am with thee: the right hand of my Just One hath upheld thee"—*Isaias*, xli. 10. Though hitherto you have slept in tepidity, and have moved slowly in the way of perfection, he will accelerate your motion: though grace has shone but languidly in your soul, as a scintillating spark, "yet, many waters cannot quench it, nor all floods drown it". Though the fire of charity have burned in your heart but feebly, as a smouldering flame in smoking flax, fervently supplicate Him the true light, and He will supply new wick, and pour in a copious supply of oil of holy unction, and you will be hung up as a brightly burning lamp in the palace of eternal glory. Fear not the difficulties which surround you, and the intricate, eccentric mazes in which you are involved in your journey towards heaven, seeing how God directs with unerring precision the intricate evolutions of all the planets in their orbits and seemingly irregular mazes.

" Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd; yet regular,
Then most, when most irregular
They seem".

Vision cannot convey us even to the suburbs of the metropolis of that region of stars; but God is above them, and they give us a security and afford us an idea of the glory that is to come in the city of Sion. Why are you fearful?—

" Since the great Sovereign sends
Ten thousand worlds,
To tell us He resides above them all,
In glory's inaccessible recess".

These amazing structures, moulded in the palms of God's hands, and floating in fluid ether through the provinces of Jehovah's realms, beaming with effulgence, and perhaps teeming with vitality, are all luxuriant exhibitions of the creative power of the Omnipotent. But, as arguments of Omnipotence, they dwindle into despicable insignificance, and weigh not even as the down of a feather, when contrasted with those drawn from the soul and its faculties, this treasure and wonder of intellectuality and immortality which each of us carries in his bosom. Neither should the crush of worlds or the wreck of matter or the extinction of all those luminous orbs suspended from the etherial azure vault, or roaming through limitless plains, be estimated as the value of a grain of sand when compared with the loss of one soul, created for God and the happiness of a blessed immortality.

“Not all yon luminaries quench'd at once,
Were half so sad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and finds despair”.

All these dazzling luminaries and rolling worlds reflect but a spark of the Deity's magnificence, and spell but a syllable of Jehovah's name; yet they supply us with an idea of his Almighty power, and inspire us with confidence in his eternal promises, and of one day grasping the things we hope for—“for heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word will not pass away”: and if his promises were not fulfilled, then, indeed, we might well doubt the existence and materiality of the planets themselves.

“If these fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's basis built on stubble”.

Celebration of Easter-Day.



IN the early ages of the Christian Church serious differences arose as to the precise day upon which Easter should be celebrated, and led to very angry dissensions, which degenerated even into schism and heresy. Under the Jewish dispensation Easter was always celebrated on the fourteenth day of the first lunar month of the Jewish year, irrespective of what day of the week upon which that day might fall. Many early Christians of the east, especially those of the Asiatic churches, adopted the Jewish usage in selecting that day as their Easter day, as is recorded by Eusebius, b. V. ch. 23. This custom seemed to imply that Christians were subject to the obligation of observing the Jewish ceremonial laws, and that they were not abolished by Christ, and to assert this was certainly then heretical. This error was condemned at the Council of Arles in the year 314, and at the Council of Nice in 325; and those who refused to submit to the decrees and censures there pronounced were declared schismatics, and were called Quartodecimans. One of the principal forerunners of these schismatics was Blastus, and he and his followers were condemned by Pope St. Eleutherius, who governed the Church for fifteen years, and died after the Emperor Commodus, in the year 194. Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, wrote in favour of the usage of the Asiatics, but Pope St. Victor was very decisive in his disapprobation, as we learn from the writings of Eusebius, Baronius, Coustant, De Marca, Thomassin, Graveson, Natalis Alexander, and T. John Philip Monti. St. Victor reigned for nine years, and died in the time of Severus, in the year 203. The Roman

Church celebrated Easter day exclusively on Sunday, and that the Sunday next after the fourteenth day of the first lunar month after the vernal equinox. In order to liberate herself totally from even the appearance of observing the Jewish ceremonials, Rome determined that the Christian Easter should never coincide with the Jewish Easter, and for this end selected the Sunday succeeding the fourteenth day as the Christian Easter Sunday. Some Christians in remote churches did not follow this rule, for though they celebrated Easter day exclusively on Sunday, if the fourteenth day happened to fall on Sunday, they celebrated that as their Easter day. The Scots, Picts, and Britons and Irish followed this usage. They persevered in it for some time, probably through veneration for the memory and teaching of St. Columb, who through mistake, was said to have adopted this custom. It was, however, merely a matter of discipline with them, and never amounted to schism, and they eventually submitted to the discipline of the Universal Church, chiefly through the zealous exhortation of Pope Honorius. The Quartodeciman heretics contumaciously insisted on the obligation under the Christian dispensation, of observing this Jewish ceremonial law. In this was the essence of their heresy. The Irish Church never maintained this heterodox doctrine. Neither did the objectionable usage in the West originate with the Irish or Scotch Churches. It was probably introduced from France by some of the early Irish missionaries, and practised for some time, from their not being aware that it was opposed to the usage of Rome. But when the voice of Pope Honorius reached the far distant Bishops of Ireland, they instantly acquiesced in the teaching of Rome: "Roma locuta est; causa finita est".

THE CEREMONIES UNFOLD THE BLOSSOMS OF OUR HOPES.

During the universal gloom which overwhelmed the world, from man's fall to the coming of our Redeemer, Heaven supplied an uninterrupted succession of patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, and witnesses, who bore testimony to the truth, from the death of the just Abel to the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist, so that amidst all the errors of the world, truth and hope could never be totally obliterated. They were, as it were, breaks in the clouds, through which beamed the cheering rays of the hopes of redemption, breaking through the interstices in the impending clouds of Heaven's wrath. This continued concatenation of prophecies was as an electric chain sunk in the depths of oceans of woe, conveying the promised vital spark of hope from the garden of Paradise to the Bethlehem crib and Calvary's mount!

"So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night—
But, Lord ! how weak, how cold were they
To Thy one glorious Light !"

O blessed hope ! which, during the dark and weary night of our exile and captivity, sustained us with the cheering expectation of being restored to life and light, to grace, and to the heritage of our everlasting kingdom ! Our condition was like that of one dead, and in the sepulchre, keeping in reserve the key of his tomb, with a lingering feeling that he might thereby one day open the door, and yet return alive to the world and to society and to home. "Ego sum resurrectio et vita"—"I am the resurrection and the life" ! O perennial plant of hope ! which shoots its roots deep into the Christian soul, and whilst all else around is withered and desolate, like the

laurestine, which lays its blossom and verdant leaf on a pillow of Alpine snow, this plant of hope fledges with a green foliage the disconsolate heart, all mouldering in ruins ! It is the ever-green and eternal branch of God's own planting in the land of the righteous !—*Isaiah. lx.*

“ My own, elect, and righteous land !
The branch forever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—
Live thou shalt in life eternal !”

“ Singulariter in spe constituisti me !”—“ Thou hast singularly settled me in hope !”—*Ps. iv. 10.*



In Cruce salus !

The End.









